

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

JANUARY, 1903.

No. 4.

The Perils of Alpine Climbing.

BY RUSSELL DAVIDSON.

LAST SEASON WAS THE WORST ON RECORD FOR FATAL ACCIDENTS IN THE ALPS, BUT DANGER AND HARDSHIP SEEM TO ADD ZEST TO THE SPORT OF THE MOUNTAINEER.

WHEN the average tourist finds himself at Zermatt or Chamonix or Grindelwald, the majestic grandeur of the snow clad Alps fills his soul with an awe and reverent admiration that only great peaks can awaken. The brilliancy of the coloring, the vast valleys, the great masses of ice covered rocks that seem to be in communion with the heavens, make him feel, as never before, how puny is man compared with the works of nature.

Presently there comes upon him the

desire to approach nearer to the peaks, to set foot on the eternal snows. He longs to pluck his first edelweiss, the delicate flower that blooms in beauty high above the haunts of men. Gradually the combatant is stirred in him. He longs to take his part in the warfare between man and nature that is old as the human race.

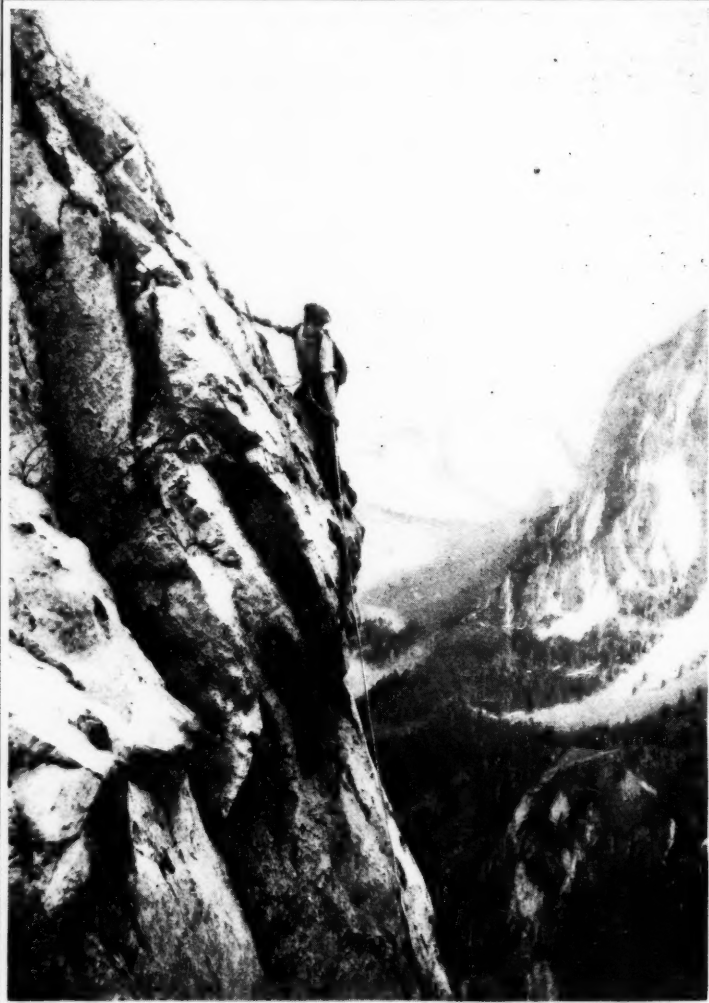
The lust for conquest awakes within him. It is not the gain but the game that appeals to him with irresistible force. The man longs to pit himself



NEARING THE SUMMIT OF THE GALENSTOCK (11,805 FEET), THE PEAK NORTH OF THE FURKA PASS—THIS IS A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF AN ALPINE NÉVÉ, OR FIELD OF FROZEN SNOW.

against the mountain in a hand to hand struggle. The temptation hardens into a grim determination, and a new mountain climber is added to the thousands

real dangers, the tremendous difficulties that beset the way, are potent factors in rousing men to action. The height and the apparent inaccessibility



A ROCK CLIMBER EXHIBITING HIS SKILL—THE TRUE MOUNTAINEER REGARDS THE ROCK CLIMBER AS A SORT OF GYMNASTIC MOUNTBANK.

who pursue the sport with an enthusiasm and devotion that nothing can daunt.

There is something wonderfully exhilarating in the suggestion of the hand to hand conflict with a mountain. The

of the summit are in themselves a constant challenge. In the daylight, the peaks are so grimly tremendous, so self sufficient, that the man bitterly resents the feeling that he is a pitiful pigmy unable even to fret their hugeness.

It is not the great panoramic view from the summits that appeals to the thousands who climb the high peaks every year. The solemn spectacles that open from the passes are far finer. It is simply the game, the hand to hand fight, for the mechanical aids are simple and few enough.

The talk of the mountain hotels and of the inns is always of ascents and descents. The tourist unconsciously picks up the slang of the mountaineers, which is made up of half a dozen languages.

The stories of accidents thrill him with horror—and make him long to stand on the very spot where some shocking disaster occurred. The true tales of the frightful storms at high altitudes, of the fearful avalanches, of falling rocks, of plunges into crevasses, of laborious cutting of ice steps, of climbing around ledges with only a finger and toe hold over a precipice from which one can look down thousands of feet, the nights spent on the snow on the mountainside, stories of frost bite, of hours of intense toil—these things merely spur him on.

Within twenty four hours a tourist who never saw the Alps before will talk glibly of the *névé*, which is a field of ice and snow packed hard, but not yet consolidated into a glacier; of *couloirs*, which are steep gullies in the side of a peak or wall; of *seracs*, which are ice towers formed by the intersection of transverse and longitudinal crevasses; of *arêtes*, of snow cornices, and scores of other Alpine phenomena.

Veterans of the Alps boldly declare that mountain climbing is not dangerous. When the visitor reads the inscriptions on the graves in the cemeteries of Zermatt and Chamounix, which are filled with the victims of the high peaks, he has a great respect for the loyalty of the climbers to their sport.

In Zermatt, in 1899—the year when the slow moving glacier gave up the body of a British army officer who had fallen into its embrace thirty eight years before—we came to know two young Englishmen and their wives who had become enthusiastic climbers. We asked them if they did not think the sport a risky one, and they laughed at the suggestion. When we returned

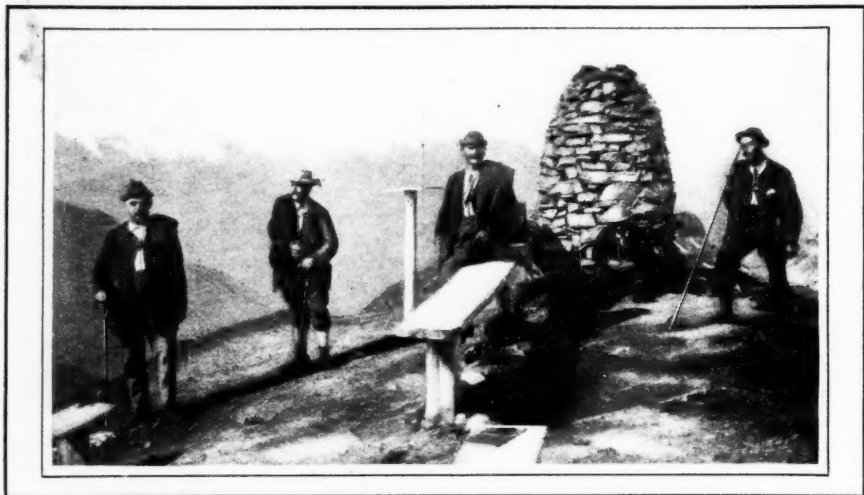


ROCK WORK ON THE MÜRTSCHENSTOCK (8,012 FEET), A DIFFICULT PEAK IN THE CANTON OF GLARUS.

home we read in the newspapers that they had met their death on the mountains. They were turning a corner of a ledge. The rope was anchored. One of the party slipped, dragging down three others; the rope parted, and the four were plunged into the abyss.

Veteran enthusiasts claim that there

the ice steps. He slipped, struck Croz in the back, and both fell. The strain on the rope dislodged Lord Francis Douglas, and Mr. Hudson was dragged after him. Mr. Whymper and the Taugwalders braced themselves, and the jerk came as on one man. The rope parted above old Peter Taugwalder, and



AT THE SUMMIT OF THE FAULHORN (8,803 FEET), A MINOR PEAK NEAR GRINDELWALD, EASY OF ASCENT, AND A FAMOUS VIEWPOINT.

are few dangers in Alpine climbing that cannot be avoided, which is true. But conditions that are comparatively safe for one man may seem desperate chances to another, and a climbing party is only as strong as its weakest member.

The catastrophe which marked the first ascent of the Matterhorn, in 1865, shows the falsity of the contention that the danger of mountain climbing is not great and real. For years the terrible peak had baffled all efforts to scale it. Edward Whymper had made six unsuccessful attempts before he succeeded. In his party were Charles Hudson, the most accomplished climber of his time; Lord Francis Douglas, who had ascended the Ober Gabelhorn, a mountain that Mr. Whymper refused to attempt because of its difficulty; a Mr. Hadow, and three guides—two Taugwalders and the great Michael Croz. They reached the summit; but early in the descent Mr. Hadow became exhausted. Croz had to place the young Englishman's feet in

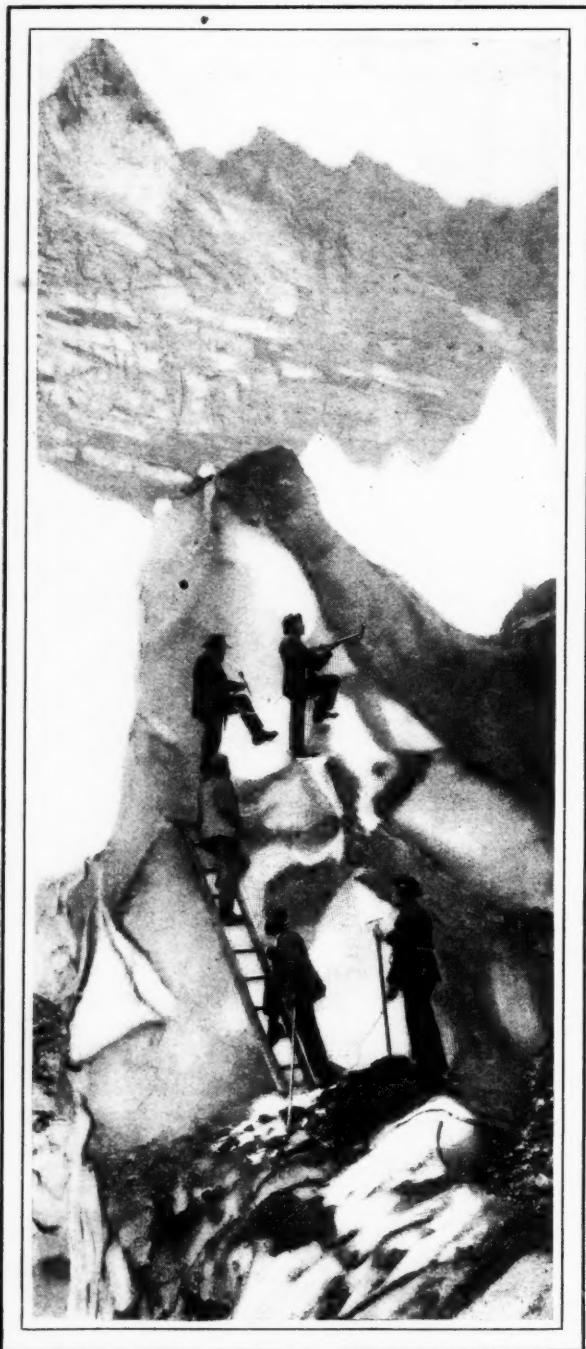
the four fell from precipice to precipice to the Matterhorn glacier below, a perpendicular distance of four thousand feet. The terror and horror of the tragedy so paralyzed the survivors that they barely escaped being frozen to death.

Some of the hairbreadth escapes of mountain climbers are almost incredible. Men have managed to throw themselves under a sheltering ledge while a rock fall thundered over them. They have lain so for an hour or more, listening to the mighty cannonading.

If the tourist who cannot resist the temptation to climb a mountain will content himself with ascending the highest peak in the Alps, Mont Blanc, he can have a taste of real mountain climbing with a minimum of danger. He may start from a hotel two thousand feet above the snow line, under the care of skilled guides, who will conduct him over tried and proven paths, marked as clearly as the channel leading to a seaport, with bridges, ladders,



CROSSING A HUGE CREVASSE IN A FIELD OF FROZEN SNOW BY MEANS OF A PORTABLE BRIDGE—A SCENE THAT GIVES A VIVID IDEA OF THE PERILS OF ALPINE CLIMBING.



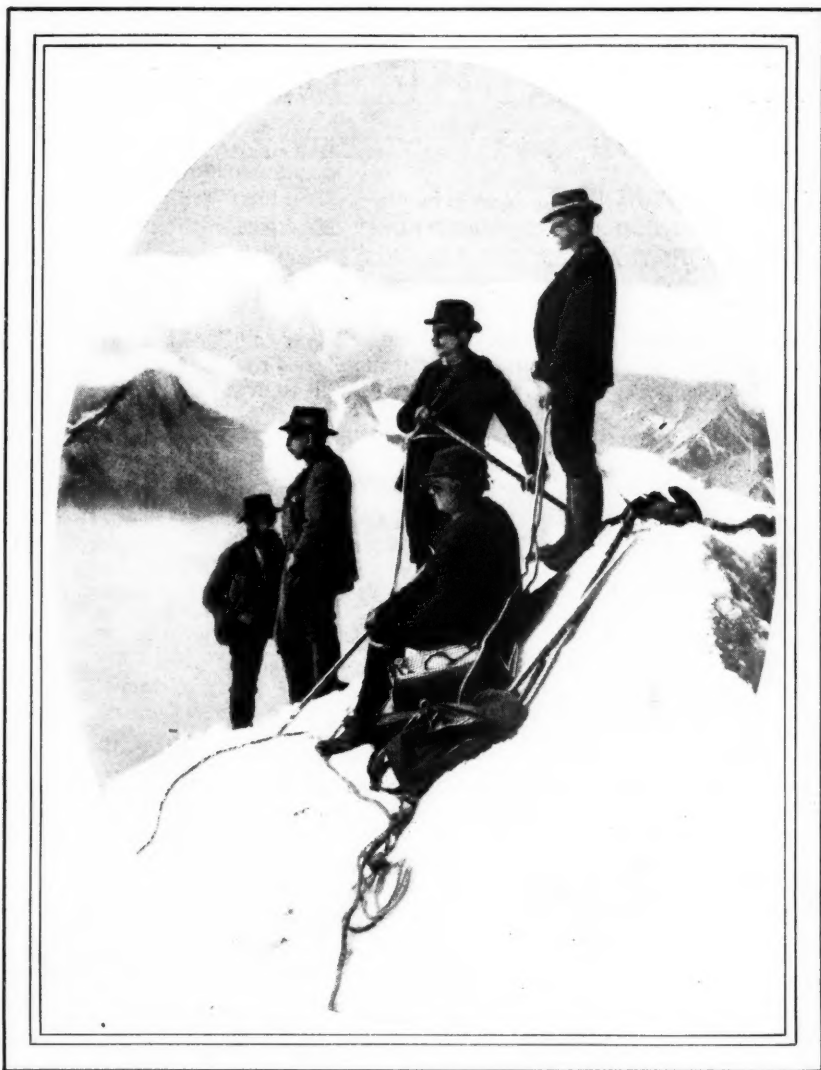
CLIMBING OVER SERACS—SERACS, LITERALLY "LUMPS OF CHEESE," ARE THE MASSES INTO WHICH THE FROZEN SNOW OF A NÉVÉ SPLITS AT THE STEEPEST POINTS.

and chains to help him on his way. Huts and shelters abound, so that there is no need to camp on the snow all night.

The beginner is likely to prove to himself that "mountain sickness" is rare, and is due more to exhaustion than other causes; that one need not become dizzy in looking down from great mountain heights even when the descent is sheer—as it seldom is; that the single thing most absolutely necessary for climbing at huge altitudes is a pair of goggles with smoked glasses; that there are few things more dangerous to ascend or descend than a steep grassy slope. In short, he will probably learn many things that will surprise him.

The beginner discovers that there is a vast difference between the mountaineer and the rock climber, and that the former looks upon the latter as a sort of gymnastic mountebank. Mountaineering includes a full knowledge of rock climbing, and, what is far more difficult to learn, of snow craft, of weather, and of a thousand and one things that require years of experience, study, and thought to master.

There are so many things to know and to be prepared for that the beginner despairs. His holiday is short. He will pin his faith to a guide, forgetful that



AT THE SUMMIT OF THE JUNGFRAU (13,670 FEET), ONE OF THE GIANT PEAKS OF THE BERNESE OBERLAND—THE JUNGFRAU WAS FIRST ASCENDED IN 1811.

the guide cannot give him his own sturdy legs, his deep chest, his sure foot, his far seeing eyes, his delicate sense of balance. Yet the majestic Matterhorn, that monster pyramid whose sides have been swept away by the ages, appeals to the novice as to the expert climber. He thinks energy and determination can take the place of skill.

The chains, the ropes, the bridges, the ladders, the guiding cairns, the huts

—all the safeguards of Alpine clubs cannot rob the ascent of such a mountain of its dangers and terrors. Yet each year scores attempt the Matterhorn, and some few succeed, at the cost of much suffering. Hardships never cure them of the mountain climbing fever: in fact, the difficulties encountered in a climb only increase the infatuation of those who have fallen under the spell of the snowy Alps.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE KEYNOTE OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY—THE FORMULATION OF THE FAMOUS "DOCTRINE" BY JAMES MONROE AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, ITS AMAZING DISTORTION BY RICHARD OLNEY, AND ITS FRANK RESTATEMENT BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

NOTHING, perhaps, in the whole domain of international politics has been the occasion of more ludicrous mistakes than the Monroe Doctrine; yet nothing could very well be clearer or more definite to any one who will give the subject a few minutes' attention. How baldly *Punch* misrepresented it seven years ago is shown by the cartoon reproduced on page 490. Of some "prominent Englishmen" recently interviewed by a London newspaper, one characterized it as part of "the jurisprudence of the United States, as expounded by Mr. Justice Monroe"; another referred its authorship to one Commodore Monroe, whose favorite motto, he understood, was, "Shoot first and explain afterwards"; while a third conjectured that it was "one of Pierpont Morgan's little games."

On the other hand, some strange twists have been given to the doctrine on this side of the Atlantic. During the South African war an alarmed patriot sounded a note of warning over its alleged infraction by the sending out of Canadian soldiers to fight for their flag in Africa. In 1867, when the British North American provinces were consolidated into the Dominion of Canada, there were loud outcries that Monroe's political testament was being violated, in spite of its clear declaration that "with the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere." Congress debated a resolution which declared that the United States felt uneasiness at witnessing "such a vast conglomeration of American states established on the monarchical principle." The confederation, the motion continued, was "in contravention of the

traditionary and constantly declared principles of the United States, and endangered their most important interests."

Seldom has a more extraordinary political pronouncement been issued than the despatch sent on July 20, 1895, during the so called Venezuela controversy, by Richard Olney, Secretary of State, to Mr. Bayard, United States ambassador in London. In that remarkable document Mr. Olney expatiated on the Monroe Doctrine as the embodiment and expression of an inevitable opposition between America and Europe. The latter continent, he declared, is monarchical, the former republican. Europe is hostile to the spirit of democracy and "free institutions" for which America stands. The issue was one of "self government" against an inferior dispensation. The unctuous discourse continued:

The people of the United States have a vital interest in the cause of popular self government. They believe it to be for the healing of all nations, and that civilization must either advance or retrograde accordingly as its supremacy is extended or curtailed.

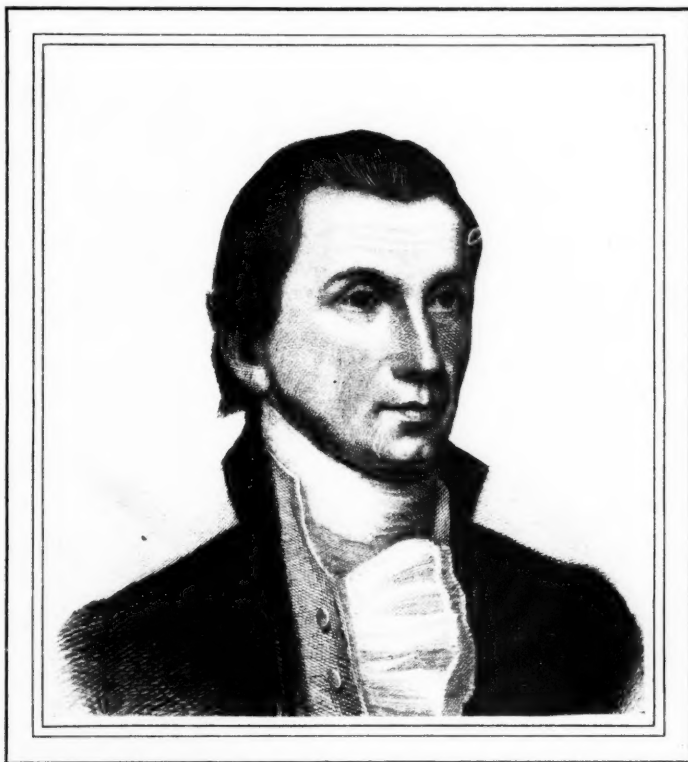
And the moral of all this was that the United States was resolved to prevent, by any means in its power, the occupation by Great Britain of a disputed stretch of territory on the frontier of Venezuela and British Guiana.

Mr. Olney's political philosophy had only one justification—a historical one. Four score years ago the opposition between monarchy and democracy was much more than a mere matter of form. The divine right of kings was still a living principle, and the sovereigns of continental Europe, who had organized the Holy Alliance, were prepared to assert it against its enemies. There was good reason to believe that they were

contemplating the reconquest of Spain's revolted colonies in South America. It was hardly probable that they would undertake so serious a task without some recompense—which was likely to take the shape of territory, for money Spain had none. Moreover, Russia was stretching forth her greedy hand over the Pacific coast. Her sovereign, the

ests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers.

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.



JAMES MONROE, FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WHOSE ANNUAL MESSAGE OF DECEMBER, 1823, ENUNCIATED THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

half crazy Czar Alexander I, who was the leading spirit of the Holy Alliance, had issued a ukase proclaiming Oregon as his own, and forbidding any foreign vessels to approach within a hundred miles of its shore.

It was in the face of a real danger that Monroe issued to Congress and to the world his famous message of December 2, 1823, of which the following sentences were the most striking and momentous part:

The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and inter-

But the world has moved since then—no part of it, perhaps, more rapidly than Europe. To revive the language of 1823 in 1895 was a grotesque anachronism. Mr. Olney must have been well aware that of nineteen republics in North and South America only one can be classed with the average European country in the scale of civilization. The great majority of them are third and fourth rate half caste communities, cursed with chronic disorder, and governed by military despotism tempered by recurrent revolutions. To inform

such a power as Great Britain that she represents a lower grade of civilization than Venezuela would have been a bitter insult had it not been so ridiculous.

But in all Mr. Olney's extraordinary discourse on the Monroe Doctrine the most extraordinary sentence was this:

That distance and three thousand miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between an European and an American state unnatural and inexpedient will hardly be denied.

This was a notice to the British Empire to disband, to the colonies of every European power to sever themselves from their mother country. It was an amazing suggestion to come from a responsible statesman. It is opposed to the plain facts of history and to the whole trend of modern life. Every decade the ocean becomes more of a highway, less of a barrier. Transit between Canada and England is as safe and regular, almost as quick, and considerably less costly than between Maine and California; and if a permanent political union be "unnatural and inexpedient" in one case, why should it be a thing to live and die for in the other? It is unnecessary to point out how striking Mr. Olney's words have been stultified, on the one

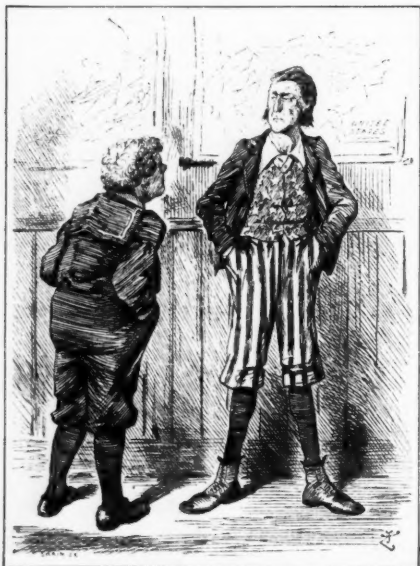
side, by the recent development of the sentiment of British imperial unity, and on the other by the American acquisition of the great archipelago of the Philippines, separated from our shores by no less than eight thousand miles of "intervening ocean."

In answer to his interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as a sword that arms republican America against monarchical Europe, Mr. Olney may be confronted with a later and saner utterance of his own, taken from a speech delivered in March, 1902:

Though of the great continental nations France alone has become republican in form, forms count for little. Today as never before rulers are strong just in proportion as they recognize themselves to be not only leaders of their peoples but trustees for them, and just in proportion as by their faithful stewardship they win for themselves popular confidence and support. That is as true of imperial Germany as of democratic America.

No, the Monroe Doctrine as a living force in politics is not based upon any abstract love of republics and hatred of monarchies. Our intervention in the Venezuela matter rested solely upon a strict interpretation of the rule laid down by Monroe and John Quincy Adams forbidding the acquisition of American territory by any foreign power, on the ground that it would involve danger to the military position and political security of the United States. It may not be entirely clear, in the present instance, what perceptible degree of danger could have ensued. The fact that the Union Jack flies along our entire northern boundary, and that such British strongholds as Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica, and Esquimaux are set close around our coasts, has not injured our development, has not even compelled us to arm for self defense. It is not easy to see how Britain's power to menace us would be increased by the acquisition of a strip of tropical jungle on the Cayuni, nearly two thousand miles from our borders.

Foreign observers may wonder, with Sydney Brooks,* that we were ready, seven years ago, "to plunge Anglo Saxondom into war and risk a hundred million pounds' worth of trade" sooner than consent to the transfer; but there is no doubt that in similar circum-



TENNIEL ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

MASTER JOHNNY BELL.—"Monroe Doctrine! What is the Monroe Doctrine?"

MASTER JONATHAN.—"Waal, I guess it's that everything everywhere belongs to us!"

—From "Punch" for November 2, 1895.

* The Fortnightly Review, December, 1901.

stances we shall take the same action again. It might be better—from the material viewpoint it would undoubtedly be safer and wiser—to abrogate the Monroe Doctrine, substituting a resolution to treat each case on its merits rather than by prescribed formula; but a fixed national sentiment is stronger than any material consideration.

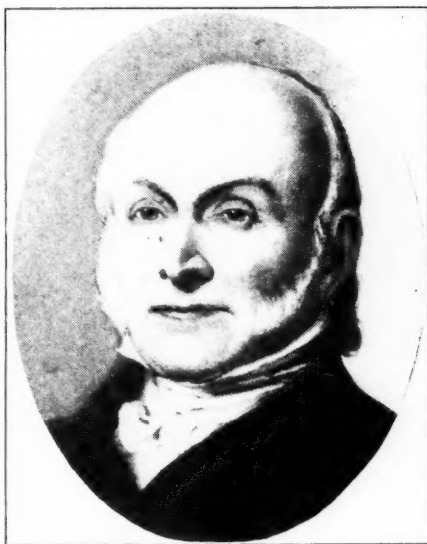
In his recent volume on "American Diplomatic Questions," after a careful review of the part the Monroe Doctrine has played in our history, John Brooks Henderson calls it an "idol" which possesses a "superstitious hold" upon the mind of the nation. It belonged, he urges, to a period when we were weak, and the time has come "to leave our judgment free, to measure danger by the exigencies of the present, not by the remembrance of fears which are of the past."

Mr. Henderson's view was foreshadowed as long ago as 1854 by a Texan Congressman who said in the House of Representatives that the Monroe Doctrine did not mean "that every settlement upon any sand bank in this continent is an offense which is to result in war"; but unquestionably the settled political opinion of the nation takes the opposite view.

Such being the case, President Roosevelt performed a service to the world at large by explaining in some of his recent speeches the precise scope of the Monroe Doctrine as it applies to the existing situation, and as the United States is pledged to maintain it. He embellished it with no obsolete rhetoric on the vices of monarchy and the virtues of democracy; he enunciated it simply as a declaration that the United States will not consent to the acquisition of a foothold in America by any external power, or to the extension of any foothold already acquired. It is gratifying to find the most influential British newspaper* saying of the restated formula:

As it is defined by President Roosevelt—in strict conformity, indeed, with its original conception and objects—it is a policy to which this country has no right to take exception, and which we have no interest in obstructing.

Great Britain is the one world power besides ourselves with important inter-



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, SECRETARY OF STATE IN MONROE'S CABINET, WHO IS SAID TO HAVE DRAFTED THAT PORTION OF THE MESSAGE OF 1823 WHICH DEALT WITH FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ests in the American continent and islands. She may safely be said to acquiesce in the Monroe Doctrine—which, indeed, her foreign minister of 1823 first urged the Washington government to formulate. There is no present reason to think that any other power has either the interest or the inclination to contest it; though whether the situation may change when Germany has completed her present task of building a navy more powerful than ours, it is impossible to predict.

It may as well be admitted frankly that the doctrine is to a certain extent a challenge to the world at large. With all the sanctity so often attributed to it by American speakers, it has no legal basis, and no standing in international law save in so far as that shadowy science recognizes the right of a nation to take any step that it may consider necessary to defend its own interests. In a word, its validity rests upon our power to enforce it. As that outspoken statesman, the present President of the United States, said in one of his recent speeches:

The Monroe Doctrine will be respected as long as we have a first class, efficient navy and not very much longer.

*The London Times, August 28, 1902.

The Unpardonable Sin.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A FAMOUS VOLUME OF VERSE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

I.

SEVERAL years ago there stood in Fitzroy Square a narrow, sagging, crazy little house of dingy stucco. It was only two rooms deep, like so many of the smaller London houses, and but three stories high. It has lately been torn down, and some neatly built but prosaic brick structure has replaced it.

Even then Fitzroy Square was a shabby neighborhood, in spite of its nearness to the smart purlieu of Portland Place. Only the beautiful trees, wavering and murmuring all through the pleasant months, graced it with winsomeness; and when these glimmered nude and black through the fogs it had not a charm left.

In the little house of which I have spoken dwelt a poor and enfeebled man, now nearing his forty seventh year. For some time past he had been permitted to occupy the entire domicile in company with a girl of about fourteen, wholly blind, his orphaned niece. A rather brisk old woman, who acted as general servant, made up the limited household. Repeatedly the owner of the dwelling had sent a message to its chief occupant, Luke Blantyre, saying that he had best prepare to leave it, as it would soon be razed to the ground. But Blantyre had stayed on; he made no signal preparations, doubtless because he felt that when the final day for them came there would be so few to make.

More than twenty years ago he had come up to London from one of the northern counties, with a small fortune and a huge ambition. The fortune had now perilously dwindled to a few hundreds. The ambition, too, was moribund.

When his sister, long ago, had been seized by a severe illness after the sudden death of her husband in a railway accident, he had hurried to her bedside,

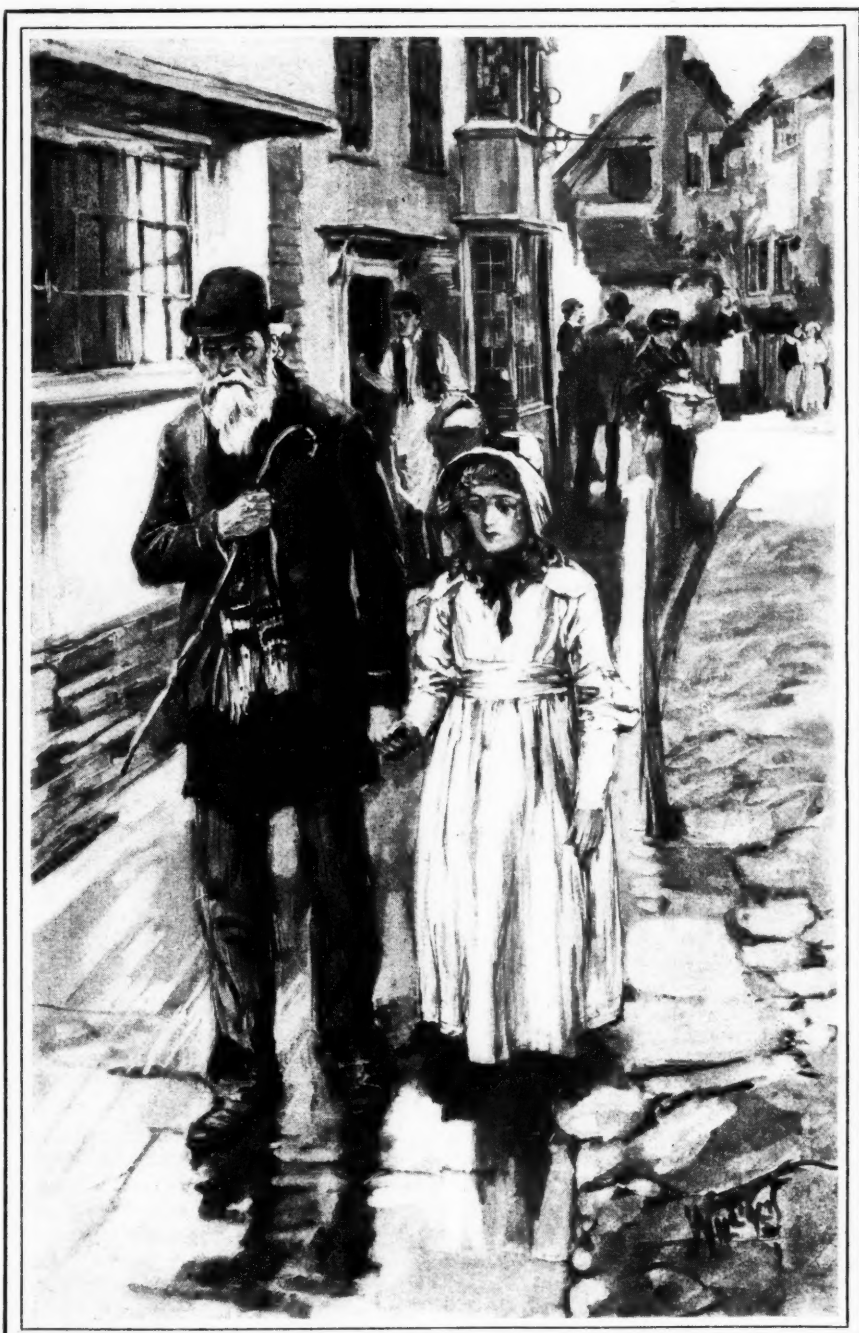
off in Wales, accusing himself of shameful coldness and neglect. She had lingered for many months, and all this time he had remained under her roof. When the end came he was on terms of loving intimacy with her little blind daughter, Christine, and full of eagerness to guard her patrimony, however slender this might prove. But John Gordon, his late brother in law, had been an improvident man, and when Blantyre came to envisage little Christine's inheritance he found that debts and mortgages were its only pathetic record.

It was then that he went back to London and drifted, after a brief term of metropolitan wandering, into the little house in Fitzroy Square. Even then its tottering aspect drove would be tenants away. This he found a stroke of good fortune, and often would say so to Christine while they took long walks together about the huge town, her hand always tightly clasped in his, and her absolute trust given him with touching self surrender.

"Yes, my dear," he would mutter, paying no apparent heed whether the child listened or no, "we've been very lucky indeed. That ramshackle old shanty in Fitzroy Square is a godsend of cheapness, and Margaret, our servant, is so willing and kindly! This poor Uncle Luke of yours has not always been lucky—no, no."

"No, no," the child would sometimes mechanically repeat. Blantyre scarcely ever noticed these replies; they mingled themselves naturally enough, for his ears, with the clamor of Tottenham Court Road omnibuses or the cries of steam whistles along the Thames Embankment.

"If your uncle Luke had chosen to crawl and cringe," the monologue would now and then run, "he might today be a famous man in the world of let-



"I GAVE THEM MY GREAT BOOK, MY 'VOICES AND VISIONS,' ONLY TO HAVE IT FLOUTED AND SCORNE!"

ters. But bah, what is that in England? Who here is worthy to call himself a poet? They are such idiots and dolts, nowadays, all the big mob of scribblers! And I gave them my great book, my 'Voices and Visions,' only to have it flouted and scorned! The publisher who brought it out is dead now; his firm either has perished or calls itself by another name. The book sold but fifty copies—think of that! Fifty copies! And into it I had put a portion, if not all, of my splendid young soul!"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Luke," the child would murmur, not then understanding.

"But now I have grown very proud, little Christine—very proud, and arrogant as well. I am writing my second book, and into it I am putting the rest of my soul. It is called, though not yet finished, 'Storms and Calms.' Nobody shall ever read it until after I am dead. I will not stoop to them again while I live. That may be wrong; but it is my nature. You will live on after I have gone——"

"Oh, no, no, Uncle Luke! I don't want to live on when you are not with me!"

"But you are young, my dear, and I am growing old—old before my time. So the end must come for me, and at the Towerly Institute they will always take care of you—Mrs. Trescott has promised me that."

"I like Mrs. Trescott, uncle, but I like you so much better!" she would answer.

Christine was a well shaped, graceful child, and, oddly enough, her greatest fascination lay in her large, long lashed eyes. They were bluish gray, and their blindness, instead of giving them a vacant look, merely clouded them in the mistiest way, so that she seemed near sighted rather than blind. The Towerly Institute was one of those enterprises maintained solely by private charities of which England, to her credit, is full. Mrs. Trescott really loved Christine, and would have chided Blantyre for not letting his niece stay longer and oftener at the spacious suburban "home" if she had not felt so thoroughly convinced of his rich affection and devotion, and of all that Christine meant to him in the way of solace and companionship.

There was absolutely no hope that Christine would ever see. Her affliction was a congenital paralysis of the optic nerve. This center of sight had never been diseased; it was like a withered limb, a hand with four fingers. Medicine cures, but does not create. There was simply nothing to do.

Blantyre, to speak prosaically of a true poet, was the most impossible person. Beyond doubt, his "Voices and Visions" had been a work of power. He might have drawn apart the ceremonies of oblivion in which luck or fate had wrapped it. He was far from being a pauper when it failed. He could have struggled on, eaten humble pie, besought this editor to print a new piece of his always admirable and pungent verse, paid court to that influential personage for a hearing from the selectest critical cliques. But no; he had chosen instead to gather about him the folds of a piteous yet ridiculous pride. He had gone on writing, but we have already learned with what a dismal, self important purpose.

And slowly evil days had pressed closer and closer upon the bounds of his secluded life. He had little money left; his health, never abundant, had dwindled, and an ailment which he had long disregarded now took upon him such revenges of feebleness that for long periods he found himself a slave to every mood of the damp and mutable London weather. A final summons had come from his landlord. He must leave Fitzroy Square by the middle of June, and it was now early May. Christine must inevitably go to the Towerly Institute. Old Margaret must find a new place. And he, Luke Blantyre, with a handful of guineas must fare forth—whither?

A special torment of depression had seized him today, and he had felt, as so often happens in these cases, physical distress annulled by the sense of calamitous threat. It was about nine o'clock, and for May the air was bland. His niece had gone to bed, tired with a long day spent at the institute, whither he had secretly loathed to have her go, since it seemed a grisly premonition of the irreversible separation between them. But Mrs. Trescott had sent a

capable emissary, and he had not the incivility to refuse this genial summons.

His window was not open, for even the blandness of the May evening was too strong for him; but a full moon

stranger's card, was saying, with her usual bold but inoffensive freedom:

"'E's a reel gent, sir; ye can see it in arf a minnit."

Blantyre read the card: "Lord



"I DID NOT UNDERSTAND THEN, BUT NOW I UNDERSTAND MUCH BETTER. POOR UNCLE LUKE!"

shone above the new foliated trees, which had an effect, from where he watched them, of immense black and silver feathers being swayed to and fro at some elfin behest.

"A stranger to see *me*?"

He pulled down his blinds and screwed up the wick of his lamp. Meanwhile Margaret, who had brought in the

Roland Vivian, 46a Davies Street, W." A cold smile curled his lips, grown so much whiter and thinner of late, and the lids drooped scornfully for a second over dark eyes which attenuation of cheek and temple had seemed, through past weeks, forlornly to enlarge. It flashed through his mind at first that here was some new representative of the



"I MUST FORGIVE YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE WILLING TO COMMIT THIS SIN FOR MY SAKE."

folk who were to send him adrift. What other mission could such a titled person possibly have with one obscure and friendless as himself?

Then he suddenly remembered the

name—Lord Roland Vivian. Why, surely this must be the new statesman who said those daring and brilliant things nowadays in the House of Commons—things that he had often admired, sometimes condemned. While Margaret went forth to bid the visitor enter, the poet swept a glance about his room. Books, books, everywhere, reaching in some places almost to the ceiling.

"Well," he thought, "books, even when their bindings are poor, hide poverty. So perhaps his lordship, on whatever mission bent, will forget that I must be a pauper in conceding that my den looks like a scholar's."

When Lord Roland presently appeared, he verified old Margaret's praiseworthy vernacular.

He at once took Blantyre's hand, and then dropped into the first seat he could find, but without a gleam of patronage. He was tallish, blond, slender, not especially comely, but with a face of sensitive cut and a

gray eye full of interesting changes. His voice at once pleased by a stray note, here and there, implying rich latent force.

"You wouldn't think my coming here with so little ceremony half so odd as it may seem, Mr. Blantyre," he began, "if you had been aware of how greatly I admire your book of poems, 'Voices and Visions.' I fell upon it at a Charing Cross Road book stall, and vowed to myself that I would look you up. Your name—I found it in the directory—is in itself so like a betrayal of your desired identity that I felt I must be addressing the real Luke Blantyre, and not some unliterary bearer of it. If you will let me be very frank, I would add that I can ill realize any one thus called except the writer of those eloquent and powerful poems."

All these sugared phrases only served to affect Blantyre as the poke of a straw might affect some open shelled turtle. He forgot his need, his approaching eviction, and remembered only the fierceness of his smoldering grudge.

"I am the author of these verses which you have been kind enough to praise," he said, so stiffly that his companion gave a slight start. "But oblivion long ago claimed them, and her undisturbed possession has grown for me quite a matter of course."

"I know the type," swiftly reflected Blantyre's visitor, without a shade of pique. "Achilles sulks in his tent. He is morbidly proud, and perhaps has good reason for being so. The world has kicked instead of crowning him. No wonder, too, that he's morbid. Horribly poor, I'll swear, and with that look as if death had plucked him by the sleeve! Shall I tell him how *she* loves the book—how *she* has set me, as it were, upon his track? What use? He has the air of not caring a ha'penny if Shakspeare's ghost came in and gave him a grand salute. But I'll win him over, nevertheless. I've won more obstinate and high nosed folk than even this poor, seedy valetudinarian—blessed if I've not!"

Lord Roland Vivian achieved his resolve, but he had a difficult task to face in the course of three good weeks. Blantyre treated him with a frigid in-

difference which he would not have tolerated from many a man of highest distinction. But this, Lord Roland kept telling himself, was a genius who had merited the highest distinction, had failed to receive it, and had muffled himself in the draperies of a supreme unconcern. His poetry proved that he had deserved rare homage, for it had in it the vital stuff of which great fames are made. If he had been some ordinary versifier, you might have called him sullen; but in this case any such term became flippantly irreverent.

Lord Roland in earlier years—he was now nearly eight and thirty—had written some very fair verse. It was not wholly forgotten, either, and his political career, as sometimes happens with the English statesman, had in a measure dignified and preserved it. Here, so to speak, was the entering wedge. It helped the doggedness of his persistent overtures. Blantyre had read him in the past, liked him at the time of reading, and then ceased to remember him. But Lord Roland revived the poet's recollection. He knew how to talk well, too, of poetry, in its past accomplishments, its present aims, its temporary neglect, its technical possibilities, limitations, freedoms, or restraints. He was a born orator, and at times a radiant conversationalist.

Then, too, circumstance aided him. Just as he really felt that he had stormed the ramparts of this fine singer's reserve, Blantyre fell ill. Some days ago Mrs. Trescott had taken Christine to the Towerly Institute; her uncle had swallowed his tears with a forlorn manfulness, and endured the heart wrenching separation. Soon he himself must pass from the little Fitzroy Square house. But whither? At his side stood Lord Roland, who had but yesterday secured not merely the friendship but the love of a heart arid to all human attachment save that of his blind young niece. And Lord Roland stood there, moreover, with a well filled purse.

II.

"So you've really got him into nice apartments near Kensington Square, Roland!" said a certain lady, one after-

noon. She said it in her own charming Knightsbridge house, whose rear windows overlooked Hyde Park. By one of these she was seated, and she had just handed Lord Roland a cup of tea.

"He's horribly ill," was the answer. "He doesn't know it, but he is."

"You mean he doesn't think, poor man," said Lady Millicent Meade, "that he's going to die just yet?"

"He's almost given up thinking about anything." Her guest paused, then let his words loiter gravely on: "Except one thing."

"What is that?" Lady Millicent leaned forward, as if the reply would be a ball that she wanted to catch.

"Oh, a manuscript—a 'package,' he sometimes calls it. Then his mind wanders, and if I ask him to explain I get only drowsy murmurs."

"But you have had all his things taken from Fitzroy Square? You're sure nothing has been left behind?"

"Nothing."

"That was right—right," said the other in one of her decisive tones. "If he actually should become himself again, even for a day or two, you could spare him the least pang of loss. The manuscript might be more poetry, you know, and the poetry might be superlatively fine—even finer than those beautiful 'Voices and Visions,' which must be published again. He still does not ask for his blind niece?"

"No."

Lady Millicent's eyes were drooped. Then came the long, soft sigh that her watcher knew so well.

"Just twelve years old, you said, did you not? And pretty, with no sign of blindness; her eyes bluish gray—my Sybil's were a sort of purplish gray. I must go to the Towerly Institute and see that child—I really must!" Here she lifted her gaze, with the old pain in it—the old wistful gleam. "I used so often to go there in other days; I haunted the place. I used so to want another Sybil—the semblance of my vanished darling! But I never found her; I never could find any blind child who bore the faintest likeness to her. You remember all that, do you not? Strange, though, isn't it? Sybil would have been twelve this year."

But here, while Lord Roland Vivian gnawed his lips in secret vexation, a bevy of new guests arrived; and among them was Mr. Chadwick Lowndes, M. P., a hot Parliamentary opponent of the gentleman already seated in Lady Millicent's presence, though they always met, outside of the great legislative chamber, as apparently cordial acquaintances.

This dealt a destructive blow to any further private converse between Lord Roland and the woman whom he ardently loved. For a couple of seasons past the great London world had been asking itself which of two devoted suitors would Lady Millicent Meade marry; would it be Lord Roland, brother of the Marquis of Guernsey, or Mr. Chadwick Lowndes, heir presumptive to the old Earl of Sark? Each had gained repute and influence, and to each richer honors appeared forthcoming. Lowndes would one day be enormously wealthy, and Lord Roland had already fallen heir to a goodly fortune.

"Each has his particular day every week," smiled Rumor, "for offering himself, and he is sure to do so punctually." But if this droll way of putting the matter bore a grain of truth, Lady Millicent certainly persevered in a continuous course of rejections that ought to have inflicted upon her a rather severe sense of their monotony. She was one of those women, criticism agreed, who might have married however and whomsoever she pleased. Without being a "show beauty," she was extremely handsome; without having an ideal figure, she could wear tasteful gear for all it was worth in tints and lines. Admirably educated, she held herself at remotest distance from all intellectual pose. She had wit, penetration, and dignity in almost equal measure, yet these traits were veiled by a simplicity genuine as themselves.

Her father, the late Lord Larremore, had been a noted scholar and philanthropist; but it was said of her that in girlish days, when she had married the millionaire banker, Egerton Meade, twenty years older than herself, pride was the ruling motor of her life and conduct. Beyond doubt she had not loved her husband, who died scarcely

more than a twelvemonth after their marriage; but she had loved with passion her little blind child, Sybil, whose death while yet she could scarcely speak had plowed fearful furrows in the mother's soul. A severe illness followed; there were long stays in Italy and Greece, in the Engadine and among Tyrolean wilds. When she came back to London drawingrooms and dining-rooms, the old commonplace was murmured by many tongues: grief had spiritualized her. It had assuredly humanized her, and from deep filled coffers lavish charities were dispensed. Especially did asylums and abodes of the blind profit by her bounty; we have already heard with what pathos of persistence she had maintained one exceptional search.

Today certain people would frown at her exclusiveness, tomorrow others would rejoice at her democracy. The truth was, she had in her home the great folk who belonged there naturally, and after these the folk on whom she chose to beam approval. She would gladly have opened her doors to Blantyre, whose poems she cherished and often read. Poetry of the finer flash and fabric was her constant joy; no fashionable pressure could banish it. Her friends wondered, indeed, how she could find time, at all seasons, for the society of books. But this faculty of serving them loyally she had inherited, no doubt, from her father, of whom she would sometimes say that he had taught her the art of reading patiently, remembering fixedly, and forgetting wisely.

Lord Roland had long ago fallen into the habit of bringing her the books which he thought would notably interest her. He had come to her full of enthusiasm for "Voices and Visions," and after having placed it in her hands, her delighted verdict on its worth filled him with triumph.

Chadwick Lowndes, his unquestioned rival, could rarely please Lady Millicent in this way. His preferences, despite his mental gifts, were seldom hers. On the other hand, she so often cordially shared Lord Roland's that Lowndes had felt sharply jealous pangs. The verses of Lord Roland she had cared for, though distinctly with reservations. He

was well aware of this, and while heaven opened when she pointed to one appealing page, it closed again while she tightened her lips and nodded disapprobation over another. Lord Roland had done part of this volume as far back as his Oxford days. He had since found time to prepare a second one, which he often longed to show her; but an incessant reluctance prevented. Now it was modesty, now dread. He had grown convinced that if she liked these later writings to the verge of enthusiasm they would weigh most effectually in the balance; they would enable him to distance Lowndes as a suitor. Perhaps she would never really love any man; perhaps the flame of her bereavement as a mother had burned out all potentialities of passion as a wife. But still, was there not, reared somewhere in the secrecy of her soul, that altar to the god of song? And might not a new offering, once laid there, and worthy to be laid there, work propitiating marvels?

"Would you have liked me to write that book?" Lord Roland had once said to her, just after she had told him how Blantyre's "Voices and Visions" had enthralled and captivated her.

She looked at him speechlessly. Then she said—and how the words dwelt with him afterwards!—"I would rather you had written it than be certain you would some day call yourself prime minister."

During the third week of June he startled her one day by the abrupt announcement that Luke Blantyre was dead. She turned pale.

"And I wanted to go to him if he grew only a little better!"

"He has never been really conscious since the time when he fainted in Fitzroy Square."

"And he passed away in unconsciousness?" Lady Millicent sighed.

"Almost. It happened last night. They had sent for me, as I had ordered, because he showed signs of collapse. That was at eight. I had just left for the Verekers' dinner."

"Yes, you were there."

"And so was Lowndes," he proceeded, each word now dipped in bitterness. "He sat next you, monopolized you——"

"Oh, never mind that!"

"I won't," he brightened, though sadly. "It's an ill wind, however—that is what I meant. The magnificent Lowndes, with his imperial manner and his impeccable nose——"

"You were saying?"

"That it's an ill wind. Of course it is—or was. In this case it blew me forlornly away from the Verekers straight to my Davies Street chambers, without so much as a peep into one of my clubs. I hadn't exchanged more than three words with you; I went home to brood and fume."

"And there you found the message from Blantyre's nurses?"

"Yes. I got to him as soon as an extra paid hansom would take me. The utter prostration had been replaced by a sort of dismal flicker. His glazed look seemed to know me, and I thought his wan lips formed a sound not wholly unlike my name. I had his hand then; its icy sweat chilled me. There was more murmuring, and I gathered from it that he was thinking of that other manuscript—the unpublished one, if it really exists."

"Really exists? But has he never definitely told you of it?"

"Never. In all our talks, before he was stricken, he made no mention of having written a line of new poetry. It was only afterwards that he referred, vaguely——"

"I recollect. And his death?"

"It came very suddenly at the last. I had just withdrawn my hand, thinking he had drowsed off again, and might last for hours yet; but in a trice the breath left him, with only a faint gasp to mark the end."

That evening, while Covent Garden was filled, all along the curve of its upper boxes, with bejeweled women and dapper clad men, Chadwick Lowndes sat beside Lady Millicent. Whenever he entered her box, or whenever Lord Roland Vivian entered it, an unconscious kind of deference was paid them by its other male occupants. Instinctively they relinquished the place of honor at Lady Millicent's elbow. They had done so tonight, and though famous artists were singing and famous music was being played, Chadwick Lowndes spoke on and on into the ear of the woman he

loved. It was all managed with perfect tact. He knew how to make his voice curiously unaggressive with respect to outside hearers—that voice which, at its best flow and flight, his politic supporters thought so wonderful an organ.

"It has gone on too long," he was saying; "I must plead of you for a decision. If you *will*, tell me so with the candor I crave. If you will *not*——" Then he was silent, and the notes of an entrancing tenor—one of the divinest we mortals have ever heard—flooded the new stillness wrought by his pause.

Behind her lifted fan Lady Millicent said: "This is desecration. Even if they don't hear us talk it is desecration for ourselves, all the same."

"No. De Reszke in his way is phrasing what? 'I love you.' In my way I am phrasing it, too."

"There are other times——"

"You give me no other times. I thought at the Verekers' dinner, when I took you down to it and sat beside you, that I had your ear. So I had; but only one. The other you gave to the Belgian ambassador. *He* doesn't want to marry you. He has a wife and several children. But you look bored. If I leave you tonight without a positive 'yes,' it will be the end."

"You threaten, then?"

"I implore."

"But you said 'the end.'"

"I meant it."

"Then"—she lifted her lorgnette and fixed it full upon the stage. He leaned closer. Her lips just moved, and no more. But words came from them, and these he caught: "Then it must be the end."

He said nothing after that, and while the curtain was falling on the act he bowed low and left the box.

III.

SEVERAL days elapsed before Lady Millicent again saw Lord Roland. Then he came to her with a strained look in his face and a nervous, unwonted bearing.

"You're not ill?" she questioned.

"No. But there's that hateful New Zealand Bill coming up before the house, and——"

"You've been working like mad over it," she broke in. "So like you! Chadwick Lowndes—I sometimes think you've grown to call the entire party opposed to you on this and all other questions 'Chadwick Lowndes'—can't possibly beat you here. You have, incontestably, right and justice on your side."

She went over all the details of the bill with a knowledge, penetration, and thoroughness that would have surprised him in almost any other living English-woman.

"There," she ended with a smile, "rest easy. Victory is already yours. The bill *must* pass! And now"—her voice altering to the most feminine softness—"I must tell you that while you have been burying poor Luke Blantyre, I have been visiting his niece."

"Christine?"

"Yes; three times, at the Towerly Institute." Her face burned towards him like a star; her delicate hands were fluttering excitedly in her lap. "She's lovely—lovely! She's adorable! She is going to be mine—mine! I've made love to her, and she's returned it!"

"Happy Christine!" was all he could answer.

"She's coming here tomorrow. She's to be my adopted daughter. Why did you not tell me she was so beautiful?"

"I did, did I not?" he faltered.

"Ah, pardon me," she exclaimed, with sudden tears. "How could you know? How could you possibly know?"

"Know what?" he ventured dazedly.

"That she is just what Sybil might have been at twelve! That she is like a reincarnation of Sybil!"

Lady Millicent rose and went up to him. She took both his hands and clasped them close, standing over him, intoxicating in her nearness to this man who worshiped her.

"I want to thank you so very much! You gave her to me! But for you I should never have found her—to keep her and adore her, as I shall! Don't speak! No, no, not a word, now! It is all too perfect just as it is!" She abruptly stooped and kissed him on the brow. "God bless you, Roland! When we next meet you shall see us together!" And then she left him, hurrying from the room.

A few days afterwards they did meet, and Christine, simply but tastefully clad, was at her side. The adoption was then being babbled over by the London world, and something else besides. Lord Roland, it was said, had found her the long desired substitute for her lost blind child, and Chadwick Lowndes, furious at this stolen march, had displayed such ridiculous chagrin that his permanent dismissal had ensued.

Presently two maids came in and took Christine for what was now her daily walk in the park. But though the child seemed glad to go, as she prettily put it, "where you could touch the smell of the flowers," Lady Millicent kissed and clung to her with the suggestion of some long protracted farewell.

"It is very strange," Lord Roland said when they at length were alone together.

"It isn't strange at all," she denied, instantly divining what he meant. "I have lost all these years. I am making them up."

"But she isn't—Sybil."

"She's Christine; she's the heavenly recompense, the golden substitute. If I were a devout Christian, what a carved and jeweled altar I should build! How I should kneel before it in ecstasy of thanksgiving hours each day! And now," she broke off, her manner changing into a vivid proffer of apology, "let us forget my poor little egotism of consolation, and talk of what you have been doing lately; I mean since you aided in such admirable way to pass the New Zealand Bill. I was there, in the peeresses' gallery, while you made your splendid speech."

"Encouraged by yourself."

"Thanks. You see, I wasn't a false prophet. What of Blantyre's possessions? Did you find anything of value?"

"N-no," He spoke lingeringly, with eyes on the floor. "I have had all the books packed for Christine when she comes of age. She is his only heir. The rest? Well, a lot of papers, letters—nothing in the least important. I've had those packed, too."

"No new verses of his? You're quite certain?"

"Quite certain?" He surprised her by speaking with an acute sharpness. Then, much more calmly: "*Do you suppose, Millicent, that if I'd found anything like that, I wouldn't immediately have told you?*"

She knew him so well that for a moment his manner jarred upon her. But his next sentences, filled with queries about her present relations towards Chadwick Lowndes, and half veiled, half candid entreaties that she would now, and once for all, give it out that she meant to marry himself, dissipated all further bewilderment.

"I want more time," she said at last, as he paused.

"It's always that way." He rose and began to pace, prowlingly, about the room, with bent head. On a sudden, pausing beside her chair, he said, in a sort of desperation:

"You have never loved me, you have never loved *him*. It's only a question with you of whom you'd feel proudest in marrying."

"Roland!" she chided, though not harshly.

"Oh, I don't mean proud before the world. You want *that*, of course, and you'd get it, I suppose, with either of us. But there's another gratification craved by some corner of that odd, labyrinthine mind. Listen, now. You greatly admired Blantyre's book."

"Yes," she granted, wondering at him with her beloved uplifted eyes.

"Now, I've been looking lately over my own verses—the new ones—the verses I've never let you see, because I've felt so afraid of your judgment."

"Well?"

As he stood before her, this man of affairs, who had faced "the applause of listening senates," he seemed struggling against a boyish bashfulness.

"And, do you know, Millicent, there are times when I almost resolve to let you see them?"

She answered with asperity. "I wish you would not attach the least value to any verdict I might pass upon them!" Her voice softened a little, but its reprimand continued. "Often I have assured you that my likes and dislikes in literature are the merest random tastes. They are not founded on any radical

perceptions." Here his gently incredulous smile gave her pause. "Oh, Roland," she went on, with a sigh of exasperation, "why won't you believe this? When shall I see the verses?"

"Whenever you please."

"Then let me have them at once!"

"The manuscript left the typewriter's hands yesterday. You shall have a copy this evening—if you are willing."

"Willing!" she laughed. All her mood of rebuke had flown. "Pray, what do you call the volume?"

"'Storms and Calms.' There somehow seemed no other name."

She touched her bowed forehead with three finger tips, like one musing. "An admirable title!" she soon exclaimed. "I congratulate you thus far."

"Thanks."

"If you send it tonight, all the better. I'm going tomorrow to Thrang for a week." She meant Thrang Hall, in Surrey, a charming estate, which she always called her real home. "It is so lovely there now. I shall miss a few great dinners, none of them desirable, and an odious ball or two. Christine and I will take long walks in the pine woods, and I shall carry 'Storms and Calms' with me." Here she gave him her hand, which he eagerly caught in both his own, bowing over it. "By about—well, Friday, I may wire you, asking for a week end visit. Have you anything that you can't throw over?"

"Nothing that I *won't* throw over! And—Chadwick Lowndes?"

"I shall not see him at all while I am at Thrang," she replied, though reluctantly and not without a tinge of reproach. "I go for rest—complete rest. This has been a racking season so far, as you know. I shall have no visitors but Christine"—she hesitated—"and you. Both shall be with me all the time I am there."

"All the time?" he exclaimed.

"Your book and you. That makes a majestic plural, does it not?"

IV.

At Thrang Hall the delight of Christine intoxicated her new guardian. It seemed as if the child really saw those

red brick gabled roofs peeping from their green encompassment of larches and firs. She dipped her hands in the silver waters of the little river, and told Lady Millicent such quaintly pathetic things of how it and its occasional sailing swans must look that her listener vibrated, emotionally, between laughter and tears.

But there had come to Thrang with its mistress another powerful source of pleasure. She had no sooner opened the crisp typewritten pages of "Storms and Calms" than she felt enthusiasm send tingles through her blood. Some of the lyrics appealed to her as matchless; a few of the narrative and dramatic poems addressed her as marvels of feeling and fire.

"And all this while," she found herself musing, "he has been at work on these noble things! They are like poor Blantyre's in some respects; they show his influence. But they are even better! What shall I say to him when he comes here?" The color flooded her face. "What *ought* I to say? He is capable of such beautiful and glorious thoughts! He has a nature profound as these momentous messages themselves!"

For two days the poetry of "Storms and Calms" kept incessantly echoing itself through her brain. Christine was always near her when she read, the child's hand clasped in her own. On Friday of this week Lady Millicent sent her telegram of invitation.

Come, as I said. The book enchants me. It should bring you great fame, and I believe it will.

This was despatched from Thrang in the morning. Soon after breakfast she went for a walk with Christine. She carried the treasured manuscript, and, after a long ramble through russet meadows and copses, they came to one of the loveliest pine groves in all Surrey—that land of lovely pine groves—where one could see the narrow, circuitous river, twinkling between straight russet stems of the trees. It was one of those days which an English June can at humor so bewitchingly make. Huge white clouds voyaged through purplish air, and every bird below them seemed seeking to rival its mates in merry claim for a special laureateship.

The carpeting pine needles were very dry, and Lady Millicent sank down on a stretch of them, with her little companion drawn nestlingly to her side. Christine, after a while, put forth one hand and gently touched the leaves of the manuscript.

"Are you reading?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear."

"Is it pretty?"

"Yes—very," she laughed, and touched the child's forehead with her lips. "But not pretty, dear, like the books I read aloud to you. I should have brought one of them. It was selfish of me."

"You are never selfish," Christine said with tender positiveness. Her fingers were busy with the loose edges of the leaves. "But this is not a book," she went on; "it is only paper. It has no cover."

"Right. But some day it will have a cover, and thousand of copies of it will be bought and sold. It is poetry, and Lord Roland, whom you now know so well, wrote it."

"Ah," said Christine very softly and sadly, "does he write poetry, too? My Uncle Luke used to write it." And then, with dreamy artlessness, the child told how she and her kinsman would take those long London walks, and how he would speak to her of his two books—the one which had been so scorned and the one which nobody would ever see till after he was dead. "I did not understand then," she added, "but now I understand much better. Poor Uncle Luke!"

"Then there *was* another book," murmured Lady Millicent, as if to herself.

"Oh, yes; there were two. One was called 'Voices and Visions.' I heard that name so many, many times that I couldn't forget it if I tried. And the other——" Christine paused here and tapped her forehead. "Oh, I remember the name of that, too; only, for the moment, I can't bring it back."

"I am glad you told me there *was* another," said Lady Millicent. "This will give Lord Roland a clue, for in his search among your uncle's things he has certainly overlooked it." She glanced again at the open page in her lap.

"Lord Roland's poetry is too *old* for you, my dear. I wish it were not. But here is a simple little song enough, though strangely perfect." And she read a six line stanza, slowly, relishingly, careful of all its melodies.

A curious cry as she ended broke from Christine.

"That is Uncle Luke's! I have often heard him say it. Oh, so many times he would say that and other things over and over to himself while he thought I was asleep on the lounge, or playing with my toys and not listening! And I know how it goes on, too. Is it not like this?" And Christine, with an effortless fluency, repeated the next stanza, word for word.

Lady Millicent stared at the child now with the slow whiteness of horror gathering in her face. It seemed to her a small eternity before she could trust herself to speak, and then she feared that her voice would frighten Christine with its hollowness.

"I—I must have made some mistake, dear. Lord Roland and I had—only a short and hurried talk when I last saw him and when he gave me—this manuscript. It's getting towards luncheon time, by the way, and it's also getting a little chilly. We must really go back to the hall."

As the first shock of her consternation subsided, she began to think chiefly of the child. It would be so cruel to inflict suffering upon *her*, and it might prove dangerous as well. She was fragile both in body and brain. Would it be best to question her further?

But Christine almost solicited such a course. Without fully understanding them, she unerringly repeated many passages in the collection. Of others she would know nothing. During an interval of perfectly accurate recollection she stopped short at the word "*calm*."

"Ah," she exclaimed, "I remember the name of the book now! It was '*Storms and Calms*.' He often said it was that. 'It is called, though not yet finished,' he would tell me, '*Storms and Calms*.' Nobody shall ever read it until after I am dead. I will not stoop to them again while I live.' Are you cold, Lady Millicent? It seems to me so warm and pleasant here on this great

couch, among these pillows where you let me lounge like such a lazy little girl."

"Yes, I—somehow—*am* cold," came the difficult answer.

"Ah," replied Christine wisely, "I *thought* I heard you shiver. Let me take your hand. Oh, it's like ice!"

V.

LORD ROLAND came on Saturday to Thrang Hall by one of the evening trains. His hostess received him in a small room on the ground floor—a room full of books and pictures and mementoes of travel which she specially prized. She stood near a little table where lay the manuscript he had confided to her. As he came forward with extended hand, she raised the manuscript and quietly forced him to take it.

"Here," she said, "is the book."

He started and lost color. Something in her face pierced him with guilty afflict.

"Millicent!"

She looked at him steadily while she next spoke. "You did not write '*Storms and Calms*.' Luke Blantyre wrote it. You stole it from him after his death. Little Christine knows many of its pages by heart. She also told me the name of her uncle's book. I need not remind you how much more damning her blindness makes this evidence."

He was ashen and gasping as she ended. His first stammerings were the merest vagueness. Then, at length, she made out: "Oh, Millicent, it was because I loved you so! I—I think I have never in all my life actually lied before now."

Her answer was an open sneer. "Your country, which you address with so much moral eloquence in Parliament, should hear this naïve confession."

"Oh, lash me, if you will—I deserve it!" He threw back his head and laughed. Irony, despair, self desolation, were in the sound. "But you had racked and ravaged my spirit for so long! I saw this way—hideous, villainous, of course. I took it. There was always that rivalry, too—that odious, persistent rivalry! But I will not excuse myself. What a farce to do that!"

He hurled himself into an armchair, and she watched his half buried head and his quivering body. This disarray, this hysteria, in a man whose nerve she had seen tried many a time and never known it to flinch! This weakness in one so strong—one whom she had looked upon while he stood placid as bronze in the House of Commons, with foes hissing him on one side and friends cheering him on the other! No wonder a pang of pity smote her. But she still remained obdurate.

"You say it was for my sake, Roland. Well, that does not make it any less the unpardonable sin." Here her voice trembled, but she forced it into firmness. "We women are strange creatures. I must forgive you because you were willing—a man like you!—to commit this sin for my sake."

She stood near him, waiting for an answer. None came.

"I have given you back the book—his book," she went on. "I will never speak of this affair to any living mortal. Poor little blind Christine will not know. There, now; go, and hereafter we will see each other in the great world, perhaps, from time to time. We may even speak together, if you wish. But remember, I—I shall always, always hold what you have done as—the unpardonable sin."

Her voice choked; her eyes were streaming with irrepressible tears. In bidding this man good by she had not only realized the depth of his fault, but looked down into that depth, as it were, and seen there the profundity—curious, perverse, unexplainable—of the love she had long borne for him.

While she drew backward, Lord Roland slowly rose from his chair. In an instant he seemed to have lost all traces of those unwonted tremors. He was still terribly pale, but the old composure reinvested him.

"You love me!"

"How can you say it?" she bridled, seeking to stay her tears.

"You love me!" he repeated. "You forgive me as well. Will you be my wife?"

She knotted both hands. "How dare you ask it now?"

"I have dared," he said, "as you see."

Then he took up Luke Blantyre's poems from the table on which he had let them fall. Next, he moved a step or two towards the closed door by which he had entered.

"Do you know what I mean to do with these?" he pursued, lifting the manuscript slightly as he spoke.

"Do?"

"I shall publish them with my own name attached."

"Ah!" she cried indignantly.

"You have promised that you will not expose me. However, break your promise if you please."

She shrank still further backward. "Oh, I will keep my promise," she flung at him with somber scorn. "I shall not expose you!"

"Thanks. But after six months I shall expose *myself*. I shall tell the whole world, after that time, how I committed the unpardonable sin."

She knew him. She saw that beyond all question he would keep his word. A terror seized her.

"Roland! You will ruin yourself irretrievably!"

"I mean to do so. I deserve to be ruined. This is my penance. No one shall ever gain the faintest hint of why and wherefore. I will simply bruit it all abroad as a remorse—a remorse cried from the house tops. Good by!"

His hand was on the door knob. She sprang towards him.

"Roland!"

His hand relaxed. They stood and stared into each other's eyes.

"It was infamous," she gasped.

"It was satanic," he acceded. "But men have done worse for women—for women whom they love as I love you! Good by."

"Roland!" She caught his sleeve. "I *can't* see you throw yourself away like that! And on my account! It makes me feel like—a murderess! And, Roland——"

"Well?"

"Is it—is it, after all, the unpardonable sin, when it—hasn't yet—been, as you say, bruited abroad?"

He answered her with arms about her neck. "Nothing is unpardonable for me, God help me, which you, Millicent, can forgive like this!"

Government by the Golden Rule.

BY SAMUEL M. JONES,

MAYOR OF TOLEDO, OHIO.

THE "GOLDEN RULE MAYOR," WHO IS A UNIQUE AND INTERESTING FIGURE IN AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE, GIVES A FRANK STATEMENT OF THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH HE IS WORKING FOR THE BETTERMENT OF THE COMMUNITY.

IT has often been said that we learn the lessons of life only through experience. We get the theories from our parents, our teachers, the books, the schools, the colleges, and the universities; but the real education that makes us free souls can come only from the school of experience.

From five years of study in that school as mayor of Toledo I have gained many valuable lessons. I have learned that there is no "hurry up," "cross lots" way to reform, and no quick acting specific that will give us good government—to use a term that is often employed without a full appreciation of its meaning. I have learned that there is no mere trick of politics and no improved method of bookkeeping that will produce the results that all thinking people desire. To boil the whole proposition down for those who will not take time to read my whole story to the end, let me say that I am unalterably committed to the belief that the way to get good government is by the slow process of building up a nation of good people.

Let me briefly recount the story of my entrance into "politics" or public life. I was born in Wales fifty five years ago, came to this country at three years of age, and lived in northern New York until I was nineteen. Then I went to the oil regions of Pennsylvania, where I remained for twenty years. In 1886 I came to Ohio, and lived at Lima six years; nine years ago I came to Toledo, and five years ago was elected mayor as a Republican. Having been reared a Republican, I grew up in that political faith, never dreaming that my duty as a citizen required anything further than that I should regularly vote

the Republican ticket, and then, with the singular inconsistency of Phariseism, thank God that I was not in "dirty politics."

Something less than a dozen years ago I began to think; the more I thought, the better I liked it. To any reader who does not indulge in the luxury of thinking, let me say that he will find it a most satisfying diversion if he will try it.

First, I began to think that I, as a citizen of this republic, ought to take a part in its affairs as a free, unowned man rather than as the slave of any party, sect, or system. Gradually it began to dawn upon me that the philosophy of our social and political relation is yet very incomplete. In theory, we believe in equality, in democracy; but in a thousand ways we practise the dreariest kind of aristocracy.

One of the results of my thinking was that simply to keep at peace with myself I ought to make an application, in some small degree, of the principles of the Golden Rule to the conduct of my small business, then employing about twenty men. I announced my belief in the shorter work day and fair wages as a necessary step towards a society of equals, and, as best I could, began to practise the principles in which I professed to believe. It was this that led to my first nomination as a candidate for my present office.

I have never done anything in the way of party service in Toledo, either before or since my public life began. Elected the first time as a nominal party man, I sought to apply to the conduct of the mayor's office the same principles that had governed me in the conduct

of my private affairs, with the result that I was repudiated by the Republicans at the close of my first term. I then announced my separation from parties, became an independent candidate, and was elected, receiving nearly seventeen thousand out of twenty four thousand votes.

POLITICS WITHOUT PARTISANSHIP.

Since that time I have taken another step forward. I have declared myself once and for all non partisan, and have tried, as best I know how, to be true to the requirements of my somewhat unique attitude towards the political questions of the day. I hold myself free, as a matter of duty as well as of right, to vote and act according to the highest impulse of my own soul rather than according to the dictates of a party convention.

In the last election I was nominated for a third term by free petition, without any such thing as convention, caucuses, delegates, or primaries. Under this system any citizen, or number of citizens, who feel that a certain person should be a candidate for any office, can circulate a petition. When the required number of signatures is obtained, the filing of such petition with the board of elections is all that is necessary to nominate a candidate. This gives the people an opportunity to take the initiative; they do not have to wait the motion of some "committee" that rises up out of the ground and assumes authority to furnish them candidates ready made. Such a method of nomination is a distinct step towards true democracy. In the present instance, there were more than six thousand names signed to the petitions asking me to become a candidate. These six thousand citizens had the privilege of participating in the nomination of a candidate, and thus were made to feel that they have some small share in the process by which public servants are selected.

The slogan of the campaign in the twenty or twenty five meetings that I held was:

It is a golden rule to vote for
 Principle ever,
 Party never,
 Own yourself, be free.

The result was, to my mind, a far greater victory for the non partisan cause than the phenomenal election of three years ago. I repudiate with scorn the charge, so often repeated, that my success was the result of "personal popularity." This is only a half truth. If I have personal popularity, it is because I stand for a principle in which the people believe, a principle that is founded upon the eternal rock of verity. That principle may be stated in the one word "unity," and every attempt at partyism, sectism, or any sort of division is an assault upon this fundamental principle that unites all humanity.

There is hardly room for reasonable doubt that the lines of separation known as partyism and sectism are rapidly disappearing. A few years hence people will devoutly thank God that both of these enemies of human liberty have been shorn of their power, and are no longer more than an unpleasant memory. I know no way in which individual citizens can do so much to aid the cause of good government as they can by announcing their own emancipation from the galling chains of hatred known as partyism, and their readiness to stand in every and any election as free, untrammelled souls, ready to vote and act according to the highest impulse of the conscience for the good of all, without any respect to party domination, dictation, or interest.

That there is still a large measure of the poison of kingcraft in the American body politic is evidenced by our fondness for the spectacular in government, and our indifference to the degradation that accompanies it. Just before the Spanish war, few could have been made to believe that we are yet as devoted to the pomp and display of militarism as the events of the past four years have shown us to be. We have not yet outgrown the love of glory and the empty distinction of titles.

We should drop the prefix "Honorable" with which we now distinguish nearly every office holder in the land. I should be heartily glad if I knew that the word, as a title, would never again be used in connection with my name, and I am very sure that I shall never

use it with the name of any of my fellow citizens. Military and naval titles will also disappear with the triumph of democracy, for nothing can be truer than the statement made by Walt Whitman, thirty years ago, that "if the aristocratic idea that surrounds our army and navy is right, then all the rest of America is wrong."

THE BUILDING OF A NEW NATION.

The life of our American cities is doing much to develop the truly democratic spirit. Notwithstanding that this is an era of great individual fortunes, the mass of the people are true to the underlying idea of equality and democracy. Our common schools are the bed rock upon which this idea is based, and we shall be worthy the name of a nation only as we develop conditions that will guarantee the same equality of opportunity in later life that is now provided in the common schools. To do this the artistic idea of harmony must be appealed to. There is nothing that I know of in the municipal life of Toledo that I consider of more value than the work in this direction that we are doing for the children.

Not only in Toledo, but in most of the large cities of the country, the spirit of fellowship is finding expression in a public way through the medium of music. It is taught as a regular study in our public schools, and the children show a remarkable degree of proficiency. The singing of the graduates of the Toledo High School, at their commencement exercises, would compare very favorably with the singing of an equal number of professionals of only a few years ago. Perhaps their singing might lack the overstrained, artistic finish that makes it impossible for the listener to understand a word that the singers say, but there was every evidence that the students appreciated the fundamental thought that harmony is the soul of music, and they produced harmony to a high degree, for there was not the slightest sign of a discord or false note.

We have hardly begun to appreciate the important function that music is to perform in bringing us to civilization. While people are singing they cannot

fight; they must live in at least a degree of harmony, or they cannot produce harmony. As we go on with our work, and as all the people learn to sing, we shall forget—thank God!—all that we have learned, at such cost to the individual and national life, about fighting. The children of the public schools are yet to sing the nation into harmonious relations with itself.

Toledo is doing something in the way of providing playgrounds for its children. There are two public ones under the care of the park department; besides, the parks are a veritable playground, not only for the children, but for all the people. The growth of this playground movement during the last few years is another important factor in civilizing and harmonizing the lives of the young, who are so soon to take important places in the management of municipal affairs. Nothing that I know of in the municipal life of our cities today is filled with more of promise than the work that is being done in inaugurating playgrounds for the children.

It is only three years since Toledo had the first music in the parks. Regular concerts are now given each summer; and the fact that these are attended by thousands of people, who patiently stand, for the most part, and listen to the music, is conclusive evidence that the human soul longs for harmony. Let none of our "penny wise and pound foolish" municipal legislators oppose liberal expenditures for any of these humanizing agencies. There is no possible way in which money can be so well expended as in cultivating the love of harmony, the divine impulse, the longing for peace, which is latent in every soul.

The "municipal sleigh ride" is a winter pastime that we have provided for the school children of Toledo. I believe that healthy amusement of this sort is a far better way of building up good citizenship than the peripatetic efforts of over enthusiastic reformers who every now and then call for an "organization" to "clean up the town." I am certain that the boy or girl who gets a conception of what government is by recalling that it is an institution which provides a free sleigh ride will be on the

road to a higher thought of patriotism than the child whose only knowledge of government comes from the sight of a policeman.

By the way, Toledo policemen have not carried clubs for more than four years. During this time the number of arrests has steadily declined; in fact, the total number of arrests per annum now is about five hundred less than ten years

ago, when the city was half its present size. During the last decade, Toledo had the largest percentage of growth of any city in the United States having a population of more than a hundred thousand. It increased nearly sixty two per cent; and I think it will be admitted that while our growth in bigness has been phenomenal, our growth in goodness is equally promising.

The Right to Reject.

THE STORY OF ROGER GRANT'S STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AND LOVE.

BY CHARLES MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

EVENING came with freezing cold in Pineville, and fine snow drove before a keen northeaster that was blowing up into a gale. The wind rattled the window sashes and whistled down the chimney of the railway station, and the snow drifted in chill cat-paws under the door. There were half a dozen hotel porters in the waiting room, and the stage from the big hotel, the Hilltop Inn, was drawn up by the platform outside. Usually a crowd welcomed the arrival of the South bound train, for it was one of the few events that diversified the exile life of the invalids in this Southern health resort; but tonight the porters had the place to themselves, for the train was billed an hour late.

As it happened, the announcement was a mistake. The train made up much of its lost time, and its distant whistle was heard half an hour before it was expected.

Buttoning their coats about their necks and picking up their lanterns, the porters went out upon the platform. The night was wild and dreary. The dry, sharp snow seemed like the cutting edge of the keen wind. The dim lights about the station, the swinging lanterns of the porters, flickered redly in the pallid, snow lit gloom. Around the far curve the headlight of the thundering express came into sight.

Its bell began to ring. It struck a sudden note of cheerfulness in the dis-

mal night; loudly defiant of the blustering wind, it seemed to speak of hardy spirits pushing on, doing their work in the storm, let it blow its worst.

This, at any rate, was the interpretation which a young man sitting in one of the cars was striving, in the midst of more discouraging thoughts, to put upon the sound of the bell. He was pale and thin and tired looking, and there was an odor of creosote about him. His constant cough was disquieting, and his fellow passengers had taken seats away from him. The cough seemed to grow worse with every hour.

He did not think so, however; and Grant was not a man given to deceiving himself with specious confidence. When his health had failed early in the winter, completely and suddenly, he had vigorously faced the worst of his situation. His physician said positively that he must leave Boston and go at once to a drier, warmer climate. He needed careful, intimate, personal attention; good nursing; he must give up looking after himself, and get a household companion—for at any moment he might be stricken down and face the most serious of crises. These conditions complied with, and living hopefully and comfortably, said the physician, there was no reason to doubt but that he had a long and fairly healthful life ahead of him.

Grant listened grimly. He was far from rich—therefore, strike out a hired

nurse from the possibilities. He had no family—therefore nobody to nurse him voluntarily. And so, of course, he must go alone, live alone—if he was to live—and do his best for himself by himself. He would, he thought, win the fight; and if the victory were fairly complete, he should return.

So he had expressed himself to Margaret Carrington, whom he was engaged to marry; and with a little break in his voice, which he purposely coughed to cover, he laid his hand on hers, touching her engagement ring, and said:

"And of course, Madge, you are not to consider yourself tied to a possibly hopeless invalid any longer. I—I don't think it would even be right to ask you to wait to see what the result of this Southern trip will be."

For answer the girl threw herself into his arms and begged him, through her tears, to take her with him. He sadly but firmly shook his head. He could not, must not, ask a woman like Margaret Carrington to yoke her glowing, sunny, splendid life to his until the shadow now upon it should be lifted, if it were destined ever to be lifted.

Two days later he set out for Pineville. He had been very ill on the boat, and when he landed at Norfolk he had had to pass two days in a hotel bed there; but then he had pushed on. His growing weakness alarmed him, but he nerved himself to face it; and more and more the thought of the place he was bound for assumed the aspect of an ark of hope.

He had passed the day on the train reading and rereading the circulars and booklets relating to Pineville, which the railway agent in Boston had given him. He resolved to go that night to the Hilltop Inn, and on the morrow to find a boarding house.

The pictures and descriptions of the hotels and boarding houses were peculiarly attractive to Grant in his present mood, adding fuel to his deep, blind hope in Pineville. "A good table; sunny, well furnished rooms," ran the advertisements; and all contained this clause: "The right to reject confirmed cases of tuberculosis is reserved." Grant vaguely wondered where persons so af-

flicted went. He felt a sudden sympathetic pity stir in him for such poor souls—it might be that he was doomed to fall into the ranks of their sad company. But he sternly banished the thought—a thought of defeat before the battle was fairly joined.

He was surprised, annoyed, and irritably disappointed as the train sped farther and farther southward and the wintry weather increased in arctic aspect instead of diminishing. He knew, however, that such weather was exceptional, phenomenal—for was not the average winter temperature of this region forty four degrees, and the climate "like that of southern Italy"? This he knew; but he did not know that this night was the wintriest, the coldest, that had been known for many years. He merely felt that his first day in the South was unfortunate. On the morrow, no doubt, he would be basking in warm sunshine.

"Pineville! Pineville!" called the conductor.

Grant got into his ulster at once. He was surprised, as he stood up, to feel how weak he was, how evidently the long journey had told on him. Well, it was over, thank goodness, and after supper he would turn in and rest.

He was the only passenger to alight. The porters swarmed around him, bawling out the names of their hotels. Grant surrendered his valise to the Hilltop Inn man, who led the way to the stage. The other porters hurriedly dispersed. A few persons came straggling from near by boarding houses, surprised by the unexpectedly early arrival of the train. Lanterns swung mystic, ruddy signals through the storm; the train panted on; the station agent ran for shelter with his express packages. Those who had come to meet the train surrounded him.

"Did an elderly gentleman and a little girl get off?" asked a man.

"Was a tall young man on the train?" a girl asked hesitatingly.

"Don't believe a single soul came," replied the agent; and the little crowd dispersed.

Grant pulled the carriage robe over his knees, and the horses started at a brisk trot. As they turned from the

main streets, the lights of the inn were seen ahead and above. Its lighted windows were as a coronet of gold and black that crowned the hill. The modern magic of electricity lent the rambling wooden building an air of magnificence, even as the night threw a kindly veil over its hideous green and yellow tints and hid the garish ugliness of its architecture.

"Here we are!" said the driver, drawing up before the entrance.

Grant, chilled to the bone by the drive, alighted painfully and entered the hotel. The lobby was brilliantly lighted with colored lamps, and was very warm. Green palms stood here and there. In the great diningroom to the left the guests were at dinner, while a string orchestra played them plangent music.

As Grant, unbuttoning his coat, went up to the office desk, the change to this almost oppressive warmth set him coughing. The fit held him for a minute, and shook and racked him. Passing guests looked at him. The well dressed, experienced clerk eyed him attentively. Grant leaned against the desk for a moment, recovering his breath. He was keenly, almost morbidly irritated by the attention drawn upon him.

"I want a room at once," he said briefly to the clerk.

"I am sorry, sir," said the clerk politely, "but every room is filled just now. It is rather late in the season, you know."

Grant flushed angrily.

"Do you mean you don't want me?" he asked stiffly, with an invalid's quick yielding to temper.

"I mean what I say, sir; our rooms are all occupied," said the clerk quietly.

"Well, I suppose there are other hotels in the town," said Grant, picking up his valise. Just then the orchestra broke into a gay dance measure.

"You can telephone from here for a carriage, if you wish," said the clerk.

"I don't need one, thanks!" Grant irritably exclaimed, and left the place.

Outside, the wind howled shrill accompaniment to the storm's wild lyric, and as Grant felt its keen edge he was tempted to return and send for a carriage as the clerk had suggested. But

he felt unreasonably annoyed, angered, by his repulse from the inn, and his emotion seemed to strengthen him. Probably, he admitted now—and inwardly he was anxious to believe—the clerk spoke truth. Well, Grant was not too ill to walk a few hundred yards. He lowered his head against the wind and scudding snow, and pushed on down the winding road.

The village lights showed obscurely in blurs of misty red below. The snow covered ground loomed pallidly. The tall pines that stood in scattered groups complained audibly as the wind tore at their plumed, swaying tops. It was farther to the village than Grant had supposed, and before he reached the bottom of the hill he stopped several times to rest. But he felt a singular, urging combativeness of spirit, leading, pushing him on against the storm.

At the bottom of the hill he turned into the main street, where he asked a negro the way to a good hotel.

"De Ozonia is right ovah dere, suh," said the man, pointing, and begged a dime. Grant fumbled in his pocket with a gloved hand and gave a coin. He noted how his hand trembled.

"I'm a bit feverish," he thought. "I must look out for catching cold!"

In the Ozonia's office there were no palms or colored lights, and the smell of the near by kitchen was strong. Grant entered, shaking from head to foot with his fateful cough. The clerk eyed him, listened to the racking cough, and formed a mental judgment with the facility of practice.

"I want supper and a room," said Grant.

"Well, I'm sorry, but our rooms are all full, and supper is over," said the clerk. "The Pineville House might accommodate you, though."

"Where is it?" asked Grant, suddenly sinking into a chair. "I think I'll rest before I go."

"Yes, sir, of course," said the clerk. "The Pineville House is just a block away, on the other side of the street."

Grant pulled himself together and left the place. He pushed on down the street, fighting the gale with bent head. When he entered the office of the Pineville House he staggered as he walked

towards the desk, and again the change of air set him coughing. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes glittering.

"I want a room," he said hoarsely. He had now forgotten supper; yet he had not eaten since early morning.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the clerk suavely; "but we are full—not an empty bed in the house. The Ozonia, though——"

"They sent me here," said Grant.

"Oh, ah," responded the clerk vaguely. "Well, I'm sorry, but we are all full."

"Is there any other place near by?"

"There's the Piney Grove Inn, over the bowling alley, just around the corner; I know they had rooms yesterday. I am sorry we couldn't accommodate you," the clerk went on as Grant picked up his valise; "but we are all full——"

Grant wheeled sharply and stared at the impassive clerk as he droned his formula.

"I understand," he broke in with a tragic smile on his white, strained face; "you are using your right to reject."

The clerk stared after him as he blundered out of the office.

"Drunk!" he said with a grin. "I thought as much when he butted in here. It beats all how those lungers cling to whisky as a medicine. And what a bark he had! The boss wouldn't want him here."

As Grant faced the night again and moved down the desolate street, his legs shook till only his fighting will sustained him. But he no longer felt cold, although his hands and feet were lifeless and his fingers benumbed so that he could not rebutton his coat collar about his throat.

He espied the lighted windows of the bowling alley, and struggled towards them, as a storm beaten bird fights towards a beacon lamp. And now every step was a labor; the wind fought him, the snow blinded him; but Grant fought back. Gradually the fever waxed stronger. A benumbing lassitude crept slowly over him. He walked with slackening, erratic pace.

His mind was in a whirl of confused and mazy thoughts, through which rode—like a cloaked horseman through the storm—a vague foreboding; and in his

semi delirium he seemed to see as in letters of fire, and to hear as the sound of a dismal bell, the words of that fatal, abessing phrase—the right to reject—the right to reject! Why had they rejected him? Was he, then, one of the rejected? Was the case of those hapless ones his? Great God, was it? Ah, surely not; it could not be!

All thinking ceased. The lighted windows shed a glow on him. He stared through them, bracing for a last effort. Men and women sitting within—the spacious hall was the common club room of the villagers—stared back at him. He was a spectral figure, covered with snow that was no whiter than his face, save where the fever glow dyed his cheeks.

He fumbled for the door knob and fell against the glass. The nearest men jumped for the door. Grant entered and stood blindly swaying before the mute and astonished crowd for one still moment.

The next, there was a loud, heart reaching cry, and a dark, tall girl who had been sitting near the great open fireplace rushed forward with outstretched arms. She caught his groping hands.

"Roger, Roger dear! Don't you know me—Margaret? Speak, Roger, speak to me!"

"Is this—this a hotel?" asked Grant slowly. He fumbled for each word. His eyes looked unseeingly into Margaret Carrington's. "Well, do—you—reserve—the right—the right to reject?"

"Roger dear!" cried the girl. She pressed him to her bosom, and the tense mood broke; soft darkness overwhelmed Grant, and he fell, limp, unconscious, like a tired child, into Margaret Carrington's warm, strong arms. Love does not reserve a right to reject.

"Oh, Roger, Roger dear!" she wailed. "Quick, where, where is the doctor? Lift him carefully—oh, Roger speak to me! I have come to nurse you, dear; I had to come—oh, how did I miss you? I met the train last night, and you weren't on it; and tonight, and they said nobody arrived—but I am here now, dear!"

And there she stayed. Grant did not die; he lived and loved.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A Famous Figure of Wall Street.

With the retirement of "Deacon" White the New York Stock Exchange loses one of its famous veterans, who has been part of some of the most stirring chapters in the history of American finance. Since he came to Wall Street in the last year of the Civil War he has had a full experience of the ups and downs in the life of the broker and speculator. He has been a bold operator who invariably backed his own judgment, and a man whose word was always and absolutely equivalent to his bond—a characteristic which is typical of the Wall Street man, whatever else may be said of the ethics of the place. Twice in the last twelve years he has found himself much worse than penniless, but each time he began anew and reestablished himself.

Stephen Van Cullen White has been a good deal more than a mere speculator or money maker. Early in life, as a lawyer in St. Louis, he was deeply interested in the slavery question. The writer has it on Mr. White's own authority that he abandoned his profession and went to New York because he found that under the laws of Missouri he might be compelled, in levying on a debtor's chattels, to "turn out" slaves for sale. Later he had a brief experience of public life as a Republican Congressman from a Brooklyn district. He has been a prominent member of the historic Plymouth Church for nearly forty years—a fact that gave rise to his ecclesiastical nickname. He has published a volume of poems for circulation among his friends, but his chief hobby is the rather unusual one of astronomy. He has a fine



THE HOLLAND SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT ADDER AND HER CREW IN PECONIC BAY, LONG ISLAND, WHERE SHE WENT THROUGH SOME REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL TRIALS IN NOVEMBER LAST.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1902, by G. G. Bain, New York.



LADY CHEYLESMORE, FORMERLY MISS ELIZABETH FRENCH, OF NEW YORK, A RECENT
ADDITION TO THE LIST OF ANGLO AMERICAN PEERESSES.

From a photograph by Lafayette, London.



A ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM—THE GRAND DUCHESS HELENA, DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR OF RUSSIA, AND HER HUSBAND, PRINCE NICHOLAS, THIRD SON OF THE KING OF GREECE.

From a photograph by Torodetsky, St. Petersburg.

telescope, and has been president of the American Astronomical Society:

But it is as a vigorous and skilful combatant in the most dramatic arena of American life, the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, that Mr. White will be remembered. At seventy one he is almost the last famous figure of the financial generation now passing away.

A New American Peeress.

Lady Cheylesmore, who was Miss Elizabeth French of New York, is a recent addition to the list of Anglo American peeresses. When she married him, ten years ago, her husband was Colonel the Hon. Herbert Eaton, commanding the Grenadier Guards in Bermuda. His father, a London capitalist and Warwickshire land owner, had been made a baron at the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee, and as his elder brother was unmarried he stood in line of succession to the title. Since then Colonel Eaton has served in South Africa, has risen to be a major general, has retired from the army, and by the death of both father and brother has been left in possession of the family peerage and estates—one of which, the manor of Cheylesmore, near Coventry, was once held by the Black Prince.

Lady Cheylesmore is one of London's "smart" hostesses, and the residence in Prince's Gate which her husband has inherited is a treasure house of art. The first Lord Cheylesmore brought together the finest private collection of mezzotint engravings in England; the present peer's hobby is the study of medals, and his "Naval and Military Medals of Great Britain" is a standard authority on the subject.

The Lord Mayor of London.

Conservative England clings to her ancient ceremonies and traditions, holding fast to them, in many cases, not because they are good, but simply because they are old. Every year, on a November day, the traffic of London is blocked for hours while the busiest streets of the British capital are given over to the quaint but meaningless pageant with which each new lord

mayor signalizes his accession to the office once held by the famous Dick Whittington. At the recent inauguration of Sir Marcus Samuel, murmurs of protest are said to have been heard. The London public has been sated with street displays this year, and seemingly has begun to doubt whether it is worth while to stop business in order to watch the annual procession of guildsmen and officials, the military bands, and the somewhat tawdry array of passing floats.

In one respect the latest lord mayor's show was significant. The parade traversed the Ghetto of London, moving along dingy Petticoat Lane, the central thoroughfare of the Jewish district. This was an appropriate recognition of the fact that Sir Marcus Samuel is himself a London Jew, and the son of a London Jew. The race that was persecuted and oppressed in medieval England, and that is still persecuted and oppressed in countries which have not fully outgrown medievalism, today possesses much more than its share of power in the world of commerce and finance, and has in our time furnished London with more than one chief magistrate, besides giving Britain its first imperialist premier.

Sir Marcus Samuel is a man of forty nine who inherited a fortune and has largely added to it with the profits of his extensive business interests in the east. He is one of the men who represent London's power and prestige as the financial center of the world.

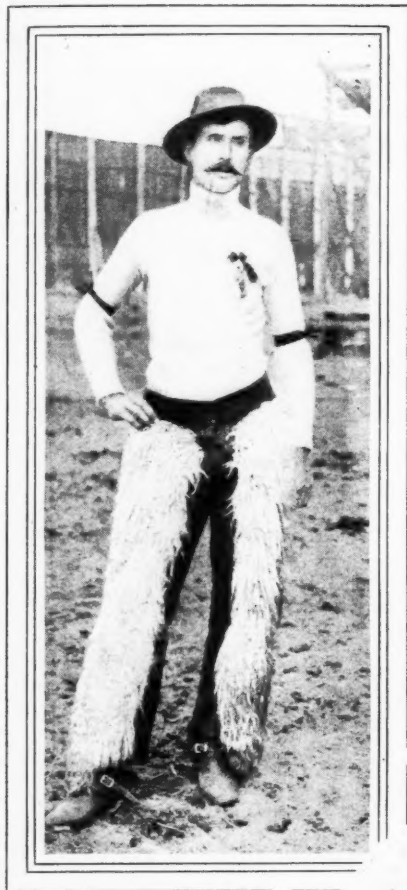
The Champion Bronco Busters.

We sing the prowess of Martin T. Sowder and Thomas F. Minor, noble specimens of the American manhood of the mighty West! Let the world echo with the renown of their mighty deeds, and let the muse of history hasten to deck their fearless and unburned brows with her most imperishable laurels. For be it known—if indeed it has not already been noised to the uttermost parts of the earth—that some three moons ago there was held in the city of Denver, a lively settlement at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, a grand exhibition of militant horsemanship, a display unequalled since the tilts and



SIR MARCUS SAMUEL, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, A LEADING JEWISH MERCHANT WHO HAS IMPORTANT BUSINESS INTERESTS IN THE EAST.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THOMAS F. MINOR, WHO WON SECOND PRIZE IN THE DENVER BRONCO BUSTING TOURNAMENT, IN OCTOBER LAST.

jousts of the Field of Cloth of Gold—in fine, a bronco busting tournament.

From far and near the busters had gathered, veterans from the ranges of the Northwest and the ranches of the Southwest, the champion rough riders of Bitter Creek and the vaqueros of the Rio Grande. Sixty men of mighty muscle and surpassing skill entered the lists.

To test their pluck and strength the wild West had been scoured for its wildest horses—beasts fiery of nostril and vicious of foot, with backs like springs of steel. Sixty men entered the lists, and of the three score two heroes emerged victorious, the aforesaid Martin T. Sowder and Thomas F. Minor.

Champion Sowder, who hails from Cheyenne, Wyoming, has displayed his bronco busting abilities before many an admiring audience, as a trusty henchman of Colonel Buffalo Bill Cody. He carried off the belt at Denver last year as well as this, and should he win it a third time it will become his property.

Hats off to Martin T. Sowder, the champion bronco buster of the world!

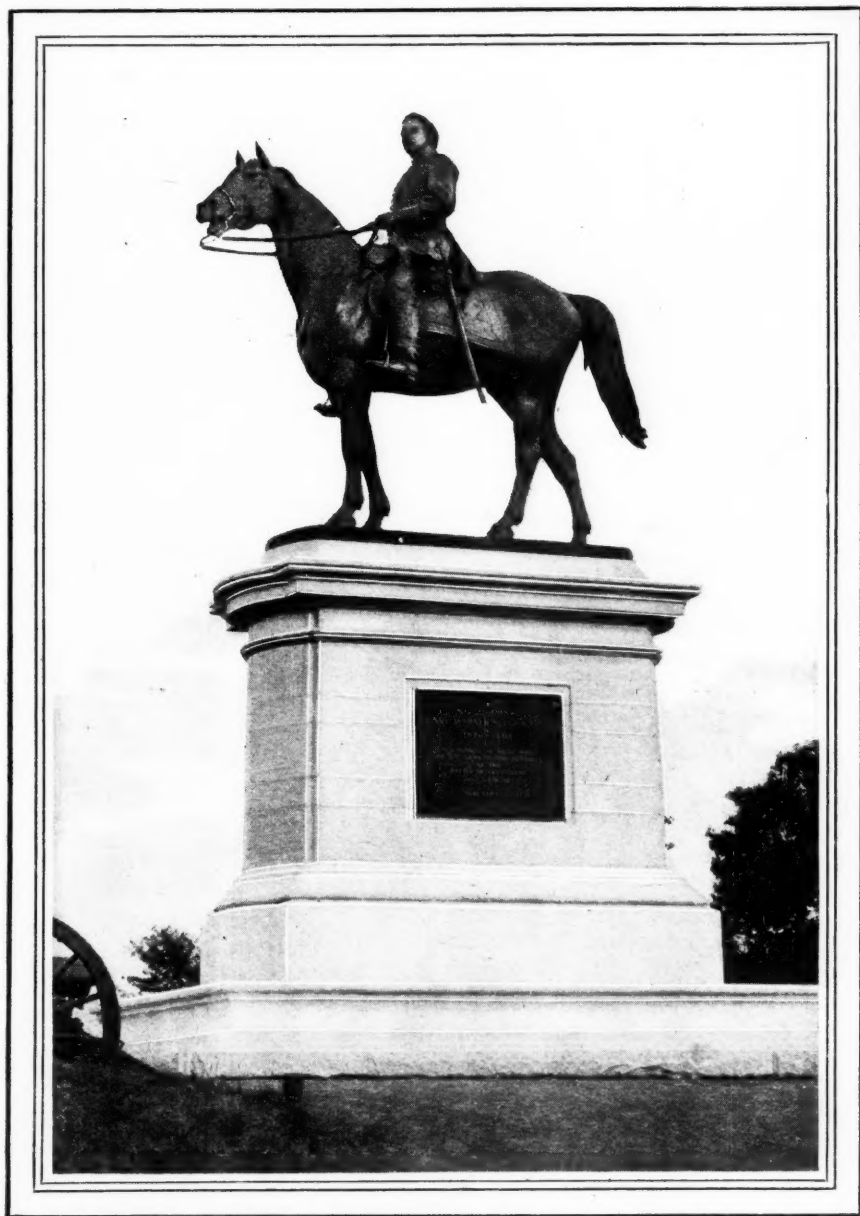
The New Papal Delegate.

At the ripe age of sixty Mgr. Diomed Falconio, archbishop, has been appointed delegate apostolic to the Roman Catholic church in the United States. The new official, whose chief business is to expedite the routine of church affairs, succeeds two eminent men, Cardinals Satolli and Martinelli, who returned to



MARTIN T. SOWDER, WHO WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP BELT IN THE DENVER BRONCO BUSTING TOURNAMENT.

From photographs by H. S. Hoyt, Denver.



THE MONUMENT TO MAJOR GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM ERECTED ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK—THE STATUE WAS MODELED BY E. C. POTTER AND WAS UNVEILED BY GOVERNOR ODELL ON SEPTEMBER 19 LAST.

From a photograph by Tipton, Gettysburg.

Rome with the red hat. As this fact might make a precedent for succeeding delegates, it was thought advisable to break the record by appointing a prelate

who is not to receive the red hat immediately. Mgr. Falconio will become a cardinal, if he lives, but his promotion will not reach him in his present office.

He is a man with a record, an Italian who belongs to the Franciscan community. For the past thirty five years he has filled with distinction one post after another. He was professor of philosophy in the Franciscan colleges of this country for some years, occupied the president's chair in Allegany College, held the position of provincial superior of the Franciscans, became bishop of important sees in Italy, and administered

all his charges with such tact and success that three years ago he was sent to Canada as delegate. Now he comes to the United States, from which he will depart in time for a still more important mission, and at last enter the college of cardinals.

His appointment is well regarded by churchmen, chiefly because he is a citizen of this country, and from his long residence knows the language, the cus-



SEÑOR DON EMILIO DE OJEDA, THE NEW SPANISH MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.



MGR. DIOMEDE FALCONIO, DELEGATE APOSTOLIC TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Montminy, Quebec—Registered in the Dominion of Canada.

toms, and the temper of the people. He will not need much instruction. He is not in the full meaning of the word a diplomat, but he possesses a diplomat's training, experience, and tact. His position calls for the use of all these qualities. His is a court of appeal for the settlement of church questions. Matters that once involved a journey to Rome, and were often left unsettled in conse-

quence, now go to Washington, and find some kind of a settlement, with speed and at small expense.

At first the delegation at Washington was almost swamped by the flood of cases brought before it, but owing to his predecessors' readiness in dealing with the affairs of their office Archbishop Falconio will find a well ordered house awaiting him.



"WHILE STANDS THE COLOSSEUM, ROME SHALL STAND!"

The Sports of the Amphitheater.

BY D. O. S. LOWELL.

ROME, IN HER GREAT DAYS, HAD NO MORE CHARACTERISTIC INSTITUTION THAN THE AMPHITHEATER, WITH ITS CHARIOT RACES, ITS COMBATS OF GLADIATORS AND WILD BEASTS, AND ITS MASSACRES OF CHRISTIANS.

"Ave Cæsar! Te morituri salutamus!"

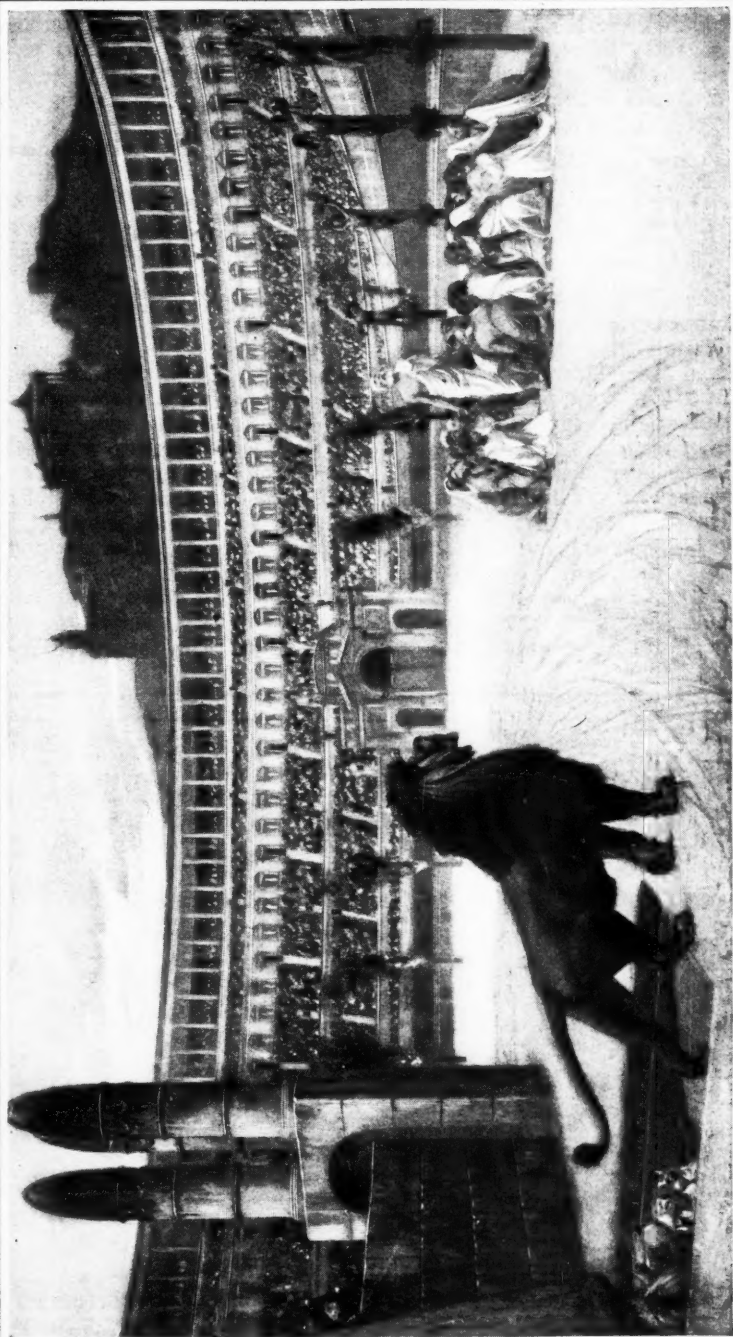
"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute thee!" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death, and with the Roman populace.

THE gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome are the foulest blots on the unsavory history of a decaying empire. We cannot denounce them in terms that are too strong; yet are we altogether certain that in our own quiet pulses there does not smolder a vein of fire that might break forth in wild approval of such scenes were the restraints of Christian civilization lacking? In the animal nature of man there lurks an undeniable passion for blood.

St. Augustine tells a curious story of his friend Alypius, a young man who, under the saint's teaching, had come to abhor the shows of gladiators as much as

the Puritan abhorred the playhouse. But some fellow students one night seized him with "familiar violence" and carried him to the amphitheater. He resisted stoutly, closed his eyes, and endeavored to think of other things. If, like the comrades of Ulysses, he had stopped his ears also, all might have been well; but as a gladiator was struck down the whole assembly gave a mighty shout, and poor Alypius looked to see the cause.

"He opened his eyes and was struck in his soul with a deeper wound than the other, whom he desired to behold, was in his body. So soon as he saw that blood he therewith drank down savageness, nor turned away, but turned his eye; drinking in phrensy unawares, and was delighted with that guilty fight, and intoxicated with the guilty pastime. Nor



"THE LAST PRAYER"—CHRISTIAN MARTYRS CRUCIFIED AND BURNED ALIVE, OR SET TO AWAIT THE ONSLAUGHT OF HUNGRY LIONS AND TIGERS.
from the painting by J. L. Gérôme.

was he now the man he came; he beheld, shouted, kindled, carried thence with him the madness which should goad him to return, not only with those who first drew him thither, but also before them, yea, and to draw in others."

The love of contest and the lust of blood
Dwell in the depths of man's original heart,
And at mere shows and names of wise and good
Will not from their barbaric homes depart,
But half asleep await their time, and then
Bound forth like tigers from their jungle den.

From the Etruscans—the grand, gloomy, and peculiar race that once dominated Italy—the Romans probably derived the idea of gladiatorial combats. These were purely religious in their origin, and remind us of the custom of many heathen nations of slaying victims upon the graves of the dead, in the belief that thus the souls of the departed would the better obtain rest. The *suttee*, or burning of widows in India upon the funeral pyre of the husband, was a similar barbarity, which survived until the nineteenth century.

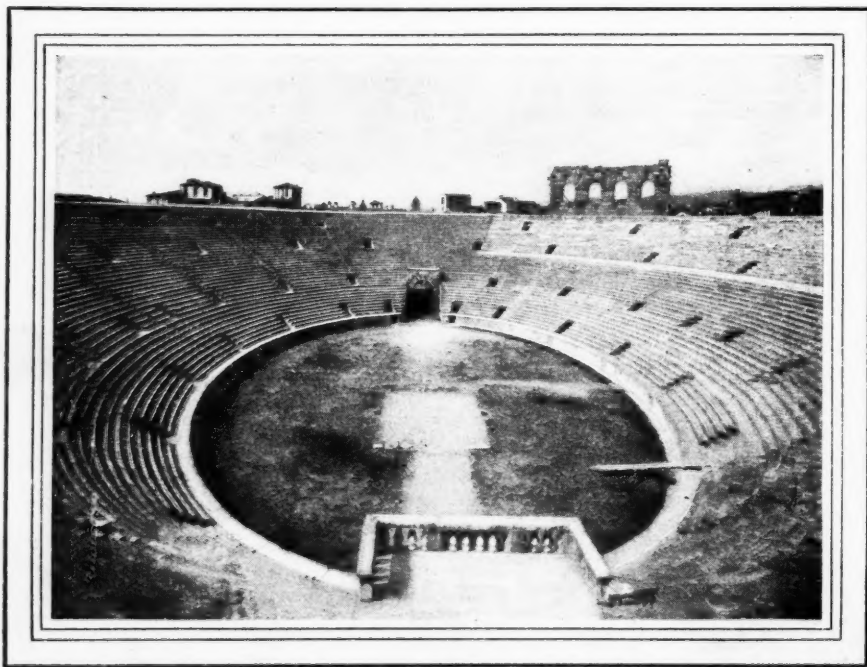
The first recorded account of a con-

test of gladiators in Rome was in 264 B. C., when two young men, Marcus and Decimus Brutus, engaged three pairs of gladiators to fight, out of respect to their deceased father, in the Forum Boarium. From that time on, the practice became common upon the death of a wealthy noble, until in 174 B. C. Titus Flaminius quite threw into the shade the modest obsequies of the elder Brutus; for he commemorated the death of his father in a three day contest, engaging seventy four gladiators to slay one another.

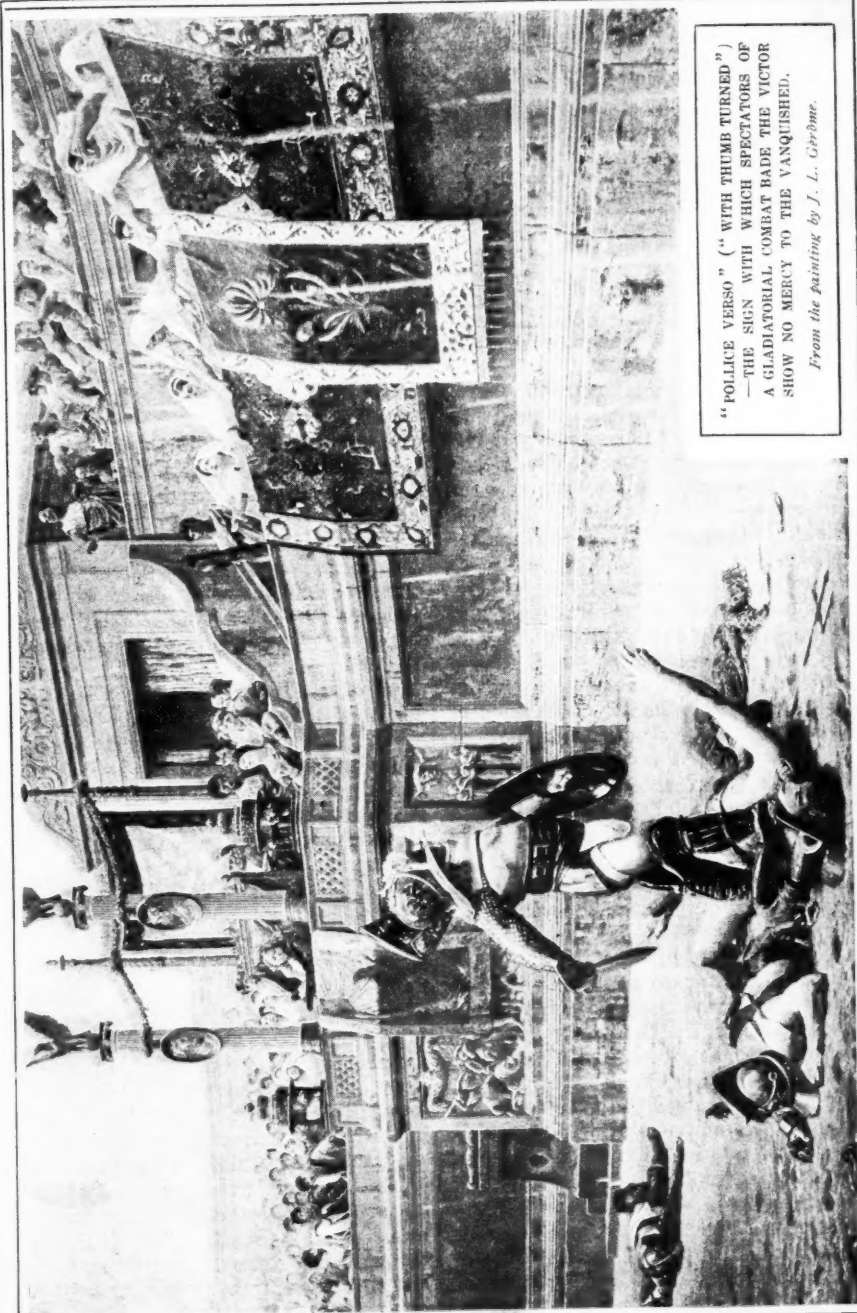
Finally, however, the religious aspect was lost sight of, and gladiators were engaged for fun, when there was no funeral—until after the fight.

At first these combats were held in some of the *fora*, or open squares, of Rome. Wooden screens were put up as at a modern ball game; temporary seats were erected, to be pulled down at the close of the contest.

Early in their history the Romans built the *Circus Maximus*—or, rather, began to furnish it, for nature built it.

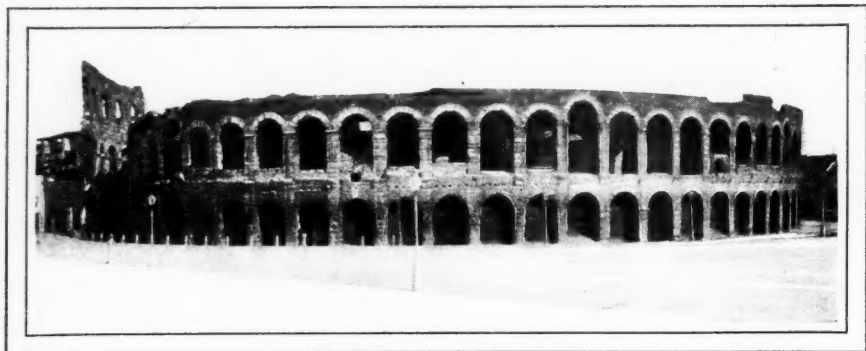


INTERIOR OF THE AMPHITHEATER AT VERONA, THE MOST PERFECT REMAINING SPECIMEN OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATERS.



"POLICE VERSO" ("WITH THUMB TURNED")
—THE SIGN WITH WHICH SPECTATORS OF
A GLADIATORIAL COMBAT BADE THE VICTOR
SHOW NO MERCY TO THE VANQUISHED.

From the painting by J. L. Gerôme.



EXTERIOR OF THE AMPHITHEATER AT VERONA.

The so called "circus" was an oblong valley between the Palatine and the Aventine, more than two thousand feet in length and six or seven hundred in width. Wooden seats were placed upon the slopes—at first about a hundred and fifty thousand; then a hundred thousand more were added; and each successive ruler increased the capacity of the circus until in the fourth century it would seat the astonishing number of four hundred and eighty five thousand people. Meanwhile wood had given place to marble, rising in three tiers of arches and columns, not unlike those of the Colosseum. The decorations, too, were of oriental magnificence. White and colored marbles, gold, mosaic, and gilt bronze were relieved by the purple stuffs on and around the emperor's throne, the hangings of the state boxes, and the silken cushions of the wealthy.

THE SPORTS OF THE CIRCUS.

On the level space in the center, the Circensian games were held. Foremost among these, in the beginning, were the chariot races, in which two, three, and four horse chariots tore at breakneck speed up and down the race track in seven long circuits—a total distance of five miles—turning sharply around the goal posts at each end of the "spine." The latter was a long, low, marble platform or wall, twelve feet broad, running about two thirds the length of the arena, and "loaded with every kind of splendid ornament—colossal statues of the gods, shrines, columns, altars, trophies, mysterious egg shaped balls, dolphins, and at each end three tall conical

meta (goals) of gilt bronze." The chariots went down on one side of this wall and back upon the other. A vivid description of a chariot race after the Roman method is familiar to all who have read "Ben Hur."

The charioteers wore tunics of different colors, and the spectators divided into factions favoring either white, or red, or green, or blue. Their choice was generally according to the whim of the moment, regardless of the reputation of the charioteers or the excellence of the horses. On one occasion, when the populace favored another color from that which he had chosen, the Emperor Caligula uttered in fury his famous saying: "I would that the Roman people had but one neck!"

Certain other games were also held in the Circus Maximus, and finally gladiatorial fights were introduced, and contests with wild beasts. The baiting of wild animals—pitting them against one another, or against captives, criminals, or professional hunters—dates from 186 B. C., when lions and tigers fought in the Circus. The taste for such spectacles grew apace, and soon the whole empire was ransacked for rare and fierce animals. To guard the spectators from the maddened brutes, Julius Cæsar dug a canal ten feet wide and ten feet deep all around the arena, filling it with water from a stream that still flows through the valley. Augustus Cæsar left an inscription saying that in his reign no less than thirty five hundred beasts were slaughtered in the *fora*, the circus, and the amphitheaters.

Amphitheaters were thus the result,

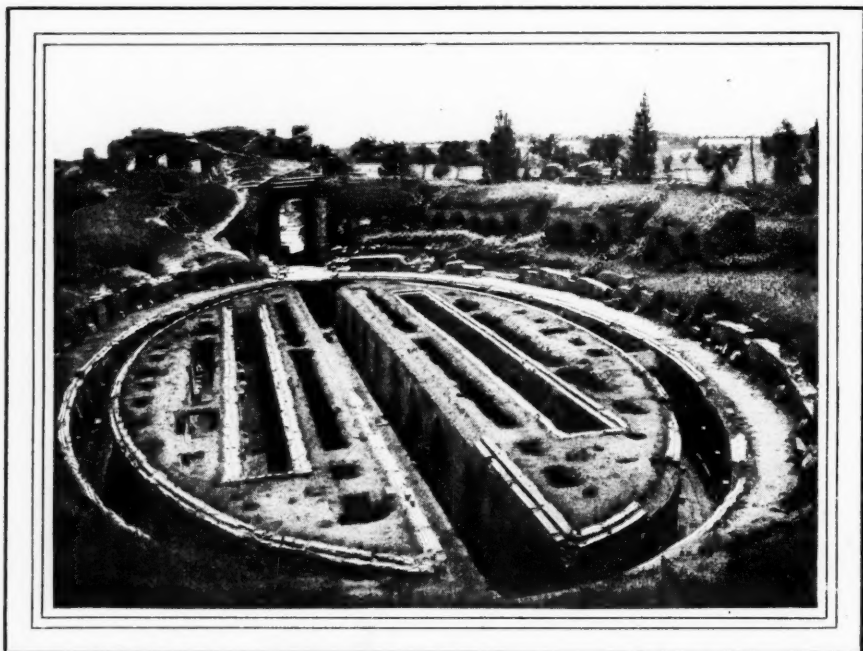


"A CHARIOT RACE IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS"—THESE RACES WERE LONG THE LEADING FEATURE OF THE ROMAN CIRCENSES, OR GAMES OF THE CIRCUS.
From the painting by V. Chica

and not the cause, of gladiatorial contests. The people wished for a place where they could be seated in thousands on every side to view the strife. The Circus Maximus was too long and narrow; the Greek theater was one sided, and could not seat the multitude. Finally a Roman, justly enough named Curio, invented a strange device. It consisted of two semicircular wooden

killing or maiming no less than fifty thousand.

The first stone amphitheater was built about 29 B. C.; and as the Roman passion for bloody spectacles increased and permanent structures were desired, it became the common custom to employ the more durable material. Remains of such buildings are found to-day in more than fifty places of the old



THE RUINS OF THE AMPHITHEATER AT CAPUA, SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PASSAGES BELOW THE ARENA.

theaters revolving on pivots. In the forenoon the two theaters were turned back to back, and each was devoted to an ordinary theatrical representation; but in the afternoon, without unseating the spectators, the two halves were revolved till they united to form an amphitheater, where gladiatorial combats were exhibited.

Pliny stands in amazement, not so much at Curio's curious invention as at the hardihood of those who dared intrust themselves to it. Nor was the misgiving groundless; for Tacitus tells of a shocking accident at Fidenæ, where a hastily constructed wooden amphitheater collapsed when full of people,

Roman world: in England, France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Turkey, and even in Asia (at Smyrna) and Africa (in Tunis).

By a strange chance, the first Roman amphitheater which I ever saw was in out of the way and little known Aquincum, on the Danube, in the outskirts of Budapest. There excavations were begun in 1880, and the circle of a stone amphitheater, capable of holding three thousand people, is one of the most interesting remains yet unearthed. It seemed strange indeed to wander in that peaceful solitude, while the imagination called up the scenes of blood once en-

acted there—not in aggressive war, or in defense of country, or even for robbery, malice, or revenge, but in wanton butchery for the entertainment of a holiday assembly.

Of the extant amphitheaters in Italy, it is believed that the oldest, and the one which served as a model for all the others, was that of Capua, which Cicero describes as having held a hundred thousand spectators. Three corridors still exist, and the ruins of two arches out of the original eighty. Leading out from the arena one may identify the steps by which the gladiators came in, the egress by which they were taken out when killed, the animal dens, and the prisons. In the latter, the "deep recesses of the amphitheater," gathered the little band of gladiators under Spartacus. It was of Elijah Kellogg's stirring description and the supposed speech of the Thracian outlaw that my mind was full as I entered Capua.

In ancient times this southern city was second only to Rome in wealth and luxury, and here the sports of the amphitheater were carried to great perfection. Gladiators appeared not only in the arena, but even at banquets. A curious old wood cut in Lipsius, illustrating this custom, shows four pairs fighting. The guests partake of dessert that looks like "ladies' fingers" with a languid sort of interest, even though one of the combatants, thrust through the neck, seems about to topple over upon the table.

THE COLOSSEUM AND ITS MEMORIES.

In the latter days of the Roman republic and under the early Cæsars, men and beasts were slaughtered in increasing numbers in the *fora*, the circus, and even in the theaters of Rome. Pliny speaks of the butchery of all sorts of animals, from porcupines to elephants. Sulla turned loose one hundred lions, which were hunted to death. Julius Cæsar, as ædile, exhibited three hundred pairs of gladiators and invented the bull fight. Pompey brought out, in his theater, five hundred lions and a herd of elephants, and during the reign of Augustus ten thousand men fought in the arena. Manifestly the great capital needed a still ampler place in

which to view these fascinating scenes; so, in 72 A. D., Vespasian laid the foundation of the famous Flavian Amphitheater, afterwards called the Colosseum because of its stupendous dimensions. In the year 80—although unfinished, like a modern exposition on opening day—it was dedicated by Titus. There were a hundred days of glorious slaughter, during which five thousand wild beasts and four thousand tame animals were killed.

The building was indeed colossal. In its ruined state it towers nearly a hundred and sixty feet, spreads over an area of six acres, and has a circumference of one third of a mile.

My first view of the Colosseum was by moonlight. I had been in Rome several days, and from the heights of the Janiculum I had caught a distant glimpse of this "noble wreck in ruinous perfection"; but I reserved a closer view until the moon was full. Then, fortifying myself with quinine to ward off malaria, and magnesium wire to burn as I explored the underground passages now laid open from the arena, I drove to the historic spot where rise—

Arches on arches, as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Colosseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here to illumine
This long explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation.

There is a strange and thrilling interest in standing on any historic spot and thinking of the past; but no imagination is swift enough to set in order the kaleidoscopic chaos crowding on the thought as one stands in the arena where centuries of history have focused, millions of men have trodden, and seas of blood have flowed. There is the ruined *podium* on which the Cæsars, good and bad and worst, have sat; before them used to throng the gladiators with waving shields and gleaming weapons, hailing the emperor with perfunctory salutation before the carnage began. Upon these blood soaked sands the inoffensive Christians knelt in prayer, echoing the wondrous petition of their Master: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—then yielding their bodies to the beasts and

commending their spirits unto God. Around this vast ellipse have stood the crosses of scores of martyrs, and hither the fearless Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was brought in Trajan's reign to be the food of lions. Here, as a spectacle for men and angels, have fought in the arena not only slaves, criminals, and professional ruffians, but Roman nobles, a Roman emperor, and even Roman women.

One of the most interesting contests, from a Roman point of view, was that between a *reliarius* (net caster) and a *secutor* (pursuer). Bulwer gives a vivid description of such an encounter in his "Last Days of Pompeii." Although the local amphitheater in which Bulwer supposes the contest to occur is scarcely large enough to admit of the evolutions of which he speaks, they would be well adapted to the Colosseum.

Gérôme's famous painting, "Pollice Verso" (literally, "the thumb turned"), gives the close of such a combat. A *secutor* of the kind called *mirmillo*, because of the fish upon his crest, has overtaken a *reliarius* before he could cast his net successfully. The victim lies prostrate; his useless net and broken trident are beside him, and the foot of the conqueror is on his throat. The *mirmillo* turns to the populace to learn their pleasure—kill or spare. The intoxicated audience everywhere respond by turning down their thumbs. Even the holy Vestals start forward with the same sign, and the expression on their faces is surely not one of mercy. So it is evident that Gérôme understood *pollice verso* to mean, "Thumbs turned down." One frequently finds this explanation in works that ought to be authoritative; but a more careful scholarship has shown that the sign for killing was really made by turning *up* the thumb, possibly to denote in pantomime the stabbing through the heart.

Constantine, the first Christian emperor, prohibited fights between men in 325 A. D., but they continued, nevertheless, till the reign of Honorius in the fifth century. Then a Christian named Telemachus made a journey from Asia on purpose to end them. He rushed between two contestants, protesting in God's name. The enraged populace

stoned him to death for interrupting their sport, but his death brought about the desired reform; the emperor issued an edict which this time proved effective, though fights with beasts continued for two centuries more.

OTHER ROMAN AMPHITHEATERS.

I have visited three other great Roman amphitheaters—that of Verona in northern Italy, and those of Arles and Nîmes in southern France. They are all interesting as structures, but their history is slender compared with the one of Rome. The so called *Arènes* of Arles is in size second only to the Colosseum. It will hold all the inhabitants of the city, men, women, and children, except perhaps a thousand. The *Arènes* of Nîmes is not so large, but its exterior is wonderfully preserved, even better than that of the great Roman ruin.

No interior is so perfect as that of the amphitheater at Verona, which is of nearly the same age as the Flavian amphitheater. It will seat about twenty thousand people. Constant care has been bestowed upon this ancient structure, and it is still used for displays of fireworks, and similar celebrations. When I was there the handbills announced that a "Russian circus" would give a performance in the arena a few days later. It would be a great place for football!

At Arles and Nîmes spectacles are also seen, but they savor rather more of Roman times. In Nîmes I found a program in the arena showing that a *ferrade* had taken place there on a Sunday ten days before. This is a sort of bloodless bull fight. A number of wild animals from La Camargue are brought in, teased till frantic, and then branded.

At Arles they were preparing for a contest of another sort on the approaching Pentecost Monday. The *gardien* of the *Arènes* assured me that it was to be no *ferrade*, but a real bull fight, "*comme en Espagne*." When bull fights work their way from Spain into *la belle France*, and when prize fights are tolerated or even defended in some parts of Christian America, we are fain to look back with more horror than astonishment upon the bloody amphitheaters of pagan Rome.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.*

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

ALAIN CARBONEC is shipwrecked on the Breton coast, near the Grand Bayou lighthouse, and is saved from drowning by Barbe, the nineteen year old daughter of Pierre Carcassone, the light keeper. The girl becomes much interested in the handsome young stranger during the days he spends in the lighthouse recovering from his injuries; for she has led a secluded life, and hitherto young men have been unknown to her. As for him, he finds her charming, and, with a view to seeing her again, arranges to work for a fisherman named Cadoual, of the neighboring village. But Pierre wishes no suitors hanging round his girl, and he is disturbed over the acquaintance thus strangely formed between Barbe and Alain. There has already been another strange link between their lives. Alain, though he does not know it, is the son of Paul Kervec, whom Pierre slew in that very lighthouse seventeen years before, together with his own wife, Barbe's mother, who had left him for Kervec. For his deed Pierre had paid the penalty of five years' imprisonment.

V (Continued).

CADOUAL'S house was a good sized one, with barns and an untidy straw yard surrounded by a high stone wall, with manure heaps and rooting pigs and scratching poultry all about, and the fragrant smell of cattle, and the monotonous thumping of a churn.

Alain made for the sound of the churn, and a red faced, tired looking girl looked up and stopped work when his head appeared in the doorway.

"Pardon, *ma'm'selle*," he said. "Can you tell me where I shall find M. Cadoual?"

But before she could answer a strident, high pitched voice broke out behind him, and the churn started again with a jump.

"Now then, now then, young man," cried the voice, "what's all this? Don't you know better than to stop a churn? God knows that lazy hussy's only too glad to get the chance, and it's little enough she does unless I'm on her back all the time. But it's not backward she is at her meals, I warrant you; and drinks the cream, too, if you'll believe me!"

The girl flushed a deeper red and began pounding away harder than ever to make up for lost time. She looked again at Alain, because he was something new and good to look at, and then winked quickly at him, as much as to

say, "You don't need to swallow all that, you know."

"Now, draggletail, don't punch the bottom out. Steady, girl, steady! Keep your temper or you'll get no butter, and no supper, *ma foi*, if you spoil the butter. One would think you'd never seen a man before in your life, whereas, if the truth was told——"

"Can I see M. Cadoual, *madame*?" asked Alain, to save the girl from the storm he had provoked.

"What is it you want, then? We've all the hands we need, if the lazy good-fornothings would only work. You're all the same, you men, and *dame*, the women are just as bad! Be off with you. *Allez, allez!*"

"M. Cadoual has engaged me for his boat——"

"You! *Mon dieu!* The boy's a fool. It's a man he wants. Two boys in a boat won't catch any fish. Jeanne"—in a roar—"if that churn stops again I'll come in and slap your head for you!"

She was a burly, dark faced virago, with snapping black eyes and a black mustache. Another little mustache curled fiercely over each eye, and gave her a terribly wide awake look—a woman whom nature had palpably designed for a man, but, getting mixed, had left her man in the form of woman. Alain noticed that her hair was coarse like the tail of a horse, and she wore big wooden sabots with straw in them. She was so

* Copyright, 1902, by John Oxenham.—This story began in the December number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

tall and broad that she made him feel quite small, though he stood five feet ten in his bare feet. He was glad he had found lodgings elsewhere.

"You're over young, *mon gars*," she said. "Can you sail a boat and cast the nets without tumbling overboard, like our fool of a Jeannot?"

"I had five years at it, *madame*, and I have never been drowned."

"Evidently, since you are here still. All the same, I say you're too young. Geo-r-r-ge!"

"Hello! Hello! What's the matter now? I'm not deaf. *Tiens*, it's you, *mon ami*. I thought the house was afire at the least;" and George Cadoual came out of the door with the sleep still blinking in his eyes.

"You're half asleep yet," said his mother, "and were all asleep a minute ago, I'll warrant. He's too young, George;" and she eyed Alain as if he were a colt she hesitated to purchase on account of its youth. "What you need in that boat is a man——"

"Well," said George, "there'll be two men in it, and that's enough."

"Two light headed boys with not ballast enough between them to sink a net."

"Pfutt! He's from Plougastel. I know what I'm about."

"Ah, from Plougastel! Well, that makes a difference;" and she regarded Alain with somewhat less disfavor.

Here a pair of tired horses came clanking into the yard, with rhythmic jingle of iron chains, and their driver slouching sideways on the hind one. Mme. Cadoual instantly assailed him with a fury of invective for having knocked off work, as she asserted, full ten minutes before the proper time.

"Come along in and have a *chopine* and a cigarette," said Cadoual to Alain. "You'll find it better than old Mère Buvel's wash. The mother's enjoying herself now she's got something to scold."

Alain followed him into the kitchen, while the girl at the churn took advantage of *madame's* diversion to rest her tired arms for a moment.

Their discussion on matters piscatorial was so discursive, and so frequently interrupted by Mme. Cadoual's incursions, that the big kitchen table was be-

ing noisily laid for the evening meal before it was ended. George insisted on Alain stopping to eat with them.

"I bet you it'll be better than anything you'll get down yonder," he said. And as far as actual meat and drink went he was right; but the contentious tongue of *madame* imparted a bitter flavor to it all for the rest, all except George, whom Alain soon perceived to be at once master and spoiled boy of the house.

Six men and three maid servants joined the board, including him of the horse and Jeanne of the churn. They all looked tired and sulky, and ate and drank in whipped silence, while *madame*, eating heartily the while, trounced them all in turn for endless faults of omission and commission. There was no end to her tirade. She would recur again and again to some flagrant detail, like a dog to its clean picked bone, till Alain wondered they could eat at all, and thanked his stars devoutly for lodging him elsewhere. But they all seemed used to it, and ate stolidly under the snapping fire of *madame's* quick black eyes and voluble tongue.

Once or twice George took exception to her remarks and flung hot words back at her; at which she would wind up that particular fusillade with a curt "*Eh b'en!*" and a scorching glance at the original offender, and would instantly open a side battery in some other direction to cover her repulse. Right glad was Alain when the meal was over and he was free to go. Old Jeannot, he learned, had lived at the Cadoual house. He was not much surprised at his abrupt departure from it, for to himself life would have been unbearable in such an atmosphere.

It was on the third day of his service in Cadoual's boat that they saw Barbe up in the gallery of the light, as they labored slowly homewards in the dawn past Grand Bayou. So far he and Cadoual had got on all right together. The owner of the boat and four fifths shareholder in the takings was inclined, indeed, to undue masterfulness and to a somewhat overbearing demeanor towards the one fifth shareholder. He also exhibited a very much larger idea of his own capabilities than circum-

stances absolutely justified; but Alain had met that kind of man before, and knew how to handle him. He went on quietly and unconcernedly with his own work in his own way, which Cadoual very quickly recognized to be the right way. When George got overheated and inclined to bluster, Alain simply let him blow off steam till he cooled again, and showed plainly that it did not trouble him in the slightest. George set it down to the stolidity to which he was accustomed, but he came in time to perceive that it was something different, something altogether stronger and deeper. He learned by degrees that quietness does not necessarily imply weakness. He knew already by personal experience that bluster was not in all cases a sign of strength.

That distant glimpse of Barbe Carcassone, and much pleasant musing thereupon, woke in Alain the desire for closer communion with her. She was never far from his thoughts. The tall white shaft of the light, gleaming golden in the setting sun as they stole out towards the fishing grounds, or flashing silver in the dawn as they crept or raced home again, was an ever present reminder of her where no reminder whatever was needed. The sweet, elusive face glimmered among the stars in the velvet vault above, and looked back at him from the coiling waters below. Away there under the cliffs the silent throb of the light sang "Barbe, Barbe, Barbe," so loud and clear, to the tune that was in his heart, that he looked at Cadoual sometimes and wondered at his indifference. But then he remembered that George did not know Barbe.

On the afternoon of the day after they had seen her up in the lantern Alain came down the shingle with springs in his feet, so that the stones flew before him. He ran the dingey, which usually trailed behind the lugger, into the water and sent her leaping over the waves like a football.

"Hello, Alain! Where away now? You're in a hurry," hailed M. Gaudriol.

For answer Alain, with a smile, jerked his head over his shoulder towards Grand Bayou rocks, and lifted the dingey nearly out of the water in his haste to be there.

"It is well!" said M. Gaudriol to himself, and sat down with his back against the lugger to watch him. "*Mais oui*," he said with a satisfied nod, "*ça marche!*" and it was not the blunt nosed little boat to which he referred.

Barbe's observant eye caught sight of the round dot as soon as it turned the corner out of Grand Bayou Bay. Her work was done, and she was sitting in the gallery with her family squabbling round her, as she knitted pleasant thoughts of Alain into a long blue winter stocking for—well, perhaps for her father, perhaps for some one else. When the round black dot with the rhythmic flashes at its sides headed straight for the rocks she knew who it was, and her face flushed rosy red, and a smile of satisfied hope played hide and seek with a touch of momentary confusion in it. When one has been greatly longing for a person, and that person suddenly appears, as if in answer to a summons which the lips would never have ventured to utter, one may be grateful that the unexpected arrival is a good mile away in a blunt nosed dingey, and that time is afforded for the recovery of one's equanimity without betrayal of secrets.

The boat came steadily on, and Barbe sat watching it with a glad face. A quarter of a mile away Alain stopped for the first time, and turned and looked eagerly at the light. He saw her in the gallery and waved his hand, and received a wave of the blue stocking in return. Then he bent to his oars again, and the dingey came bounding over the waves.

He was not quite sure how Pierre would receive him, but Pierre was not the Almighty, even if he was Barbe's father—which in fact was a thing somewhat difficult to understand in itself. And if Barbe gave him welcome, he could put up with the lack of it from Pierre.

Barbe ran down the ladders and was standing in the dark doorway when the dingey's black snout nuzzled softly up to the iron rungs below. One glance showed Alain that the lighthouse boat was not hanging from the beams; so Pierre was ashore, and that was so much the better. He caught a glimpse of the sweet flushed face craning over to watch him.

The tide was rising, so all he had to do was to tie the boat to a lofty rung of the ladder, and it swung out with no fear of abrasions. Then he came up the rungs like a squirrel, but when he reached the doorway it was empty. For Barbe, overwhelmed by a sudden accession of maiden modesty, had fled up the ladders with twinkling white feet at the first upward bob of the yellow curls. She never stopped till she was sitting in the gallery again, knitting furiously at the blue stocking, and looking calmly at Cap Réhel with a very red face and a heart that thumped so loud against her blue bodice that she feared Alain would see it even if he did not hear it.

He ran on and up until he found her.

"*Mon dieu, ma'm'selle*, but it is good to see you again," he said, with the joy of it blazing in his eyes.

"How then?" said Barbe as quietly as that troublesome jumping thing inside her bodice would let her.

"*Mais, mon dieu*, I do not know; but all the same the sight of you fills me like food and wine."

"It is cheap faring," said Barbe, with a smile which was lost in a furious rush of color at his immediate—

"Ah, it would be if one had you always to look at."

But the wave of color made him doubt he had said too much, and to cover it he added: "Do you know, I thought I saw you in the doorway down stairs? I could have sworn I saw you. It must have been, I suppose——"

"Yes?" asked Barbe as he came to a stop.

"*Eh b'en*, I wanted so much to see you that I suppose I thought I did."

"But no," confessed Barbe's essential truthfulness. "I was there. I went down"—and then the natural perversity of woman asserted itself—"to tell you where to moor your boat."

"It was good of you," said Alain gratefully. "And your father, he is not here?"

"No," she said with a smile; "he is gone to Plenevec."

"I did not see him," said Alain, "but in truth I did not look. I came straight out of the house to the boat."

"We thought you gone away."

"No. M. Cadoual offered me a share

in his boat, so I stopped. *Mais, tiens, ma'm'selle!*" he broke out reminiscently, as he remembered suddenly that her father was present when the bargain was struck, and then stopped short as he recognized that the old man had either not informed or had misinformed her as to the facts of the case.

"You were saying?" said Barbe.

"Cadoual had lost his man Jeannot, and he offered me his place, and I had nothing to take me away, so I stopped."

"It was good of him. Is he good? I do not know him."

"We get on all right in the boat, but I am glad I do not live with him;" and he described the Cadoual household with such gusto as to provoke Barbe's laughter.

"They are rich there, I suppose," he concluded; "what with the farm and the boat, and *madame* is a slave driver. But, *mon dieu, ma'm'selle*, I would live on a bare rock sooner than be within sound of *Mère Cadoual's* tongue. I wonder any of them put up with it. It is not reasonable."

"I should not like that," said Barbe. "It is so very much better to be quiet, and it is so very quiet here."

"It is like heaven here," said Alain fervently, "and the other is like the other place."

"There comes my father," said Barbe, with a little start at the sudden knowledge that she would have been quite as well pleased if it had not been so.

"In fact, yes, it is he. Will he object to my being here?"

"Why should he?"

"One never knows. All the same, I am glad I came. I shall come again;" and he looked tentatively at her.

But she was looking calmly out at the boat creeping slowly over the smooth water towards them. She made no answer, and her silence satisfied him.

They were both in the doorway below, ready to hoist up the boat, by the time Pierre reached the iron ladder.

"Ah, *mon gars*, it is you, then," he said as he climbed slowly up to them with his purchases slung at his back.

"But yes, M. Carcassone, it is I. I did not see you in the village when I came away."

"*Eh b'en*, it wouldn't have made

much difference if you had, I suppose," said the old man.

"That is true," said Alain. "All the same, I might have saved your arms the pull."

"They are still able for it," said Pierre, stretching them out strongly.

"And how do you get along with Cadoual?" he asked as they climbed the ladders to the living room. Barbe perceived that her father had known all along that Alain had not gone away as he had let her suppose. She remembered, too, that Alain had not told her that her father knew.

"Well enough," said Alain. "We have had good catches so far, and we haven't got to fighting."

"H'm!" grunted Pierre. "Well, that's something with Cadoual."

The old man extended no invitation to return when Alain bade them adieu, but with Barbe's golden silence in his mind that did not trouble him. A heart that felt many sizes too large for its place, and a pair of strong arms that rejoiced anew in their strength, sent the blunt nosed dingey along at a pace the like of which it had seldom known before. Barbe sat in the gallery watching him, and he never took his eyes off her. Three times he waved his hand to her and received a wave of blue stocking in reply, and then he turned the corner into Grand Bayou Bay.

And when Barbe turned to the west, before going inside, the sun was just sinking into the sea amid a soft translucent glory of crimson and amber such as she never remembered seeing before in all her life. And she stood and looked at it and thought of Alain Carbonec.

VI.

A WEEK later, when Alain's desire for sight and speech of Barbe had come to a head again, he was running the dingey down the shingle when Cadoual hailed him from the dry land above.

"Hello, Alain! Going out?"

"Yes."

"Where, then?"

"To the light."

"I'll help you pull. I'm in the humor for a row. *Allons!*"

The boat was his, to decline his company was hardly possible, to refuse to go would only cause ill feeling. Against his will Alain found himself pulling out with George behind him, and George's eyes were twinkling mischievously at the yellow curls in front of him with thought of his own exceeding cleverness.

That visit, however, was not much of a success. Barbe was constrained to so shy a silence by this overwhelming influx of strangers that she hardly opened her mouth. Pierre received them with somber impassivity, smoked gloomily with them, and drank the coffee which Barbe prepared. George's dark eyes followed the girl's every movement with an amazed satisfaction which awoke in her only a feeling of annoyance and discomfort.

Alain, too, sat mum, for Barbe's eyes had opened wide with surprise at sight of his companion, and he had no opportunity of explaining his presence.

"*Mon dieu, mon dieu!* What a girl! What a girl!" chaunted George all the way home, to the chirp and squeak of the crazy rowlocks. "And to think that she has been there all these years and I have never seen her! *Mais, mon dieu*, it is incredible!"

Alain bore it all in silence and showed no sign, though he came in time, and through the bottling up of his feelings, within measurable distance of driving his heel through the bottom of the boat to put an end to it all.

George spoke much of Barbe during the following days. Her beauty had bitten deep into his heart. He had nothing but good to say of her, however, and Alain had no just cause for overt resentment, though somehow he felt as if Barbe belonged to him and George was a trespasser.

After that Alain required the boat no more, and showed no visible desire to visit the light.

"Say then, *mon gars*," said George at last, one afternoon, "when do we go out yonder again?"

"I have not been invited," said Alain.

"Nor I, but *nom de dieu*, if one waits to be invited one may wait long. Shall we go this evening?"

But Alain shook his head and said decisively, "No, I am not going."

On that George took boat himself and pulled out to the light. But he made no progress with Barbe. Her beauty intoxicated him, but she scarcely opened her lips, and found occupation in the lantern, while he sat smoking with her father down below. She had seen his boat turn out of the bay and had watched it eagerly in the hope that the visitor was Alain. When it turned out to be George she was vexed and disappointed, but showed it only by increased reserve and by eliminating herself from the company.

George was a very sulky man in the boat that night, to Alain's great satisfaction. He had seen Cadoual pull out all by himself, and knew that the six mile row, with a double crossing of the Race, would try those none too fit muscles. His snappy humor, when he got back, gave Alain much enjoyment, since it proved the coolness of his reception. If George had been happy, or even equable, he would have hated the fellow. As it was, he felt extremely tolerant towards him, and absolutely declined to be provoked on any count whatever.

The day after George's visit Barbe sat in the gallery, with her knitting and her thoughts and her unruly children. Her lips worked now and again, and a tiny wrinkle crept over the smooth brown brow as she wondered why Alain had ever brought this other man, whom she did not like, and why George had come back and Alain had not.

Perhaps they had quarreled. Cadoual looked as if that would not be a difficult matter with him. She hoped they had not, however, as that might send Alain away, and then things would not be the same at all. The little brown brow wrinkled and the sweet lips twisted slightly at the thought.

When she raised her eyes from her work one time, for a calm glance over the wide spread scene, they lighted by chance on something unusual. She knew it all so intimately, in all its possible moods, that no smallest thing out of the common could escape her.

There was something in the slack of the Race on the seaward side, something that gleamed white in the sun, then turned to yellow and then white again. The tide was on the ebb, but the Race

ran swiftly at all times. Now it was running out of the Pot towards the sea.

She watched earnestly, then stood eagerly grasping the railing, with her eyes fixed intently on that moving speck. Then a white hand rose for a second from the water, like the flashing of a seagull's beast, and waved her a hasty greeting.

"*Mon dieu, mon dieu!*" she murmured, and her heart gave a jump and sent the color flying to her face. "It is he!"

She waved her hand in reply, and stood watching him breathlessly, for the Race was strong and full of treachery.

But Alain was stronger, since he had his foe at its weakest. He came plowing along with sweeping side strokes which drove his yellow head triumphantly through the writhing coils, and now and again the wet face turned up for a forward look at the haven ahead.

She watched him till he breasted through under lee of the uncovered rocks, and then she went in and down the ladders to meet him. By the time she reached the doorway he was climbing the iron rungs, dressed in a thin blue cotton blouse and trousers, both wringing wet, through having been worn in a tightly twisted rope round his waist. And this time she did not run from him.

Never had she seen a brighter, handsomer face than the one that rose up at her feet as he grasped the hand irons and stood in the doorway before her, with the life of the fight still aflame in it and the long yellow hair streaming over his shoulders.

And never had Alain seen a face that filled his heart like this one, eager welcome and gentle, half veiled chiding struggling in it for mastery.

"Oh, you should not have done it," she said. "You might have been drowned;" but no words could gainsay the light of welcome in her eyes.

"Not at all," he said lightly. "I am at home in the water. We are good friends. It is better than the boat when Cadoual's in it."

She turned, led the way to the ladder, and stood aside for him to mount first.

"You are very wet," she said, as they came out into the gallery.

"I will sit in the sun and dry," he laughed. "I am warm enough inside, I assure you, *ma'm'selle*." And he sat himself down in his old way, with his back against the side of the lantern and his feet through the open railing. Pippo came and pecked him inquisitively on one side, while Minette minced about him on the other, but declined his invitations to closer greeting on account of his dampness.

"Why did you bring that man the other day?" asked Barbe presently.

"I did not bring him. He would come, and I could not stop him without making a quarrel."

"He came again yesterday."

"I know. I saw him. He was very sulky all night. I do not think he had enjoyed himself."

"I do not like him," she said quietly. "When he looks at me I feel uncomfortable;" and the thought of her discomfort at George's regard was distinctly agreeable to Alain, although he did not like the thought of her being troubled.

"My father is away to the village," she said.

"I know. I saw him go, and—and—I wanted to see you again, so I came."

"How did you come?" she asked.

"Down the cliff, and then crawled along the rocks as far as I could."

"Down Cap Réhel? Surely never!" and she eyed him anxiously.

"But yes, truly. It looks impossible from here, but it's easy enough when you're at it. It is full of holes for fingers and toes. I shall go back the same way."

"It is dangerous," she said, still solicitous on his account.

"Only in the looks, I assure you. It is good of you to care—Barbe!"

"But of course I care," she said.

"What was the good of dragging you out of the Pot if you are going to break yourself to pieces on the rocks?"

"But I won't, I promise you. It is quite easy, and one soon gets used to the birds. They are very angry and very stupid, and there are so many of them—clouds and clouds. You don't get any idea of them from here."

But Barbe shook her head and said quietly, "I should be sorry if you fell."

"I won't fall. I shall go back on the first of the flood."

She nodded and said: "This side of the Pot?"

"Of course."

"It boils and it boils," said Barbe, looking down askance at the troubled waters. "They say the Devil lives there."

At which local monopolization of the Evil One Alain laughed.

"All the same," continued Barbe, "if you got in there you would never come out again. You are the only one who ever came out alive."

"I'll take very good care I never get in again. But I'm glad I got in that time," said he.

This was not very brilliant or explicit lovemaking, but love's fullest expression is not in words, and these were peasants, bound by the shackles of their inheritance. But the thrill of meeting eyes, the sunny waves of color that swept across their faces, the softened inflections of their voices, the tumult that shook Alain when Barbe's short blue skirts swished against him, and the thrill that electrified them both when once their bare feet chanced lightly to touch, these told the sweet old story plainer than all the words in the world, and spoke of feelings as deep as kings and queens may know.

"The tide is on the turn, Barbe," said Alain at last, as he looked down on the Race. "It is time for me to go."

"You will have care, Alain."

"I will take every care, *ma chère*. I may come again?"

"If you will take no harm," she said hesitatingly. "But I shall have fear for you."

"Then I shall come again, to show you it is needless."

Their pulses beat furiously as he took her hand, and, with intuition descended from heaven knows where—or perhaps, after all, it was simple inspiration—bent and kissed it with the loving courtesy natural to his race but foreign to the actual soil.

Barbe's eyes glowed mistily and she swayed slightly as she climbed back up the ladders in the twilight of the shaft. When she came out into the gallery she could hardly see his white body plowing through the hesitating bubble of the Race, for her streaming tears. She

dropped her head upon her hands on the railing, and cried softly:

"*Mon dieu, mon dieu*, have care of him! Holy Mary, watch over him!"

For all the past was past, and heaven and earth were new created for her in this glowing hour. A glory had come into her life which passed her knowledge. Her heart, swept bare with delicious fires, was clothed anew in tints of sunset and of dawn. Heaven itself could hold no more for her than the perfect consummation of that which was in her now. After nineteen years of nature, and a very deep love for it, she had awakened at last to the knowledge that the love of one man is worth all the world, and more. She knew that Alain Carbonec was all heaven and earth to her, and she knew that Alain loved her.

When her father came home she did not tell him that Alain had been there.

VII.

IN the boat the two men got along without any visible quarrel, but there was a coolness between them that did not make for comfort. Alain, in the knowledge that the prize was his, bore Cadoual's humors with the utmost equanimity. Cadoual, knowing only that his own frequent visits to the light had not advanced him one step in Barbe's regards, grew more sulky and gloomy after each one.

So far as he knew, the course was clear for him. Alain was evidently not inclined to follow the matter up on his own account. That first visit had doubtless been dictated by feelings of gratitude towards Pierre and Barbe for their care of him in his time of need, though it did seem almost impossible that any man with blood in his veins could have lived near Barbe Carcassone for a week and not been fired by her as he himself was. For she was as different from the Plenevec girls, and indeed from any girl he had ever come in contact with, as—well, as a Plenevec lugger was from one of the trim English yachts which sometimes put into Morlaix.

Alain might have other ties in his own country. He never spoke of Barbe, and maintained an obstinate silence when any one else did so. In fact, he

came to believe that Alain was naturally of a silent and stolid disposition, so little did he speak at all; but he showed himself a first rate sailor and a lucky fisherman. George was satisfied with his bargain.

He had not so far heard of Alain's Leandrine visits to the light. He himself went across at least once a week, to sit smoking gloomily with Pierre, and devouring Barbe with eyes of smoldering fire whenever she put in an appearance.

And once a week Alain set the white clouds of Cap Réhel whirling and shrieking with anger as he clambered down the stark face of the cliff, and boldly breasted the slack of the Race after his heart's desire. From her coign of vantage, with anxious eye, compressed lips, and white fingered grip of the gallery rail, as if to lift him clear of all dangers, Barbe watched him from the moment he appeared on the cliff till he drew in towards the uncovered rocks below her. If she said no word, her heart was big with prayers for his safety. Then, as his white arm shot up over the ledge and he hung panting, she ran down the ladders and met him in the doorway.

There was no disguise of their feelings; such things come not of nature.

"Thou hast risked it again?" was her greeting on his second coming, and all unconsciously she dropped into that tenderer form of speech in which she conversed with him in her thoughts.

"It is a small price to pay for sight of thee, dearest;" and, holding both her warm hands in his water soddened ones, while her hot pulses beat through into his and filled him with new fire, he drew her to him and kissed her on the lips.

"I am always fearful for thee, Alain," murmured the quivering red lips; and he kissed them again to take away her fears.

"If thou hast never more to fear for me than that, little one, it shall be well with us!"

"Thou hast made me as wet as thyself," she said, with a joyous laugh.

"I would I could dry thee with kisses!" and they went up the ladders to dry themselves outwardly in the more effectual kisses of the sun.

Of deliberate intent he chose to come

when her father was away; not that he had any grounds to fear denial or objection from the old man, but simply that his whole nature craved Barbe, Barbe herself for himself. When Pierre was there Barbe was simply Pierre's daughter, and of necessity his presence was a check to the freedom of their intercourse.

And with every meeting their hearts were knit closer and closer, till to sunder them would have meant a rending and tearing of the very fibers of their being, and that last desperate agony which the world calls heartbreak.

VIII.

As time passed and George Cadoual found that all his efforts did not advance him one step in Barbe's good graces, his ill humor developed to such an extent as to make him somewhat difficult to live with, whether on land or sea.

At home they bore with him as best they could, since they had to. His mother, virago as she was to all the rest of the world, had always given in to him. The spoiled boy had developed into the hectoring man, who suffered no will but his own and made life unbearable to those who opposed it. The house was full of faultfindings and recriminations, and became a most unpleasant place to dwell in. When Mme. Cadoual endeavored to find out what the trouble was, George curtly told her to go to the devil.

Instead, she went down to the village to learn, if she could, what girl was at the bottom of it all. There she heard of George's frequent visits to the light, and had no difficulty in putting two and two together. She had only once seen Barbe, and that many years ago. It was not surprising, therefore, that she came short of a clear understanding of her son's feelings.

One night, when he was behaving worse than usual, she unwisely slacked her own loose grip of the family temper and twitted him with his trouble.

"So it is that bareheaded girl of Grand Bayou that is twisting you all awry," she said bitterly.

"What do you mean?" asked George blackly.

"It is the talk of the village," she re-

plied scornfully. "Every week you go there, and each time you come back like a whipped dog."

"Thousand devils! Let me meet the man that says that!"

"It's the women," laughed *madame*. "Trust the women to know when a man is making a fool of himself."

"Confound the women!" said George.

"Don't throw yourself away on a girl like that, my boy. She comes of bad stock. Her mother ran away, and her father murdered her for it."

"I know all that without your telling me."

"There's Marie Chanoine up at La Vallaye will take you like a shot, and she with a dowry of fifty thousand francs!"

"And a crooked eye and one leg shorter than the other! *Merci!*" said George. "You have never seen *la Carcassonne* or you wouldn't speak of Marie Chanoine."

"I've seen her once and that was quite enough. I never want to set eyes on her again."

"You'll see enough of her if I can bring it about."

"You would marry her?"

"I intend to."

"*A la bon heur!* But it takes two to make a bargain, and she wants none of it, they say."

"They do, do they? *Eh b'en*, we'll see! If I hear them say it, I'll stuff their teeth down their throats, and you can tell them so;" and he slouched down to Mère Buvel's to hear if any one was saying anything of that particular kind at the moment.

As luck would have it, he had been the subject of conversation.

"*Tiens*, George! Is it true that Alain Carbonec swims out from Réhel point to Grand Bayou Light every week to see Pierre's girl?" asked one.

"I didn't say every week," interrupted another. "I said I'd seen him do it once."

"And when was that?" asked George. They saw that his face was the color of lead, so difficult did he find it to hold himself in.

"This afternoon."

"You're a fool, Vê Vallek," said George, "or else you were drunker than usual. Alain has been up at the farm

with me all afternoon. Perhaps it was yourself swam out to show *ma'm'selle* the ugliest face in Plenevec."

"Perhaps that was it," grinned Vallek, "and perhaps it wasn't. From all accounts, *ma'm'selle* doesn't find yours to her liking, anyhow."

The other men dragged them apart before much bodily harm was done. George drank cognac fine to the others' sloppy cider, and chewed his cigarettes to pulp because he couldn't find his mouth-piece—he never could smoke like other men. He carried home with him a blacker mood than he brought.

He said nothing to Alain, but eyed him viciously out of the corners of his eyes, and thereafter set himself to a cautious observation of his partner's comings and goings.

One afternoon George lay in the gorse on the nearer slope of Cap Réhel and watched Alain plow his way through the Race, saw the gleam of his white body as he climbed up on to the rocks, saw the blue clad figure mount the iron rungs and meet the waiting figure in the dark doorway. And he lay there, watching and cursing, with his heart like a venomous toad in his tortured body—for he writhed and twisted in his agony of hate and slighted love—till the swimmer came lunging back through the slack of the tide, and then he crept away.

If Alain could have seen the vindictive looks shot at him in the dark that night, he might have deemed it advisable to avoid turning his back on his partner. But George said no word, and Alain noticed nothing more in him than the sullen moodiness to which he had become accustomed of late, and the cause of which he very well knew.

Pierre did not go to Plenevec when the usual time came round the following week, and as a consequence Alain did not go to Grand Bayou. Barbe missed him. She felt certain that her father had learned of his visits, and that trouble would come of it, though the old man never opened his lips on the subject.

For three days Alain, lying in the fringe of Cap Réhel, waited for the boat to disappear from its hanging beams. But day after day it hung there, a silent barrier between Barbe and himself, till his hungry heart was down at starvation

point, and he determined to face the double event—the angry waters of the Race and possibly an angrier father at the end of them.

Carcassone met him with well assumed surprise as he climbed into the doorway.

"*Mon dieu, mon gars!* What is this? Are you shipwrecked again?"

"Not at all. This is how I prefer to visit you, M. Carcassone, since I have no boat of my own and I do not care for company."

"It is very kind of you——" began Pierre.

"*Tenez!* Let us understand each other, M. Carcassone. It is Barbe I come to see. I have been before, and I came purposely when you were absent, because—well, because it was Barbe I came to see, you understand!"

"I understand," said Pierre. "But it is to stop. If you come again I shall send Barbe back to the sisters at St. Pol. She is too young, and understands too little of such things to know what is good for her."

"I will come when you are here, in future, if you insist on it."

"No, *mon gars*, you will not come at all," said Pierre.

"And why?"

"Because I say so, and I am master here."

"What have you against me, M. Carcassone?"

"Nothing whatever, *mon gars*, nor anything for you. Barbe is too young to know her own mind yet. You also, without doubt."

"But no. I know my own mind and I know Barbe's——"

"*B'en!* Now you know mine also."

"And it is as well you should know ours. We love each other dearly."

"*Tchutt!* You are both too young to know what it means."

"Nevertheless we know, and nothing you can do will turn us from it."

"We shall see," said Pierre.

"May I see Barbe?"

"No."

"But yes!" said a voice at the top of the ladder leading up to the next room. "I am here, Alain;" and a pair of sun browned feet, which shone white in the gleam of the doorway, came twinkling

down the rungs, and Barbe stood beside them. "And why should I not see Alain?" she asked angrily of her father.

"*Eh b'en*, thou seest him. What more?" growled Pierre.

"See then, *mon père*. I love Alain with all my heart, as he loves me. You cannot divide us, try how you will. It is best for us all that you should not try."

"Go up stairs!" said her father angrily.

"No, I won't go up stairs unless Alain comes too. I have heard all you said. You may send me to St. Pol or anywhere else. It will be no use. Alain has my heart and I will not give him up."

"We shall see," said Pierre. "It is an ill return you make me for saving your life, *mon gars*," he added, to Alain.

"You did not," broke from Barbe. "It was I. It was I swam into the Pot and brought him out. He belongs all to me;" and she stood facing her father all aflame with love and anger.

"May the good God reward thee, Barbe! I did not know it," said Alain. "I am doubly thine, and nothing shall part us."

"We shall see," said Pierre once more. "I bid you go, *mon gars*, and it will be better that you return no more."

"I will go," said Alain, "when I have spoken with Barbe; but I will not promise not to return. Gently, my friend!"—as Pierre came towards him with black face and clenched fists. "I am strong. I would be sorry to lay finger on Barbe's father, but——"

Pierre thought better of it. "*B'en!*" he said sullenly. "You may speak with her. But if you return I will not answer for you."

"*Allons*, Barbe!" said Alain, and mounted the ladder and she followed him.

"Oh, Alain, it is the beginning of troubles," sobbed Barbe, as they came out on to the gallery.

"Two stout hearts will beat them, Barbe. And it was thou swam into the Pot and brought me out that day! *Mon dieu*, there was courage!"

"I did not know it was thee, Alain. I swam for a drowning man, and I found thee."

"And thy man will I be forever and ever, Barbe. Whatever comes or goes,

nothing shall part us;" and he kissed her again and again, mouth and eyes and flaming cheeks, till she put up a little brown hand to restrain him.

"Will he send thee away?" he asked.

"I do not know. He needs me here."

"If he does, I shall follow and find thee. There is nothing but thee to keep me here, and one place is as good as another. The only place for me is where thou art, Barbe, and there will I be!"

They found it very hard to part that day, for in spite of their brave words their hearts were not without fears for what the future might hold for them.

IX.

GEORGE'S next visit to the light brought him only vexation of spirit, and consequent increase of malevolence. Pierre received him with gloomy impassivity. Barbe flatly refused to come down out of the lantern. When, in desperation, he plucked up spirit to follow her there, she immediately descended, and would not throw him so much as a single look, much less a word.

Pierre had no wish to embroil himself with the wealthiest man in Plenevec, a man, too, who had ample opportunities of damaging one behind one's back, and who would have no hesitation in doing so to further his own ends or pay off his own scores. So he held aloof, and if he derived any enjoyment from the game of hide and seek he did not show it.

He had no desire for Barbe to marry any one. It would bring changes into the level life which for twelve years had amply satisfied him. Still, when she did marry, as he supposed she one day would, he would prefer the man with money to the man without. So he gave George a free hand, and when George sulkily gave up the chase and dropped into a chair near him, all he said was: "It's no use at present, *mon gars*. She is crazy for Alain Carbonec."

"Damn him!" snapped George, and puffed curses through his pipe.

That night, in the boat, he found it difficult to keep his hands off Alain. A crack over the head while the other bent over to the nets, and it would be done; but—behind that rose two upright posts and a slant edged knife, and much as he

hated Alain he had no desire to take his last look through the narrow window. A second disappearance from the Cadoual boat would never pass unnoticed, and Alain Carbonec was not like old Jeannot. He was no fool, and he did not drink, and he was not the kind of man who tumbles overboard of his own account. So George gnawed his heart in a silence that was denser and blacker than the night, and thought much. And when a man like George Cadoual thinks much under such conditions, it behooves the man about whom he is thinking to be on his guard.

If only Cadoual's ill humor could have contented itself with silence and evil thoughts, the night might have passed without untoward happening. But the very quietness of Alain's bearing was gall and wormwood to him. All the envy, hatred, and malice of his evil nature boiled and seethed within him like the contents of a witch's caldron.

He kept his tongue between his teeth as long as he could, and then:

"So you no longer visit the light, *mon beau?*"

"How then?" asked Alain.

"The moth no longer goes to its candle?"

"How's that?" asked Alain imperterbably.

"Or if it goes it goes secretly, so that it can have its candle all to itself."

"Who goes by himself chooses his own company," said Alain curtly.

"It is true, and inflicts it on *ma'm'selle* also."

"That's as it may be. *Ma'm'selle* is her own mistress."

"As to that," said Cadoual, with a nasty shrug, the flavor of which went into his voice, "you probably know more about it than any one else. I confess I have my doubts——"

Then a swinging blow on the side of the head sent him floundering among the fishes in the bottom of the boat, and as he scrambled up with his mouth full of fish scales and curses, another stinging blow in the face sent him back again. He sat for a moment, then picked up a heavy stone out of the ballast, and hurled it at Alain's head.

It was a clear night, with an amazing wealth of stars, but no moon. The waves

when they broke, against the side of the boat or by reason of carrying their heads too high, were shot with phosphorescent gleams. It was not a light to fight by if any choice were left to one; a light, nevertheless, by which stones might be hurled with fair prospect of hitting when the object aimed at was only six feet away.

The stones came whizzing at Alain as fast as Cadoual could stoop and fling them. One caught him at last on the shoulder. As he reeled the boat wobbled to the smack of a wave, and he measured his length among the cargo. Without rising, he flung his body over towards Cadoual in a blind fury, plucked the man's legs from under him, and the two grappled fiercely among the slithering fishes.

Cadoual foamed curses and fought anyhow; but the blazing devil that for the moment possessed Alain wasted nothing on words. All it wanted was the feel of Cadoual's throat crumpling under its fingers of steel, or the sound of his black head pulping against the side of the boat or the pieces of rock below. Alain Carbonec was never nearer murder than at that moment. When man and devil come to grips like this, the devil wins the fight and the winner's soul as well.

Alain's fingers worked into Cadoual's throat at last, and he felt the muscles slipping about under them like a bundle of greasy cords. He was panting through his nostrils like a spent stag. He threw up his face for air, while his fingers still gripped the other's throat. Far away to the east the light on Grand Bayou beat softly in and out, like the pulsing of a golden heart. It whispered "Barbe—Barbe—Barbe!" It beat through the whirling red mist that filled his brain to bursting, and his exultant hands reluctantly released their grip.

"*Mon dieu, mon dieu!*" he murmured, aghast at recognition of that which was in him; and the devil slipped over the gunwale into the black water.

No word passed between the two men till they had landed in the early morning, and had got the fish ashore, and washed the nets, and made the boat all ready for the next cruise. Then Alain said quietly:

"It is better that we part before worse comes of it. There is that between us which makes for trouble. You will get another man and I will get another place."

"It is all one," growled Cadoual. "Go to the devil any way you please!"

"If I ever hear of you saying one word against Mlle. Carcassone I'll shake the life out of you, as I came near to doing last night," said Alain, and walked away home to bed.

Alain found no difficulty in getting another place. He was recognized as a clever seaman and a lucky fisherman, and his bright face alone was worth its place in any man's boat. But Cadoual found it no easy matter to make good his loss. He fell back for a time on ruffraff and ne'er-do-wells, such as even so small a place as Plenevec could supply, and after a time he laid up his boat and let the fishes go in peace.

For a week Pierre Carcassone had not been ashore, and then Alain discovered that his supplies were being taken out to him by one of the shore boats, to save him the necessity of coming for them.

That day he clambered down the side of Cap Réhel and swam out to the light. But the door was bolted against him, and he could not get in. He climbed the iron rungs and beat on it with his fists, but he might as well have hammered the side of the lighthouse. So he chose a smooth slab and sat in the sun to warm and dry, and whistled gaily to let Barbe know that he was there, and to show Pierre what good spirits he was in.

"Alain!" dropped softly from the gallery at last, like a voice from heaven, and he jumped up and stood below her.

"How goes it with thee, Barbe?"

Her face looked shadowed and downcast from where he stood. He moved further out and the shadows lifted somewhat.

"I am sad for want of thee, Alain. And thou?"

"Shall I climb up to thee by the rod?" he asked, pointing to the thick rope of twisted copper which ran up the shaft to let the lightning down into the water.

"Nay, I like thee better at a distance with a whole neck," she said.

"I believe it would carry me."

"If you try I shall go inside."

"How long is this to go on, Barbe? I am like a starving dog for want of thee."

"We must wait. Perhaps he will think better of it. I will have nothing to say to George Cadoual—not if he came every day for a hundred years!"

"I have said good by to him. He came to look at me as if he would like to knock me on the head. One cannot work with a man who looks at one like that."

"What will you do? You won't go away and leave me all alone, Alain?"

"I will never go away until I take thee with me, Barbe. I am in Jan Godey's boat, and all goes well. Cadoual is away on a journey, so he will not trouble thee for a time."

"*Dieu merci!* Would he might never return from it!"

"That is too much to hope for; but if he worries thee I will break his neck when thou sayest the word, dearest."

So they talked for a time, and Barbe was cheered by his visit, though, for Alain, he would have given all their words for one kiss.

Twice again in similar fashion he visited her, and their love but grew the stronger for the scantiness of its nourishment; for love, once firmly rooted, has hidden springs to draw from, though all around be drought and desert sand, or solid rock and salty sea.

Then Cadoual returned from his journeying. He met no warmer welcome from Barbe when he rowed out to the light; yet he seemed satisfied.

When Alain scrambled up out of the water two days later, he saw with surprise and satisfaction that, for the first time since his interview with Pierre, the door of the light was open. He needed no invitation, but ran up the rungs and entered.

Pierre was sitting smoking in the living room, with a face of gloomy intention. He had been waiting for the young man for the last two days. As soon as he saw Alain he called "Barbe!" and Barbe's voice answered from the room above, and she came slowly down the ladder. At sight of Alain her face flashed into light. She gave a glad cry and ran towards him.

"It is thou, Alain!"

She glanced with quick surprise at her father and wondered what it meant. Could the hoped for time have come so soon?

But Pierre raised his hand with a sharp "*Tenez!*" and there was that in his face that chilled their leaping blood and filled them with foreboding. He placed a chair in a certain position for Alain and another not far from it for Barbe, and in a harsh voice said, "Sit!"

They sat at the word and looked at him in wonder.

"Now listen!" he said through his teeth, and inside his sallow cheeks they saw his jaws grinding against one another. "Seventeen years ago that happened which broke my life. I came home from a voyage across seas to find my home broken up and my wife gone away with another man, one Paul Kervec. I followed them up and found them here. I came in upon them unawares. Kervec sat *there*, where you sit"—he pointed at Alain. "My wife sat *there*, where you sit"—he pointed at Barbe. They both sat staring at him in wide eyed wonder, which changed instantly to horror.

"Kervec I stabbed before he could rise. He fell on the floor in a heap just there where you sit. My wife tried to get to the ladder there, but I caught her by the hair and pulled her back. She begged for her life, but it was past that, and I killed her there in the corner behind the ladder. Up stairs were their two children, a boy and a girl. I was tempted to kill them, too; but I did not. I tended the light that night, and next morning carried the children to Plenevec and gave myself up. People understood that I could not have done otherwise. The girl was taken by the sisters of the Sacred Heart at St. Pol. The boy was taken away to Plougastel by a sister of Kervec's and brought up there under her own name of Carbonec. You are the boy"—to Alain, who sprang out of the chair in a fury of amazement. "And you"—to Barbe, who sat white and trembling—"are the girl. Now, you see—"

"It's a lie," foamed Alain, "a lie, a lie!"

"Ask your aunt at Plougastel," said the old man grimly.

"I will ask her, and then I will cram it down your throat—"

"*B'en!* Ask her first."

"I have kept my hands off you because you were—because I believed you to be Barbe's father. If you are not, then—" and he seemed like to spring on the old man and shake the life out of him.

"*Eh b'en!*" said Pierre, backing away, "I have behaved like one to her, and it will not help you to kill me."

"Oh, Alain, Alain!" wailed Barbe, who had sat stunned by the blow. "Is it possible? Is it possible?"

"No, it is not possible," stormed Alain. "It is a dirty lie coined by that—man—to part us, Barbe. Sister of mine thou art not, I swear, for I love thee as never brother loved sister since the world began."

"And it is not as a brother that I love thee, Alain."

"*Mon dieu*, no, I should hope not! Do not believe it, Barbe. It is all a lie"—and then, as the thought suddenly struck him—"but, *dieu*, if thou art my sister, Barbe, then it is I should have the care of thee, and he has no claim on thee. Come with me, dear one, and I will care for thee!"

For a moment they all three stood stock still staring at one another—Barbe with a sudden light of hope fulfilled in her eyes, Alain flaming with love and wrath, Pierre caught in his own toils, for he had not thought of this.

"Run up and get your things, Barbe, and I will drop the boat," said Alain.

"No!" cried Pierre. "You are at all events my daughter by adoption. You shall not go," and he moved towards the ladder as though to stop her.

"You!" shouted Alain, swinging up a chair by the back. "You are finished. You have made enough trouble in the world. One little bit more and I will send you out of it in pieces;" and he towered above the shrinking man, seeming double his usual size, while the other dwindled before him.

"Go then, Barbe," said Alain. "I will await thee here," and Barbe's white feet twinkled up into the gloom above.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIUMPHS OF YOUTH.

BY ROBERT RAYMOND WILLIAMS.

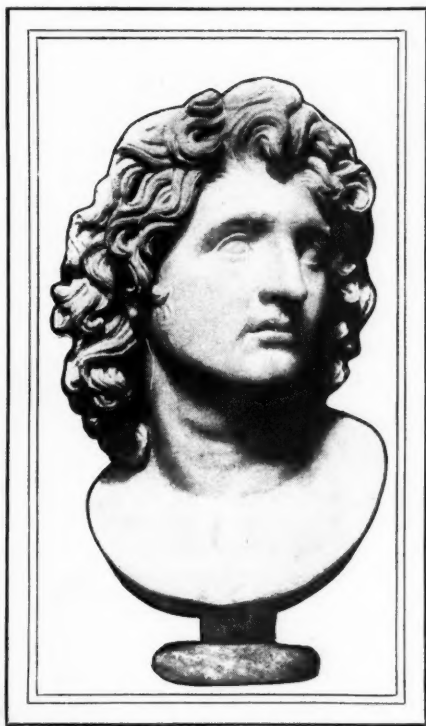
THIS HAS BEEN CALLED THE AGE OF YOUNG MEN, YET NONE OF THE YOUTHFUL PRODIGIES OF OUR DAY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED AUGHT WORTHY OF COMPARISON WITH THE PRECOCIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF DAVID, ALEXANDER, AND NAPOLEON; OR OF PITT, MOZART, AND CHATTERTON.

IN one respect the aging world is like the aging individual. With it, as with him and, more especially, with her, the limit of youthfulness is a constantly advancing one. The boy who at eight regarded the man of thirty as fit for the chimney corner and the gruel bowl finds himself at thirty excusing his follies as those of impetuous youth. She who at sixteen considered it almost impiously inappropriate for an unmarried woman of forty to take much interest in anything outside of Taylor's "Holy Dying" is inclined to look upon herself at forty as a youthfully attractive figure, not by any means beyond the possibilities of romance.

So with the world as it grows older. Part of it sent a "young" man to Congress the other day; he was thirty seven. It spoke of his youth with insistence. The uninitiated would imagine that it was a dangerous experiment to place such raw inexperience in a position of trust. But

nearly a century and a half ago Charles James Fox swaggered about at the age of twenty one, a lord of the admiralty, a gambler of prowess, and an irremovable thorn in the side of George III; and later his great rival, William Pitt, a lad of twenty three, managed the office of chancellor of the exchequer, becoming premier of England the following year.

Today we talk about "the little King of Spain," and expect to see pictures of him with the curls and the broad white collar of infancy. In the good days when the world was younger it is safe to assume that no one talked of the "little prince of Macedon" when Alexander was sixteen, or that any one was surprised to hear of his presence in battle when he was eighteen. And it was not "little" Prince Edward of whom the English boasted after Crécy, though the Black Prince was but sixteen when he fought there in 1346. He was only twenty six when



ALEXANDER III OF MACEDON (356-323 B.C.), WHO AT THIRTY WAS SIGHING FOR MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER.

From a Greco Roman bust in the Capitol at Rome.

he commanded the English army at the great victory of Poitiers.

PRODIGES OF THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

Last winter a young violinist appeared upon the American horizon, and his

in music. In the old days Mozart's lack of emotional experience at sixteen did not prevent him from being director of the Archbishop of Salzburg's concerts. More than that, his father, touring with him when he was only six, scarcely



EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, FAMOUS AS THE BLACK PRINCE (1330-1376), WHO AT SIXTEEN FOUGHT WITH DISTINCTION AT CRÉCY AND AT TWENTY SIX WON THE GREAT BATTLE OF POITIERS.

From an engraving by Virtue after the effigy on the prince's tomb in Canterbury Cathedral.

youth was the theme of much conversation. When he grew older, the wise said; when he had gained the emotional experience denied to mere twenty or twenty one, he might "do something"

found it more necessary to dwell upon his tender age than did the managers of last winter's prodigy upon his twenty years.

To the world in the decrepit days



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756-1791) AND HIS SISTER MARIANNE PLAYING BEFORE THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA, WHEN MOZART WAS SIX YEARS OLD.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Bockmann.

upon which it has fallen a "young" man is the Emperor William, whose son's matrimonial prospects are already discussed; or Theodore Roosevelt, over whose youth and consequent unfitness for responsibility certain grave wisacres were inclined to shake their heads when he entered the White House at the age of forty three; or Lord Curzon of Kedleston, viceregent of India at the infantile age of forty.

When Mr. Pitt declared himself "guilty of the atrocious crime of being a young man," youth was not quite so inclusive a term. Today men of the years which he then numbered are carrying banners of orange or of blue to football matches, splitting their throats and the ears of the rest of the world, not with speeches on economic questions, but with shouts of "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" over valorous deeds with pigskin balls. Their most daring ventures are to call their college president "prexy," or to daub some inoffensive statue with a coating of red or yellow paint; and they claim a seat among the leaders, not by their views or their learning in

politics, but only on the ground of an educated taste in tobacco.

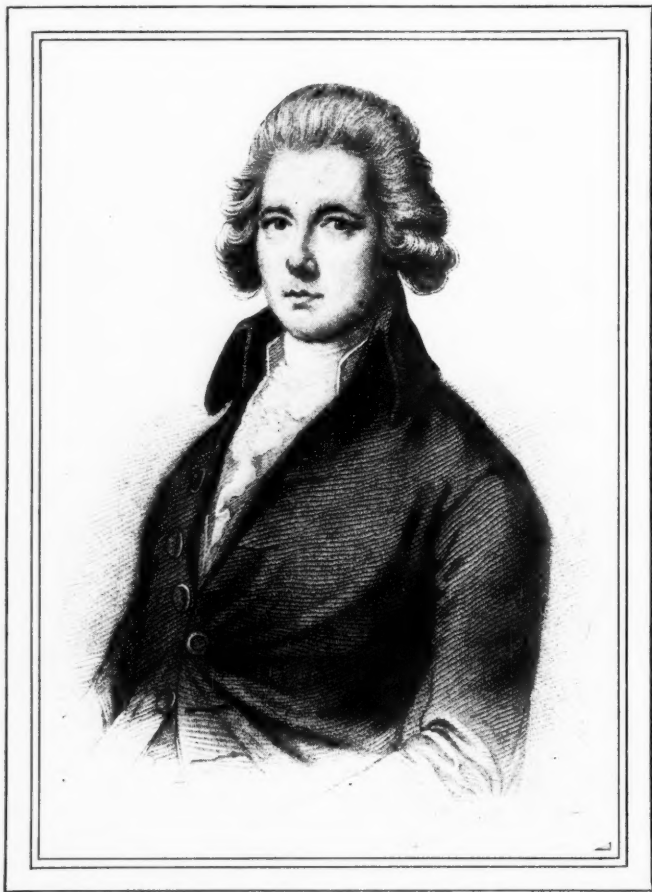
THE GREAT YOUNG MEN OF HISTORY.

The roll call of youth in the days before the term was made to embrace almost all ages under the allotted three score and ten was a notable one. Splendid, picturesque, or inspiring were all of them, from David, the shepherd boy who began his history as king at eighteen, to Chatterton, finishing his tragic chronicle at the same age; from Alexander of Macedon, the splendid, insolent ruler, swinging all the eastern world into the circle of the Greek possessions before he was thirty three, to James Watt, the Scotch peasant boy who watched his grandmother's kettle steaming and bubbling upon the stove, and so made possible the steam engine as we know it; from Napoleon Bonaparte, the young Corsican upstart, sweeping the Austrians from Italy before he was twenty nine, to Rafael, who at thirty seven had finished his deathless work; from Cortez, master of Mexico at thirty six, to Schubert, who died

at thirty one, leaving as a memorial the most beautiful, haunting collection of songs in the world; from Charlemagne, master and maker of France at thirty, to Shelley, master of poetry at twenty five; from Patrick Henry, patriot leader

the Philistine. "A youth, and ruddy and of a fair countenance," he was, and Goliath, as the splendid chronicle puts it, "disdained him."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David



WILLIAM PITT (1759-1806), THE GREAT ENGLISH STATESMAN WHO WAS CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AT TWENTY THREE AND PRIME MINISTER AT TWENTY FOUR.

at twenty nine, to Ruskin, establishing his fame at twenty four with "Modern Painters."

The prettiest of all the stories of precocious greatness is that of David, the shepherd boy who came down from the hills of Judah where he piped to his flock and watched the coursing of the stars, to be the champion of his people against their terrific enemy, Goliath.

hasted and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it and smote the Philistine in the forehead, that the stone sank into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone and smote the Philistine and slew him.

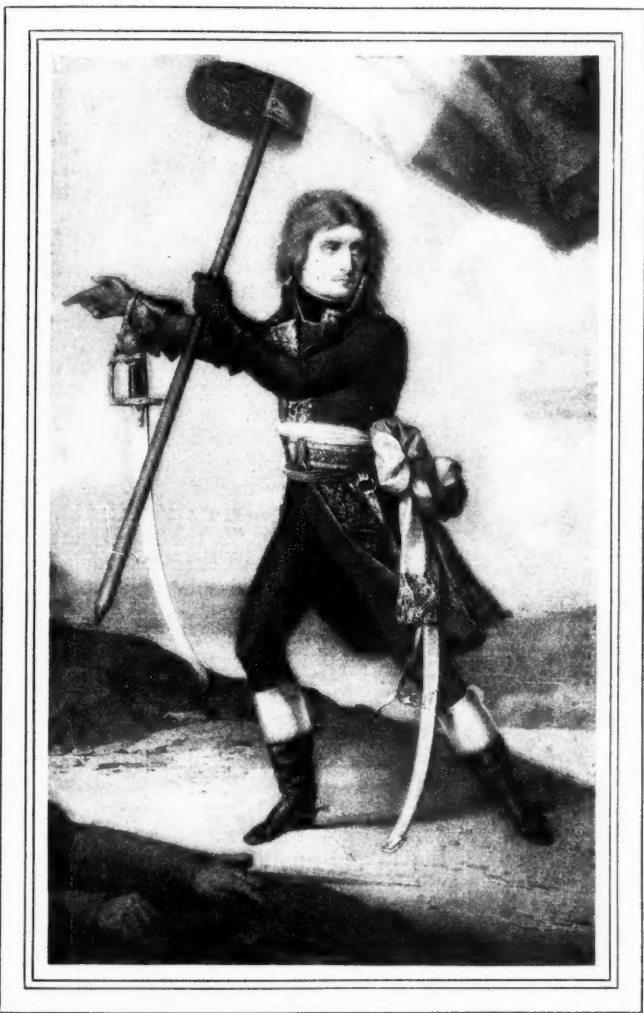
And Saul took him that day and would let him no more go home to his father's house. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely; and Saul set him over the men of war,

and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants.

THE FIRST CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD.

The story of Alexander's youthful triumphs lacks the pastoral sweetness of this tale of Judah. It is the story of a wonderful power breeding an overweening insolence. Impatient, wilful, treacherous, magnificent, he seems little more to be condemned than a force of nature, and little more to be accounted for.

The fact that his father was a soldier of renown does not explain the military prowess of this boy who pressed from victory to victory throughout the known world, who added Thrace and Illyria to his Macedonian possessions when he was twenty one, who took and destroyed Thebes when he was twenty two, who at twenty four had captured Tyre and Gaza, occupied Egypt and founded Alexandria: who engaged the greatest



NAPOLEON (1769-1821) AT THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLE, THE SCENE OF ONE OF HIS MOST BRILLIANT EXPLOITS—AT THIS TIME (1796) HE WAS TWENTY SEVEN YEARS OLD, AND WAS IN COMMAND OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN ITALY.

From a drawing by Trolli.



GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824), WHO AT TWENTY FOUR WON FAME WITH "CHILDE HAROLD"—THE PORTRAIT SHOWS HIM AT EIGHTEEN, A YEAR BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF HIS FIRST VOLUME, "HOURS OF IDLENESS."

From a pencil drawing by C. Linsell.

power of the earth, Persia, when he was twenty five, and brought its king to be his subject; who invaded India, and knew nothing but triumph and the lust of triumph all his life.

His correspondence with Darius is among the treasures of classic literature. Darius, beaten, was for temporizing, compromising. Alexander, victorious, knew no need for compromise. At Issus, in 333 B. C., he first met the power of the Persian Empire—for the Granicus was but a preliminary skir-

ish—and there, on a narrow plain between the mountains and the sea, he routed a host of six hundred thousand men, captured their treasure, and took prisoner Darius' wife, mother, and son. Then it was that the defeated king sought some compromise. He wrote, demanding the return of his family.

THE INTOXICATION OF VICTORY.

"I am now master of Asia," Alexander in reply informed the late master of Asia, "and if you will not own me as such, I shall treat you as an evil doer, an outlaw. If you wish to debate this point, do so like a man on the battle field. I shall take care to find you wherever you may be."

Darius' next proposition was made after Alexander had taken Tyre and Sidon. Then the Persian king thought that a division of spoil would not be a bad idea. He proposed that his Macedonian rival should marry his daughter, and should peacefully take the lands west of the Euphrates. Parmenion, the leading counselor and commander of Alexander, advised acceptance of the terms.

"Were I Alexander," he announced, "I should take the terms and avoid further risks."

"Were I Parmenion," answered the king, "I too should take those terms; but as I am Alexander, I cannot." And to Darius he replied:

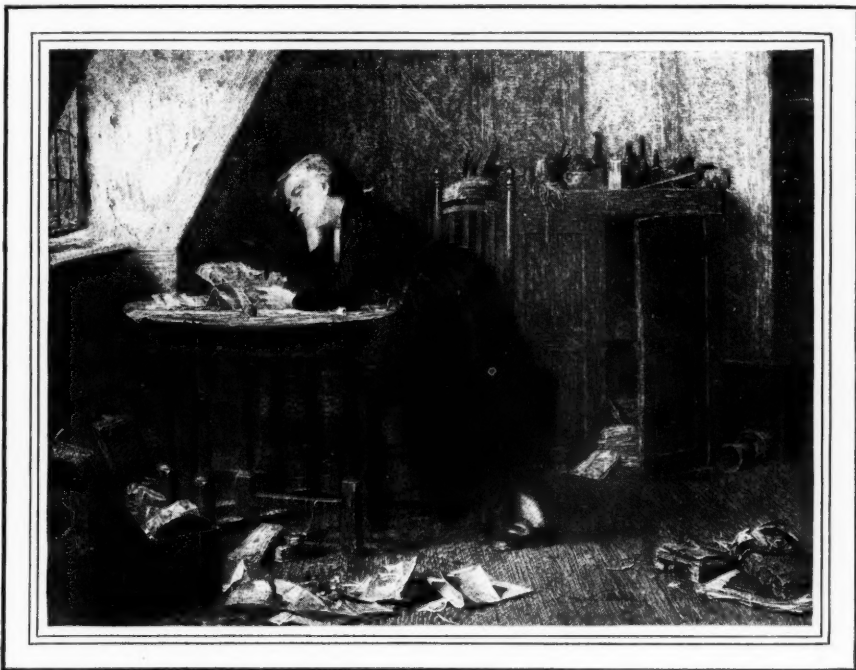
"You offer me part of your possessions when I am lord of all. If I choose to marry your daughter, I will do so without thought of consulting you."

So saying, he set out to complete the subjugation of his foe—a feat which he accomplished at Gaugamela. There the Persian empire was destroyed by the insolent, arrogant youth of twenty five, who became the master of unthinkable millions of treasure.

But the story of Alexander, the story of unchecked triumphs, is not fair reading after this. He would be worshiped as a god; he would brook no advice, much less criticism. He watched the torture of his comrade Philotas, and laughed at the agony of the man; he ordered the assassination of his lieutenant Parmenion, treacherously commanding him to be stabbed to death

while he read a letter of friendly greeting from his master; he tortured Callisthenes, the nephew of his old tutor, Aristotle, because he did not wish to pay Alexander the honors due to the gods; in a drunken brawl he thrust a pike

against heavy odds. A Corsican, a student at French military schools, apparently like any other boy of his time, one of a large family, lacking property or prestige, he made himself Emperor of France and master of continental Eu-



"CHATTERTON'S HOLIDAY AFTERNOON"—THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770). "THE MARVELOUS BOY," AS A SCHOLAR OF COLSTON'S HOSPITAL, A CHARITY SCHOOL IN BRISTOL.

From the painting by W. B. Morris.

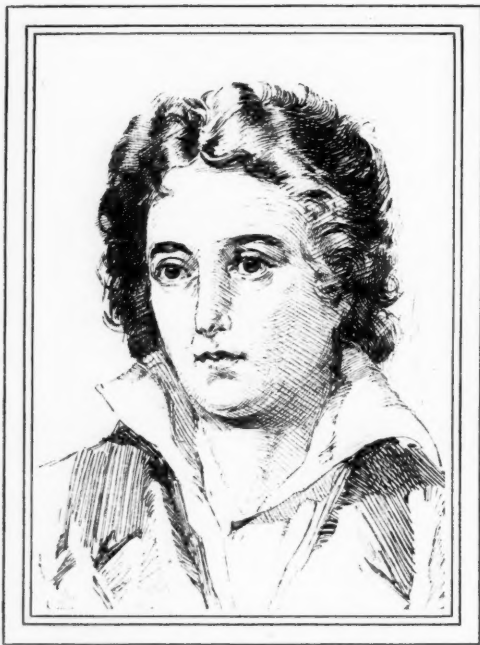
through the body of his old friend Clitus, who had saved his life at the Granicus. Drunk with victory, his record runs scarcely less horribly than that of another famous young man of old, the Emperor Nero, whose thirty one years of life between 37 and 68 A. D. were crowded with brutalities, treacheries, and maniac excesses.

THE MODERN ALEXANDER.

The career of the only military rival whom history has shown to Alexander, Napoleon Bonaparte, is in many ways more interesting than the superb young Macedonian's. Napoleon was a self made man, born to no inheritance of wealth and power. What he won he won not only by unaided genius, but

rope by the time he was thirty five. At twenty eight he had defeated the Austrians in northern Italy, and had driven them out of the country, reconstructing it according to French interests. At twenty nine he formed the ambitious plan of attacking England through her eastern possessions, and made himself master of Egypt as a necessary stronghold.

Balked in his effort to strike at India by Nelson's destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir, he nevertheless effected a return to France, where he found himself the object of an offensive coalition, and his work in Italy undone. He did it again. Overthrowing the Directory, which he held to be responsible for the failure of the French to keep



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822), WHO PRODUCED SOME OF THE FINEST POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE BEFORE HE WAS DROWNED IN HIS THIRTIETH YEAR.

Drawn from a portrait by H. B. Hall.

what he had won for them, he made himself first consul. In 1802, being then thirty two years old, he restored the Roman Catholic church to power in France, reconstructed the national system of education, and founded the order which has ever since been so prominent a factor in the life of the French—the Legion of Honor. And he who did all this was an undersized, egotistic, taciturn, boundlessly ambitious young man who was not even a Frenchman.

TRAGEDIES OF PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.

When youth insists upon being triumphant in the walks of its genius, it has a way of being tragic. Napoleon lived to see his splendor totally eclipsed; Alexander lived long enough to be debauched and depraved by early success, to show it a fortunate thing that he did not live longer. David lived to call all men liars, to meet his son in battle and see him dead after defeat.

Thomas Chatterton never had his full triumph. He lived in the Eng-

lish city of Bristol, in the middle of the eighteenth century. He dreamed his dreams in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which Queen Elizabeth called the most beautiful in all England. He was allowed the freedom of the place, and one day he appeared from the muniment room with a collection of poems which he said he had found there. He ascribed them to Thomas Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. He deceived so eminent an authority in *belles lettres* as Horace Walpole into believing his story, but the poet Gray discovered that the poems were not of the date and authorship which the boy claimed for them. It is amusing, now, to consider that the ethical significance of the trick has been seriously considered, and that even yet there are learned critics who are of the opinion that blacker crimes have seldom been committed by young poets than this of the boy Chatterton.

He took his manuscripts and his explanation of them to London, where the publisher Dodsley achieved the lasting distinction of refusing them. This was in 1768; in 1770 the boy, then not quite eighteen, found the struggle for existence too severe, and committed suicide, leaving poetical work which is among the permanent treasure of the English language.

A TRIO OF POETIC PRODIGES.

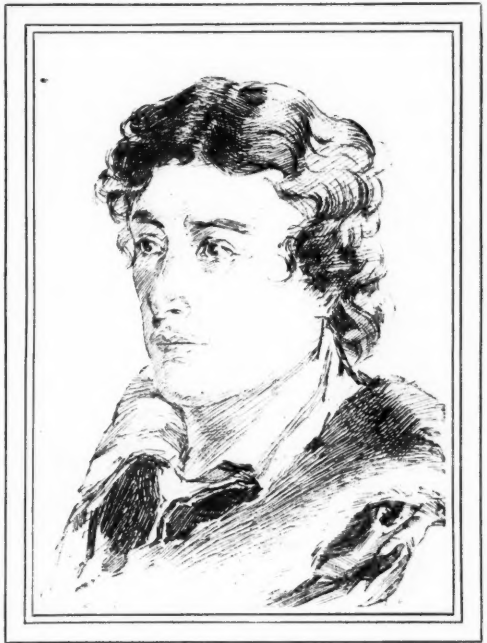
The stock tragedy with a young poet as its hero is of course the brief life of Keats. Keats was not twenty when he published the sonnet, one of the most beautiful in English, "On Reading Chapman's Homer." He was a hostler's son, an apprentice to a London surgeon. When "Endymion" appeared it was bitterly attacked in both *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly Review*. The *Quarterly* hailed its author as an addition to the school of poetry "which consisted of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language." Sensitive, delicate in constitution, the victim of an incomprehensible love affair, Keats died in Rome in 1821, and the sentimental

have always claimed that the reviewers did more than disease to kill him—a gloomy theory borne out by nothing except his reported last request, that his tomb should bear the inscription: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Shelley involved in his youthful tragedy of self will and genius others than himself. Expelled from Oxford in 1811 because of the publication of a pamphlet bearing the bombastic title, "The Necessity of Atheism," he proceeded to marry Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a coffee house keeper. He was nineteen years old at the time, and she sixteen. Three years later he abandoned her to elope with Mary Wollstonecraft. Later Harriet drowned herself, and Shelley formally married his second love. In 1818 they went to Italy, and there, with his friend Edward Williams, he was drowned by the capsizing of a boat in 1822. During the tumultuous eleven years between his expulsion from Oxford and his death, he had produced some of the noblest of English poems. "Queen Mab" was written when he was only twenty one.

To the same school of prodigies did Byron belong. In so far as the impression of his genius upon his time and upon other countries than his own is concerned, he certainly overtops his colleagues. In 1807, when only nineteen years old, he published "Hours of Idleness." The *Edinburgh Review* attacked the youthful effort with great gusto—saying, by the way, something concerning the frequency with which youthful poetry is to be encountered:

Perhaps what he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censure. He possibly means to say: "See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!" But alas, we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten and Pope at twelve; and far from hearing with any degree of surprise that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated



JOHN KEATS (1795-1821), THE LONDON HOSTLER'S SON AND SURGEON'S APPRENTICE WHO WROTE "ENDYMION" IN HIS TWENTY SECOND YEAR.

in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

The answer to this was "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and by the time that "Childe Harold" was published, the *Edinburgh* oracle was coupling Byron with Goethe in its comments.

Well born, handsome, fascinating, dominating, and a wonderful genius, Byron died at the age of thirty six from a fever caught at Missolonghi, where he was a commander of Greek insurgents. In spite of the splendor of his gifts, one cannot read of him without the unregenerate desire which Robert Louis Stevenson confesses to have had in regard to an earlier young poet, Burns, who had done his work of song at thirty seven. After reading a letter of Burns concerning some amour, Stevenson says: "I avow a carnal longing, after this transcription, to buffet the Old Hawk about the ears."

A wonderful youth he was, although most of the world would agree with Stevenson's desire in regard to him. A

countryman—a Lothario of the plough, a wit of the tavern, poor, without early advantages—he not only conquered the

tion among all sorts of people. “Robertson, the historian,” he says, “scarcely ever met a man whose con-



WILLIAM II, GERMAN EMPEROR (BORN 1859), WHO STANDS AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF YOUTHFUL ACHIEVEMENT AMONG THE REIGNING MONARCHS OF TODAY.

From a photograph by Biehr, Berlin.

world of intellect by his genius, but won successes in the world of fashion by his charm. Stevenson instances examples of the admiration excited by his conversa-

tion displayed greater vigor'; the Duchess of Gordon declared that he carried her 'off her feet'; and when he came late to an inn, the servants would

get out of bed to hear him talk." Yet the buffeting his fellow Scot would have bestowed would have been well deserved.

Indeed, there are times when the youthful genius, exuberant, impatient, domineering, whether he be poet or

statesman or warrior, might become a more agreeable private character could he be well buffeted. The careers of most of these marvelous boys offer no excuse for sparing the rod to parents who suspect themselves of numbering prodigies among their offspring.

A HEALER OF CRIPPLES.

BY W. FREEMAN DAY.

ADOLF LORENZ, THE FAMOUS VIENNESE SURGEON WHO JOURNEYED TEN THOUSAND MILES TO OPERATE ON THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF A CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE, AND WHO GENEROUSLY GAVE HIS SERVICES TO MANY OTHER CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

THERE is nothing that can stir human hopes and touch human hearts like the advent of a great healer. It is today just as it was nineteen centuries ago, when the multitudes flocked to greet the Divine Physician as he passed along the highways of Palestine, longing to see some beneficent exhibition of his miraculous powers. Of all the foes of mankind, disease and death are the most dreaded, and he who promises to stay them is always sure of an eager audience. The pilgrimages to Lourdes, the wonderful spread of Christian Science, the rush for each new remedy evolved by medical lore or by quackery, show that this primal instinct of humanity is not improved away by the progress of civilization.

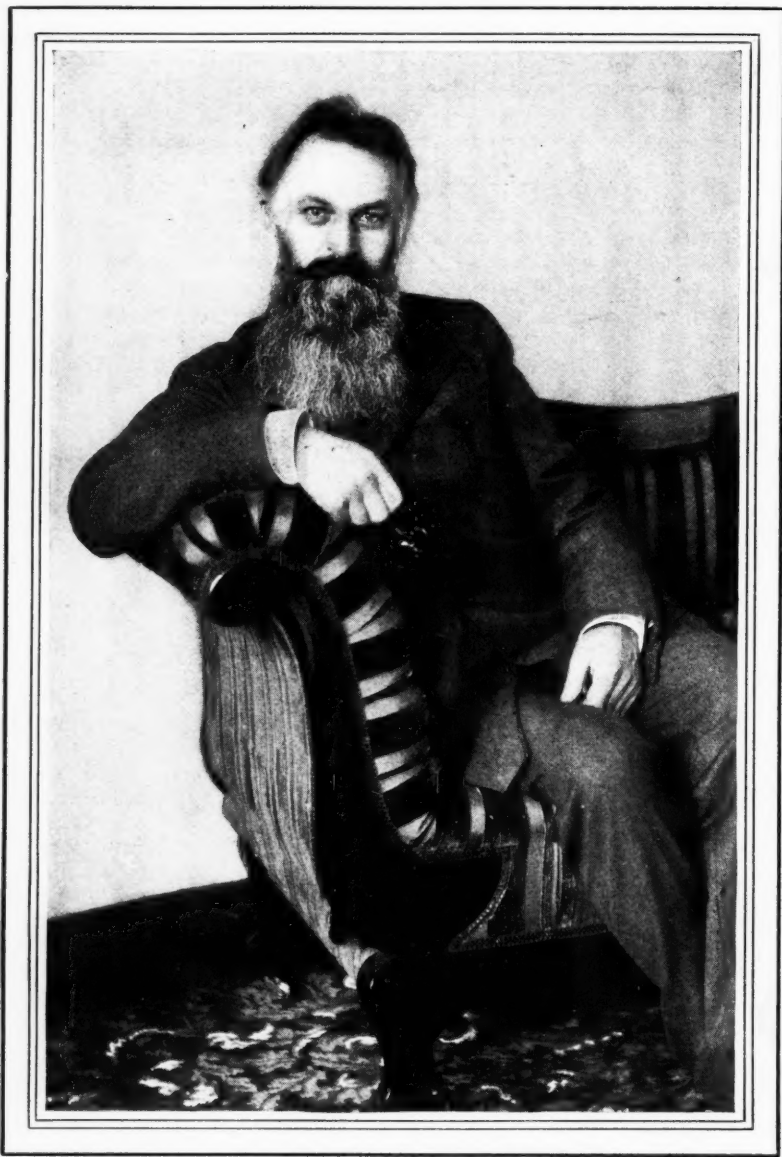
There are few more pitiful sights than a crippled child, and few sufferers for whom medicine and surgery, until very recently, have been able to do so little. Nature, we know, is careless of the single life, and remorselessly cruel to the individual. When her intricate machinery slips a cog—when, for instance, a child is born with one or both of its hip joints dislocated, the result is simply a failure, a spoiled specimen. She counts it as nothing amid her vast fertility of normal types; but to the little cripple itself what a tragedy! To go maimed and helpless through a joyless life to an early grave—such was its common doom, until, but a few years ago, there came a ray of hope.

At first cures were attempted, and sometimes achieved, by a heroic surgical operation. The thigh was cut open to the bone, the hip socket hollowed out, and the femur, or hip-bone, fitted into it. Then came the discovery with which the name of Adolf Lorenz is identified—that a cure can be effected without the use of the knife, simply by pulling the dislocated joint into place, and then trusting nature to knit it firmly together.

Such was the success of the Viennese surgeon in treating these congenital dislocations that his fame spread abroad both in Europe and in America. According to the honorable tradition of his profession, he made no secret of his methods, which were followed by other practitioners—among them the operators of that admirable New York institution, the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled; but when an operation was needed for the benefit of a Chicago millionaire's little daughter, Dr. Lorenz himself was summoned from Vienna to conduct it. Only millionaires can afford to bring a famous doctor from five thousand miles away to treat a single patient, but in this case expense was no object, and the child's parents sought the best talent that the world could offer.

What he did for little Lolita Armour, Dr. Lorenz told in these simple and modest words:

The operation consisted in drawing the child's leg down so that the femur came below the socket



DR. ADOLF LORENZ, WHO PERFECTED THE "BLOODLESS" OPERATION FOR CONGENITAL DISLOCATION OF THE HIP.

From a photograph by S. E. Wright, Chicago.

of the hip, into which it ought normally to fit. When the bone was in line with the socket I pressed it into place; then, to hold it there, the limb was encased in plaster of Paris from the hip down to a line just above the knee cap. The cast will remain for six months; but it is so adjusted that the flesh is not unduly pressed, and the skin underneath it will be kept as clean as the rest of the body.

The little girl will not have to remain in bed for

all those six months. Tomorrow I shall allow her to sit up; in a couple of days I shall require her to take exercise, and that exercise, assisted by nature, will bring about the junction of the bones, so that when the cast is removed the hip will perform its function.

The unique circumstances of the operation attracted wide attention, and its

success—or at least its apparent success, for its permanent result must be tested by time—sent a thrill of hope through the hearts of many a crippled child, and of many a crippled child's father or mother. From all over the country there came urgent appeals to the great surgeon in whose hands there was so magic a healing power. Dr. Lorenz is a man whose heart is as big as his brain, and he made a generous response. He had received twenty thousand dollars for his services to the Armours—assuredly not an exorbitant fee in such a case; he volunteered to visit several other American cities, and to operate upon such patients as he could find time to treat, without any remuneration.

In the New York institution for crippled children of which mention has already been made, and at the Cornell Uni-

versity Medical College, some of the most serious cases were reserved for Dr. Lorenz. Other inmates who had passed the age when a cure is possible begged their nurses to lay them on the operating table when the great surgeon came. Even the mere touch of his hands, they knew, would restore them to health and strength, would straighten their bones and round out their shrunken muscles. Parents crowded the out patient department, bearing helpless children in their arms. Cripples came to the hospital in carriages, others were wheeled thither in invalid chairs and perambulators, some hobbled along on crutches. Letters came from the afflicted in other cities pleading for admission to the hospital.

Such is humanity's eager and touching faith in the promise of healing.

IN A VOLUME OF ALDRICH.

WITHIN this little book of rhyme

Two rose leaves I discover—

Relics of joy and summertime,

Around which still there hover

Dear ghosts of fragrance, to recall

The rose bush by a garden wall.

Each faded leaf is like a word—

A lover's tender token,

And I remember when I heard

Their secret softly broken :

You, on the garden rustic seat—

I, reading Aldrich at your feet.

“Up to her chamber window”—How

Your eyes with rapture glistened !

Now to the Nocturne's music—now

To your own heart you listened,

Until you knew, or seemed to know,

Another Rose and Romeo.

For at that perfect lyric's close

Love with his message found you—

You with your rose mouth to a rose,

I with my arms around you.

Only two kisses ; sweetheart, look.

Here are the records in the book !

Oh, volume full of lyric art

Fashioned to last for ages,

Sweet as the songs within your heart

These rose leaves in your pages !

And kisses there shall be so long

As I have her who loves your song !

Julian Durand.

Bullet Proof.

A SERIES OF ENGAGEMENTS WITH A SERIOUS LIST OF CASUALTIES.

BY MINNA C. SMITH.

I.

"HE is bullet proof. You could not bring him to your feet."

"I shouldn't care to." Beatrice sat on the top rail of a New Hampshire fence and looked down. "You are all very silly, Jimmy. None of you is the least bit in love with me. You've just all made bets that you'll be engaged to me because I'm so lovely and rich."

"You're lovely, fast enough," said the young man in the roadway.

"Lovely and rich," she repeated firmly. "You know perfectly well what I mean, that it is lovely to be rich, and have you all in rows before me. But there's not a true heart among you, and I'm out for a true heart. I promised my uncle when he made me a millionairess with an automobile—see that chauffeur! Do you think he'll ever get it to go again?"

"I don't know why you say my heart isn't true when you won't take it and try it."

"Suppose it should break down while I was trying it! Look at that automobile! Money won't buy anything breakless. I was telling you I promised my uncle not to encourage any fortune hunters. That is why I asked you to introduce your uncle. He's youngish and cultured and handsome. Mine— isn't. Every time I looked at mine at first I had to whisper, 'I love you, I'm grateful, I love you, love you, love you,' so as to get up a proper family feeling. I've got it now, all right. It took me nearly three months, but now I'm attached to him. At times I love him dearly. But loving an uncle of one's own isn't—well, it isn't all my dreams, Jimmy."

"I am too young to inspire an uncle-some love in you."

"You're always thinking of yourself, Jimmy. If we were not such old, true

friends—you asked me to dance twice at a dance last summer, when I was at the little hotel and had only one party dress—if we were not such true friends, I should say you will never learn to be a lover."

"If you would let me climb up there and sit beside you——"

"I won't, Jimmy dear. I will be engaged to you. I *am* engaged to you——"

"My darling!"

"Don't interrupt. No, stay there! On condition that you do not utter one word of love to me until after I graduate next June."

"But, Beatrice——"

"Oh, yes; and you must stop calling me by my first name. If I were only an heiress, it would be bad enough. But everybody from Boise to Boston who ever heard of me knows I'm a millionairess in my own right. It will turn my head if I let you make love to me, and I have another year in college——"

"Oh, let college slide!"

"Slide! All the fun I'm going to have next year? Go back to Boise without my A. B.? No, sir! I should be ashamed to show my face at home. Aren't the White Mountains pretty little mountains? Oh, there comes your uncle! Introduce him."

"May I tell him we're engaged?"

"I don't care what you tell him."

"Miss Farren, let me present my uncle, Mr. Lee."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Lee." Beatrice looked down at the tall, serious, handsome man who had got down from his bicycle and taken off his hat.

"Thank you, Miss Farren. Will you lend me my nephew for the rest of the day? I want him to come on to the next village with me."

"Oh, I say, Uncle Mate!" exclaimed the younger man.



"THANK YOU, MISS FARREN. WILL YOU LEND ME MY NEPHEW FOR THE REST OF THE DAY?"

"I don't mind Jimmy's going on to the next village," said Beatrice. "But I want to have a talk with you. I have ever since I first heard of you, and when you came yesterday I said, 'There is the Boston lawyer for me!' I want to talk with you now, this minute. It concerns Jimmy. Speak up, Jimmy."

"Uncle Mason," said the young man, with flaming face and fierce dignity, "Miss Farren has done me the honor to promise to be my wife."

"Why, Jimmy Lee, what an awful story!"

Beatrice slid gracefully down from the fence and went towards the automobile, which her chauffeur had restored to working order. "Come, Mr. Lee," she said. "Let Jimmy do your errand at the next village on your bicycle. I want you to take me back to the hotel. I can't trust any one else."

Mason Lee smiled.

"You can walk back, can't you, Mr. Gove?" Beatrice asked her chauffeur.

"I suppose I can," he answered gruffly.

"Yes, do," said Beatrice. "I'll pay for the new baby carriage Mrs. Gove ordered if you will."

The man set out upon his two mile walk with a grin.

"Good by, Jimmy. Don't sulk and pout that naughty little boy way. Take your uncle's bicycle and run away and get all the next village for him. Come, Mr. Lee."

After a successful half mile Beatrice said, "Please stop."

Mason Lee stopped in the country road.

"Mr. Lee, are you rich?"

"My father would have thought himself rich if he had had half my fortune."

"I heard that you have, and earn, about seventy five hundred a year. Jimmy told me so. He said if you never marry he will be your heir, and that you are bullet proof. When I asked him today to introduce you to me, he said again that you were bullet proof. It gave me an idea. I am a girl with an orphan uncle on my hands. He is a perfect baby about what he calls my beaux. He always runs if he sees one coming. I tried to explain to him that as he has

made me so lovely and rich he ought to stay around and chaperon me, or marry an aunt for me, or something, but he won't. He just laughs at me, and says no girl from beyond the Missouri River needs any effete Eastern notions. So here I am stuck in the middle of this big hotel with nothing but an ugly Montreal girl to do my mending. I call her my French maid in my letters home to Boise, and pretend I'm having a splendid time. But I'm not. I'll give you seventy five hundred dollars if you will pay attention to me until after I graduate next year, and keep the other fellows off. You look as if you could."

"But, my dear Miss Farren, it is not such a service as I could undertake."

"I don't see why not. You were going to come and get Jimmy out of my way for nothing this afternoon."

"You're a very astute young lady."

"Oh, no, I'm not. I heard you talking with Jimmy's mother on the veranda last night. It's funny she didn't see me, I was so near. She begged you to save Jimmy. She said I was already engaged to seven other young men, and that I would break his heart, and that I'm a nobody from nowhere with an Irish name. Call Boise nowhere! Now I won't let Jimmy marry me. I don't want anybody's Boston baby. He couldn't do any of the real work real men do. So, you see, I'm on your side. Won't you be on mine? Jimmy is pretty determined. He proposed to me last summer when I was poor—almost. Now he proposes two or three times a day. They all do—more or less. I'm so sick and tired of it! I can't have any good times like the other girls here. I tell all the young men that ask me in time that I'll be engaged to them just to keep them quiet, and I talk of my money all the time before them so as to try to make them ashamed. But they aren't. Can't you take me for a client? Please do, Mr. Mason—I mean Mr. Lee. I will give you ten thousand dollars just to be around more or less—you know the sort of thing uncle would do if he were Eastern."

Mason Lee could not accept her point of view.

"I couldn't be an uncle to you!" he said.

"Oh, no, not exactly, of course. But I shall know in my secret heart that that is what I hire you for." She looked at him earnestly. "You are bullet proof, aren't you?" she asked.

"I'm not quite sure of it." He smiled as he looked into her cloudless, girlish eyes. "I have always been called so in my family."

"You don't imagine yourself in love easily and say silly things?"

"Not easily."

"That's good. I should say you are just the kind of Boston man who never really cares about anybody but himself, and doesn't deceive himself pretending. As soon as I saw you I made up my mind to offer you as much as a thousand a month to look after me until I graduate next June. I pretended to Jimmy that I wanted to know you because you are handsome. But it is because you are a lawyer and can do the work I really need done. You will have me for your client, won't you?"

"It's a queer business."

"But it's business. I want to invest a thousand a month in being let alone by ambitious boys. You must never let Jimmy get five minutes with me."

"We'll make a try of it," said Mason Lee, "but I really must earn my money looking after some investments for you, or something of that sort."

"I don't care how you fix it up with yourself, if you're only on hand when I need you. Of course there'll be weeks at a time when nobody will bother me much at college. Then I may telegraph for you in a hurry. Is it agreed?"

"I shall be happy to serve you, Miss Farren," said Mason Lee.

"All right. Let's go on. Won't everybody at the hotel be surprised to see us coming back together!"

II.

MASON LEE spent ten months of psychological expansion. He had never really cared for any soul but his own, and it was a terrific process of evolution through which he developed to the worship of the frank, pure, cheerful soul in the Western girl. Jimmy left the mountains in a miff the week after Beatrice had commissioned his uncle. His good

by was delivered stiffly on the veranda. She rose and strolled down the road with him, chattering with animation. "Smile, Jimmy! Don't look so mad," she said. "People will think I've refused you."

"Smart kind of engaged girl you are," said Jimmy savagely. "A fellow never gets a minute with you. Uncle Mate is the whole thing."

"Oh, he's bullet proof."

"Humph!"

"You mustn't be cross."

"I'm not. I have to go off on a fellow's yacht, and then another fellow's. I'll be out to see you as soon as you get back to college, when my fool uncle isn't around."

"That will be very nice of you, Jimmy. But he's not really a fool—your uncle."

There were frequent appearances of businesslike admirers or lovers of Miss Beatrice Farren at the hotel during the following weeks. Young men—who had demanded to be engaged to her in May, June, and July, and had been put on the same basis as Jimmy—came, were puzzled, and went in wrath, amusement, or renewed determination. Her uncle smoked in the veranda most of the time, keeping his heels down with heroism. He had no one but the girl, and was known to be worth five millions besides the one he had given her.

"Pin money, madam," he said with a gleam in his eyes to a widow who tentatively praised his beautiful generosity to his niece. He took Beatrice back to college in the autumn, then joyously shook the dust of New England from his feet and returned to the Rockies and the Mexican Sierras whence he drew his treasure supplies.

On the thirteenth of February Mason Lee, at his office in Pemberton Square, received a telegram from Beatrice.

Please send me by express today lots of every kind of flowers. Be sure to send twice as many as anybody else can. I have seven valentine boxes already today. Come out yourself tomorrow evening.

He felt distinctly like a fool as he ordered the flowers for the girl. He wished he could take her a few roses on his own account. He felt an absurd rivalry with the enterprising young men

who had anticipated the day. Next evening he encountered Jimmy on the train going out to her college town. Jimmy glowered at him, and went into the smoking car. There was a valentine party at the college. Miss Farren and several hundred of her girl friends had turned one of the reception rooms into a bower of hothouse flowers, and received their friends under the chaperonage of two girls of twenty four and twenty six. There were six of Beatrice's aspirants present besides Jimmy, one a Princeton man, very determined. Mason Lee enjoyed baffling his efforts to speak a word alone with Beatrice, and returned to Boston with him and Jimmy on the last train. Jimmy glowered still.

When the June fêtes came, Mason Lee danced constant attendance and earned his money. He told himself he never meant to take pay from Beatrice. Beatrice had offered to send him a check monthly at first, but he had asked her to wait until he had opportunity to assist her in a material investment. She said she was willing to let him have it in a lump sum at the end of the time.

III.

It was when all the flowers, frolics, and solemnities were over at the college, and Beatrice was an A. B., that Mason Lee asked her to marry him. They walked beside the water in the moonlight.

"How silly!" responded Beatrice.

"But I love you."

"I thought you were bullet proof!"

"I'm not! I want—you."

"I want you to manage my estate! You manage Jimmy and the other boys beautifully. I never can bother with all the money when I go out there. Of course I'll want some income regularly, but you can invest for me."

"I'll take all such cares off your shoulders, little woman. A man likes to have his wife care free."

"I suppose he does. I wish it was proper for you to go out there with me. I really depend on you a lot. But my own uncle will have to go, of course. All the other girls had somebody to see them graduate." She sighed faintly.

"You had me," said Mason Lee.

Just then he heard a chirruping "Ooo-ooo!" beside him, instantly followed by a wild "Ooooo-whooo!" of bliss and laughter, tears and rapture, and saw Beatrice flying towards a tall figure approaching through the moonlit trees on the path. He saw opened arms, clinging, kissing joy. He heard surprised coos and bass murmurs, and looked about for a means of escape. There was none. The water lay behind; the lovers stood in front.

"Do excuse me, Mr. Lee! Never mind us. Come and meet my husband!" called Beatrice.

Mason Lee stepped forward and met a man he had known at Harvard, a Carolinian who had been made a captain in the Philippines. The two shook hands.

"Glad to see you. I didn't know you were married, Mr. Marion," said Lee. "I congratulate you!"

"Thank you," said the soldier. "I'm a lucky man. Sorry I couldn't get here to see you graduate, Beebee. The steamer was over a day late into San Francisco."

"Why didn't you telegraph? I didn't know you were this side of the Pacific."

"You used to like surprises."

"I like this one." She slipped her hand through his arm.

"You see, Mr. Lee, it's only legal," Beatrice explained. "We were married in San Francisco about half an hour before Ralph sailed for Manila. We didn't mean to be."

"Didn't mean to be?"

"No. I went to see him off, but he had an idea somebody else might propose to me while he was gone, and I might accept. Besides, I did want my name to be Beatrice Marion, even if we didn't tell till he got back. Isn't it funny I turned rich while you were gone, Will? This is real Valenciennes, all of it—there are about a hundred yards." She glanced down at her white frock.

The soldier laughed and Lee smiled, although he felt rope round his heart and iron in his soul.

"Isn't it perfectly darling you didn't get shot out there?" said Beatrice. "I've been so worried about him lots of times, Mr. Lee. He isn't bullet proof!"

THE GOLD WOLF.*

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

XXIV (Continued).

THIS was the oddest chance of the night, that at the very moment when Romer came out upon the landing Courvoisier's wife cast down the glove, and flung open the door that her friends might deal with Patrick Foxall.

Standing one moment in utter darkness, Romer was in a blaze of light the next. He saw old Patrick defiant in the room; he saw the angry woman, her hands clasped nervously to her throat; he saw the masked men, one springing in upon old Pat, the other about to follow him. And then, without a question or a scruple, he struck at the face nearest to him.

The blow which felled the Frenchman would have stunned an ox. The man went to the floor with a low groan; the friends were shoulder to shoulder at last.

"Are you safe, Pat? Are you safe, old man?"

Pat answered in a voice of thunder:

"Faith, and I am! Where is it, lad—which way?"

"Down stairs, and be damned to them, Pat! We'll find a road!"

They half fell down the stairs and stood in the ill lighted shop. The lamp still burned in the office and showed them the distant figures of three men who guarded the outer door. Blind flight might have carried them to this iron shutter and the impotent struggle against it; but there was another factor. While they stood for an instant, breathing quickly, searching hither, thither, for another way, the wooden door through which the man had disappeared when Romer entered the shop opened suddenly and a bright light shone out upon the faces of the men.

Romer turned quickly and beheld the girl whom he had spoken to in the neighboring street. She was white with terror; but he understood the signal that she made to him, and, pulling old Pat by the arm, he dragged him through the door.

The girl was waiting for him upon the other side.

"Lock the door, *monsieur!*" she cried wildly. "For the love of God, lock it!"

Patrick shot the heavy bolt, and cast one quick glance about him. They were in a wooden walled room with a great trap door occupying half its floor. The men behind them already beat heavily upon the frail partition. It was life or death, the spin of a coin, a young girl's honesty or her lie.

"Follow me," the child said. "I will show you!"

She disappeared down the narrow stairs of the trap, and was lost in the darkness of some cellar below. Without a second thought, Romer followed her to the depths. He had made up his mind already. She was to be trusted.

"Come on, Pat," he said; "the girl's a friend, I'll swear it!"

Pat lumbered down the stairs, for once trusting a young man's judgment. The scene below was in no way reassuring.

A great bare cellar, lighted in the distance by a single gas lamp, showed them a loom of walls and spokes and iron rubble; but it did not show them any door. In cooler moments, they would have drawn back from such a refuge as from a trap which no child would enter; but it was all or nothing now, the fidelity of their guide or the desperate struggle for life in the shop above. Neither spoke his thoughts, but each made his intention clear. They would chance it, pinning their faith to this little waif of the streets, who had come upon their path so miraculously. It was just a case wherein a sober judgment might have undone all, but they clutched at that straw of trust; and it proved their salvation.

The very familiarity which the girl showed with this cavern-like retreat did not a little to inspire their confidence. She passed through the cellar as upon the wings of the wind. The darkness could not mislead her. Every stone was familiar to her; she knew every turn of that horrid labyrinth. When she stopped at last, it was before an iron grating, barred and padlocked, and forbidding passage. The men would have said then that it was a trap, but for the keys which glittered in the dim light. She had the keys, this lit-

* Copyright, 1902, by Max Pemberton.—This story began in the July number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

tle miracle! She knew that they would doubt.

"There is a passage, *messieurs*—Café Marbeau—pity of Christ, they are coming down, they are coming down!"

Romer stood to listen and heard a low crash—the bursting in of the frail partition in the rooms behind them. Beyond the grating he saw a bricked tunnel, low and dark and covered with fungus. The girl fumbled with the keys in the padlock, but could not lift the rusty tumblers. Steps were audible on the flags about them; the heavy breathing of silent men.

"Give me the keys," he said quietly; "I think I can do it."

Patrick Foxall said nothing. The girl pressed a hand to her heart and seemed to count the seconds. Romer already had one of the padlocks opened when a hand thrust itself out of the shadows and dragged him backwards; but he turned with an athlete's quickness and closed with his unseen antagonist in a grip of iron. Others from the room above, coming headlong, flung themselves upon old Pat, and went down with him to the floor. Patrick knew little of that which he did to them; but he remembered rising twice and whirling his stick, like the good shillalah it was; while at other moments he beheld men striking at him with their knives, or heard cries when his ebony fell like a bludgeon upon a human board. In the end the horrible faces and the bleared eyes drew back from him—a pistol flashed; he knew that Romer was calling him.

"Up with you, Pat! Up with you, my veteran! It's ninepins over here, man! Are you hurt, old Pat?"

Patrick staggered to his feet; he had a burning wound in his shoulder, and his hands were cut and bleeding; but he cared nothing for that. The scene about him was worth a man's life to see. Aye, he could have cried aloud for joy of that splendid rout, that young lad's victory! For there were the swarming rogues, and there was Romer, and it was one against ten, and the ten reeled back from the one.

That clear young voice ringing out in the darkness had the music of a hunting morning; for Romer was crying "Gown, gown!" as in his Cambridge days. Like some new figure of a bygone age, he swung a pistol for battle ax and drove the good blows home.

"Gown, gown!"—they go down before him as the sheaves before the sickle. "Gown, gown!"—the left hand flashes and one more is silent. "Gown, gown!"—he is round upon his heel now for one that struck at him with an iron bar; he

picks the man up; but a little and he would have dashed out his brains against the dripping wall.

"Gown, gown!"—old Pat has the catch of it, too, and together, persistently, heroically, they make upward for the haven of the unknown. The gate forbids no longer; in the confusion of that *mêlée* the girl has snatched the keys and the door is open. Hers is the hand which helps Romer up, hers the cry that his friend will hasten.

Old Patrick does not hear it. He is firing a volley, pointblank, at the grinning faces before him.

"To the devil with you, blackguards!"

They reeled away from him, shielding their blinded eyes; and while they reeled the girl turned the key in the lock and saw that they were saved.

XXV.

THE tunnel led them across the street to the cellars of the Café Marbeau. Ten years ago the proprietor of the café had linked his houses thus, and stored his wine in the caves below the street; but the hotel upon this side had failed, while the café upon the other remained. If those within it were surprised to see Englishmen come suddenly from the kitchens of their house, they had no opportunity to gratify their curiosity and question them; for the three strode to the door without a word, and were in the street before any man had recovered from his surprise.

Their first words were to the girl who had saved them.

"Who are you, child? What is your name?" Pat asked, with all the kindness he could command.

"I am Bibi Gardescu, *monsieur*."

"How did you get in that house?"

"My brother Georges works there—but he is not there tonight," she added quickly, with an obvious lie to shield him.

"We do not want to know anything about that. Who keeps the house—whose is it?"

"Please, it belongs to Maître Blaireau, the carriage builder."

"Ho, ho, and a fine business he must do! You cannot go back there, Bibi. Where do you live?"

"Anywhere, *monsieur*. Oh, it doesn't matter; I am used to it. I shall sleep on the porch of the Trinity tonight."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, little girl. Do you know what these are, Bibi?"

He pulled a handful of gold pieces from his pocket and showed them to the astonished child. Her eyes glistened with the covetousness of the born waif, who knew

neither right nor wrong and got her bread wherever she could snatch it.

"Oh, if I know, *monsieur!* Those are twenty franc pieces!"

"Exactly. You will come tomorrow to the Hôtel Ritz—you know that, little girl?"

Both her hands closed about the money; she did not take her eyes off it when she answered:

"Yes, yes; it is Place Vendôme, *mon-sieur!*"

"You will come tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock, and there will be more gold pieces, Bibi; you understand?"

She said, "Yes, yes;" and, looking at Romer archly for a moment, she kissed his hand suddenly, and then ran like a deer away into the darkness. She feared they might ask for the money back again.

They never saw Bibi again.

"It is just a little born thief that was taken by your handsome figure, Romer," said Pat; and added, "Glory be to God that I brought you with me!"

He began to hurry on, pressing a hand to his shoulder, and laboring in his walk. Romer had been too excited to speak a word until this time; but something in old Pat's manner startled him, and he turned to look at his friend.

"You are hurt, Pat—good God, there's blood on your coat!"

"A mere scratch, me bhoy, that five minutes with the wash tub will be curing. Faith, we've no time to think of ourselves. We have work to do, Romer lad!"

He beckoned to a passing cab and brought the man to the pavement. For once in his life, Patrick Foxall consented to be helped in.

"I'll see a doctor to oblige you," he said, in a faint voice. "Hôtel Ritz, and ten francs if you hurry!" he cried up to the driver.

The cab went like a fire engine.

XXVI.

It was late upon the following morning when Romer, dreaming of a 'varsity course, in which Number Four hit him persistently on the back with his oar, woke up at last to realize that some one was knocking upon his bedroom door. He did not know what time it was, nor could he remember precisely what he had been doing last night; but the robust voice of old Pat, clamoring for admittance, recalled the scene in its bald outline, and sent him from his bed with eager steps.

When he opened the door he discovered old Pat already dressed, and not less ready

for self approving confidences than he was himself.

"The top of the morning, me bhoy! 'Tis the next train to London we are to catch—if there is one. Faith, the seven sleepers ye are, and all rolled into one! How goes it, young gentleman—how's the temperature this day?"

Romer sat down in a big armchair and rubbed his back ruefully.

"I'm as stiff as a plaster figure, Pat; I believe some one's been opening my back to see what it's made of. One of those chaps must have got a swinger. I didn't feel it at the time."

"The dirty dogs! 'Tis me likewise that they've been performing operations upon! I've two inches of knife in the shoulder—and not so sure it's Sheffield, either! I don't hear ye asking after my health, Romer, young sir."

Romer was contrite; Pat looked so absurdly healthy.

"Ah, I'd forgotten your shoulder, Pat; observe the primitive beast. It was a nasty cut, old chap! Are you going to see the sawbones this morning?"

"He'll do himself the honor to take twenty francs off me at eleven o'clock precisely. To the devil with the lot of them, say I! A bit of good lint and a cooling lotion is worth the whole pack! Will you be coming down, Romer? There's a bite and sup I've ordered, and a bottle of the ould vinegar to wash it down. Can you dress yourself, lad?"

Romer said that he could. His back was black and blue; and those, he remembered, were the colors of Caius, and exceedingly effective in feminine toilets.

"I'll have to migrate to another college, Patrick," he suggested. "This is as good as tattooing, but it's on the wrong side to be effective. I suppose your next train means the night mail to town?"

"Indeed and it does, and no time to be lost, either. Here's yesterday's papers from London—and a pretty story they tell! If I did not know him, I'd say your uncle had lost his wits. Read that, my lad, and ask yourself what's coming to Dudley."

He conjured up a copy of a London daily paper from his capacious pocket, and tossed it into the chair in which the younger man sat. Romer saw at once that the third column on the front page was entirely devoted to a graphic account of the strike on the Great Southern Railway. One of its headlines was ominous; it spoke of a conspiracy against the life of Dudley Hatton.

In the text itself there was a fuller explanation. Affairs, it said, had come to a

crisis on this once prosperous railway. The men had been very patient, but all their demands, many of them admittedly just, were not even debated by a stubborn board. And of this board Dudley Hatton, the creator of the whole great enterprise, was indisputably master. The guinea pigs, the titled drones, had neither capacity nor authority. The beaten, angry men knew that their fortunes were in one man's hand; and that by one man must their salvation come. Six months ago they believed him to be a just leader, a generous chief, the welcome arbiter of dispute; but that day was forgotten; and he who had been their friend they reckoned now supreme among the enemies of their honest desire. The fanatical denounced him in no measured terms; the sober railway world could make nothing of his point of view; the women, the mothers of the children, cursed the very name which once they had applauded.

Driven to the last point as the engineers were, starving, beaten, it was no surprise that outrage followed the pitiable deadlock. The goods yard in Lower Kennington Lane, built at a cost of many thousands not a year ago, had been burned to the ground by hot headed rioters. There had been stormy meetings of the railway's employees in Lambeth and Vauxhall. The local traffic was almost entirely suspended; the expresses ran with difficulty. And crowning all was the attempt upon Dudley's life, to which the headlines referred so ominously. He had been shot at on the platform at Kennington Station three days ago, the report said, but happily had come to no harm; while the would be assassin escaped in the press of men. The police feared that this was but an omen of grave days to come. They held to the theory that certain unknown agents were deliberately inciting the men to violence.

Romer read this alarming report, and then laid the paper down as one who had not the will to hear more.

"What in heaven's name does it all mean, Pat?" he asked bewilderedly. He could make nothing of it—he refused stoutly to believe that Dudley could act in any way not worthy of his generous nature and noble intellect.

Old Patrick was scarcely wiser. He lighted a cigarette, and, sitting upon the edge of the bed, admitted that he could only guess the meaning.

"Faith, 'tis a case to puzzle the ould divil himself! Either this paper lies or Dudley's gone stark staring mad! I'm off to England this day to find out which. 'Tis not the man he is—ye know it your-

self—to be denying honest folk their rights or treating with railway servants like a woman at an argle bargle. There's mischief brewing; and I've a shrewd notion who stirs the pot! Woman's the root of all evil, as our godfathers and godmothers taught us in our baptism, Romer, young sir. I haven't the shadow of a doubt that your little Cambridge lady could tell us more about this than any man alive! She didn't trust one of the best fellows that ever drew breath, and here's the consequence. He's running amuck like a bull in a china shop; and God knows where 'twill end, Romer—God knows, my lad!"

It was foreign to Patrick Foxall to entertain the gravities of life; but this morning found him amazingly serious and thoughtful. His shrewd brain had wrestled with the problem of Dudley's embarrassments until it was weary and perplexed. He could see no light; scarce dared to hope for any betterment. The lad with him was like a child before such deep problems; he could observe only the most elementary facts.

"They had a quarrel, Pat, the very night after they were engaged; I know that much. If she'd make it up with him, he'd be a changed man; I'm sure of it. The question is, if she will make it up. Beryl said that she left a letter for Dudley at Sonning. Whether he got it or not I don't know; I think it was sent on to London."

Patrick stared at him as though he spoke of wonders.

"A letter—from the girl! And you didn't forward it!"

"I didn't think about it, Pat——"

"A plague on your woolly head, then! Man, didn't you see the importance of it?"

"Well, I thought——"

"To blazes with your thoughts! Don't you see that if she offered to come back to him, it would have saved him from this? Man, are ye a baby?"

Pat sprang up from the bed and began to stride up and down the room like one who wrestles with his own anger. Romer did not dare to contradict him in face of his passion. After all, he imagined that he had had some responsibility in the matter of the letter. He remembered speaking to Spiler, the butler, about it, and asking why it had not been posted. Spiler said that his master was expected to return every day; and Romer confessed that he forgot all about the matter. Pat was right to reproach him; he had been a fool.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," he stammered; "of course it was idiotic! If it's at Park Lane, I'll see that Dudley gets it next post."

"Ye'll see, ye'll see! 'Tis as easy as shelling peas, then! Ye'll post the letter!" He stopped dramatically and pointed his finger. "Aye, what address will ye write, then? Where's Dudley this minute? Who knows? Who's seen him this fortnight past? Does it dawn upon you that he's hiding from his friends, maybe? Ye'll post it—bow wow!"

Romer did not say a single word. It was news to him that his uncle had quitted Park Lane. True, he remembered how casual had been the reports of him they had received at Sonning; but this new evidence of complete isolation almost terrified him. He would not have delayed an hour to return to London, had there been a train. The night mail suggested the next century.

"What in God's name are we to do, Pat?" he cried fretfully. "We can't stop here; we don't know when he is in London. Is it all to be given up, then, without a try or a word?"

"I'll say no such thing. He's on the railway; the paper writes it. He's to and fro like a will o' the wisp! If ye walk from London to Chichester ye'll find him, I don't doubt! Put on your hat and be off with you. Tell him that Pat Foxall is in Paris buying the jewels which were stolen from his dead wife's neck. Tell him that those who are seeking to stir up his men against him are the servants of Beckstein and the Dutch gang that works with him. Say that in three days I'll arrest Courvoisier and bring the man to justice. Tell him that the woman he'd marry is waiting for him at Cambridge. Nothing else than that will save him this day. Go to London and make it light for him. Ye'll find him somewhere between London and Chichester, bedad!"

He fell to pacing the room once more; and for a little while his thoughts were not to be spoken. When he turned to Romer again, it was to lay a kindly hand upon the young fellow's arm, and to reassure him.

"Forgive a wild man that is at his wits' end," was his apology. "Don't you see, Romer, what I suffer for him? Don't you see that it's a race between rogues and me for my friend's life? 'Tis just that! Let me go to him and say, 'Tis Courvoisier that's the rascal,' and the work's half done; but I must carry the proofs in my hands. I am waiting for them—waiting while I count the minutes, my lad!"

"Then you think that you can still get something in Paris, Pat?"

"Think! If I've an ounce of gumption in my skull, I'm sure! This very day I'll

buy the rubies. If I don't, book me a stall at Hanwell, and see that I fill it!"

"You'll buy the rubies, Pat?"

"Faith, I will—from the woman herself."

"In the Rue Marbeau?"

"No, in the Ritz Hôtel."

He had scarcely spoken the words when a valet knocked upon the door of the bedroom. Patrick turned quickly on his heel, as if he had been waiting some signal which could not fail him. When the servant entered, he took a card from the tray and handed it to Romer with a triumphant look.

It was the card of Mme. Dufayel.

XXVII.

PATRICK FOXALL had pledged his reputation that he would buy the rubies which Mme. Dufayel had refused to sell him in the Rue Marbeau, and this boast he redeemed. The jewels were in his bag when he quitted Paris by the night mail. He had bought them at a great price; but he knew that he would have given twice the sum without regret.

"She sold them—faith, she was wise to do it!" he said, when they were away at last, upon the last stage of that journey which should win or lose a brave man's life. "'Tis a less clever woman than Gergette de la Mousse would have seen the game was up. Faith, I know her story like a book! She's been everything under God's sun—singer, dancer, acrobat, thief! There's not a country in Europe that wouldn't be glad to have her under lock and key! I was in Vienna when they charged her with the murder of the Chevalier Zizka. 'Twas at Madrid I saw her arrested at the door of the National Theater. Did I need wits to say what this woman would do when she found that London was unhealthy? Let Courvoisier buy a hat band, bedad! He'll need it, for he'll never see his dear wife again! And I've bought more than jewels, let me tell you! I bought that which I wouldn't sell for five thousand pounds, Romer!"

He went on to speak of the plan they must follow in London, and of the grave issues which tomorrow would decide. Patrick was no pessimist; but he knew that if the tidings of these things did not reach Dudley Hatton before many hours were passed, they might never reach him at all. That splendid intellect had failed his friend at last! The net of destiny had closed about him, and he struggled impotently in its meshes; but a word might bring him back to reason, might cut the

bonds from his aching limbs. Patrick divined truly the fount of all that mischief. He said that Dudley Hatton believed that he was in some measure responsible for his wife's death. He would know tomorrow that he was not.

"Yes, I have the key," he persisted, in a vague strain foreign to him; "I'm on the track of them now, Romer; and, please God, 'tis a view halloa before many hours. We'll be in London at seven o'clock, and then the hunt begins. Do you go to Park Lane and see if you can bring me any news of Dudley this day. I'm away to the police; and a pretty story for them, too! Let it be six o'clock of the evening that we find each other again. You shall be in at the death, my lad; 'twould be unkind to deny you. I'll look for you at six o'clock at my club in Piccadilly, and what news of Dudley you can pick up bring to me there. Not that I expect any, faith; 'tis no such good fortune a man may take into his account. If this mischief the newspapers speak of is true, 'twill be a miracle of a man that finds Dudley Hatton where he should look for him."

"I'm sure of it," said Romer with conviction. He had listened to every word as to some oracle of salvation. This splendid friend, he was convinced, would save his Uncle Dudley. He wondered that he had not discovered Pat's sterling worth years ago.

"My uncle is not the man to be playing a silly game of hide and seek," he added reflectively. "If he isn't in Park Lane, the probabilities are that he's living in the Great Southern Hotel. We ought to call there first, Pat; it's ten to one we find him in the place."

"Aye, together with the stones that the gentlemen of the railway are throwing at the windows! Ye've missed the particular pleasantries, young sir! The mob is throwing stones at this same commodious fireproof hotel just because it believes that Dudley's inside of it. Is he the one to be where the bricks are flying? Not if I know him! He'll be looking on in the first place you should go to and the last you'll think of! We must name the place before sundown tomorrow. If the picture's true, we're racing against the hours, my son, racing against the hours—and there are few to lose, precious few to lose!"

The confession declared an idea which had become almost a conviction. Pat did not believe that there would be any real difficulty in finding Dudley, once they were in London; but it was plain to him that, if the newspapers were to be believed, even a trifling delay might be fatal. His friend's

desperate and illogical stand against those forces of justice and fair dealing to which, hitherto, he had submitted willingly and generously, might lead him to any extremity of folly the mind could imagine. The spectacle was that of one man against five thousand. Pat knew Dudley's courage, his indomitable will, his stubborn pursuit, alike of the false and the true, when the mind was set upon a purpose. He would face these men, Pat said, and tell them to do their worst. They had already attempted his life; any hour might bring the news that another attempt had succeeded. Even Romer understood the necessity of haste.

"I'll take a cab straight to Park Lane," he said, "and after that, wire to Sonning. If they've no news of him at either house, I shall go down to Sonning in the morning and see what's to be learned. If I could take a message from Daphne, Pat, I shouldn't go in vain. It's just that or nothing, believe me. Of course he'll be very grateful for what you've done in Paris; but even if Courvoisier is arrested, I don't see how it's to help us. You can only prove that he's a thief—I don't suppose Dudley cares greatly about that."

Pat smiled like one who sympathizes with a childish intelligence.

"'Tis a nice young green blade of grass ye are, and beautiful in the springtime, Romer," he bantered pleasantly. "What I can prove against this same Courvoisier ye shall know in good time—perhaps at Charles Street this very night. Keep your soul in patience, and be after finding Dudley. Yonder's the steamer, my boy; we'll see the white cliffs of the Sassenach's country in half an hour by the clock."

He rose abruptly and began to gather his traps together. The cold gray light of a chilling dawn, breaking across the sea, showed old Pat's face, white and cadaverous, in its feeble rays. A sleepless night had not impaired his vigor. The quest of danger stimulated every faculty, braced an intellect long dormant. He strode down the platform with a young man's step; he sniffed the sea air exultingly. His last words on the shores of France were the defiance of a man who has played a great game and is upon the threshold of his victory:

"In three hours, the best or the worst, my lad—the best or the worst! Yonder's old England—God be thanked!"

XXVIII.

ROMER had not expected to find, at his uncle's house in Park Lane, any person of

greater importance than the old house-keeper who had permanent charge of it; but, greatly to his astonishment, Spiler, the butler, answered his knock upon that memorable day, and he was scarcely in the hall before he heard the plaintive voice of Aunt Mary. His surprise was even greater when he learned why the household had come so abruptly to London.

"What's up, Spiler? What the deuce brings you here?"

Spiler answered with something less than his usual gravity. He had not the nerve for domestic tragedies.

"There's been dreadful goings on, sir; Mr. Hatton nowhere to be heard of, and the young lady, Miss Beryl, she's hooked it without as much as a 'by your leave'!"

It was astonishing news indeed, and Romer could make nothing of it.

"Miss Beryl gone off? No!" he exclaimed. "You are walking in your sleep, Spiler! Where the devil should she go to?"

"That's just what I said to Robert this very morning, sir! It never does no good in this world to take brass for eighteen carat! The bringing up of young females, sir——"

"Be hanged to that, Spiler—where's she gone to, I ask you?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, I mean to say that Miss Beryl borrowed a sovereign of me at nine o'clock yesterday morning, and has not since been heard of; leastways, except for the telegram which Miss Mary received last night."

"Oh, there was a telegram, then?"

"Yes, sir; from Cambridge."

Romer roared with laughter.

"Why, you blockhead," said he, "she's gone to stay with old Norton Bell, of course! The telegram says so, if it's from Cambridge. Don't let that sovereign worry you, Spiler; I'll give you nineteen and elevenpence for it!"

He went up stairs with giant strides, and found his Aunt Mary weeping and wailing in the pleasant morning room which looked upon Hyde Park. The old lady had many new grievances since we last saw her; not the least of them was that the motis had eaten the chair covers in the back drawingroom. She received Romer on this occasion with a very rhapsody of complaint.

"Not a line for ten days, as I'm a living woman! And this child, who hasn't a bit of linen on her that I haven't marked with my own hand, gone away, Romer! What do you think of that, my dear? I tell you, she went off like a thief in the night, at nine o'clock yesterday morning! That's

what comes of bringing no children into the world! I said she would pay him out finely—and she's done it! If her clothes were worth a penny, they're worth five pounds; and she's the watch and chain he gave her! He'd better have listened to an old woman, he'd better have listened to me. But I don't count, my child, I'm only a poor old thing whom nobody minds. If I worked the flesh off my bones in this house, they wouldn't thank me. Let him come and look at those chair covers and then see what his precious housekeeper is worth! He'll die in a garret, I tell you; but I shan't be there to see it—no, I shall be dead and gone!"

Romer consoled her with what assurance he could. He thought that the covers in the back drawingroom were, possibly, not quite such a tragedy as she imagined. As for Beryl, he read her telegram with infinite amusement. Beryl knew nothing about telegrams; she had thought it a fine thing to imitate Dudley and to wire as he had wired so often when he delayed to come to Park Lane.

Don't expect me home tonight, and don't worrit.

BERYL.

The last words were her own. Romer read them with a pleasure he could not quite define. Was it possible that this child would do what they had failed to do; that she would untie that master knot, bring with her the one living being who could save Dudley?

His hope rose with the thought. For Daphne could save Dudley Hatton; he was sure of it, she could save him if she came in time.

XXIX.

LITTLE Beryl's journey to Cambridge had been a great event in a life which threatened to become eventless. The outcome of splendid ignorance, it bore witness, none the less, to a shrewd instinct for essentials which even an older mind might have lacked in these fateful days. For Beryl had discovered, on her aunt's hurried return to Park Lane—a flight which attended the grave news of Dudley's peril—the very letter which Daphne had written to her lover many weeks ago, and salaried carelessness had neglected to post. Beryl knew Daphne's handwriting well. She was such a poor mistress of the pen herself that the neat characters and attractive calligraphy of clever Daphne always won her unstinted admiration. And here, on Dudley's study table in Park Lane—in a room which Beryl considered herself priv-

ileged to rummage, as she rummaged every room in that house of forgotten splendors—lay the accusing envelope.

Beryl espied it at once, and fell to wondering why it lay there. Discreet inquiries of her confidants among the servants brought to light something of the story. Nobody knew, they said, where Mr. Hatton's letters should be sent; he had given instructions that they were to wait for him in his own library. Beryl did not understand why Daphne's letter should wait upon any table; and she said as much. She thought that if she could see Daphne, this great cloud of trouble, which loomed upon their lives so heavily, might be lifted. It was but a childish idea; she had no sure conclusions; the desire to see Daphne was as vague as it was irresistible.

Cambridge, she remembered, from her narrow study of geography, lay somewhere in the middle of the "red piece." Old maps on Dudley's shelves showed you how near London it was—no more than an inch, and no black scratches for mountains. Beryl was not quite convinced that she could not walk there; but, anon, having traditions of Spiler's wealth in her head, she conceived a great idea. Mrs. Wiggins, the house-keeper, had a daughter who was a bedmaker at Cambridge. Artful questions, sly suggestions, solicited the comforting fact that you could go from London by train to that goal of desire and return the same day. Beryl borrowed a sovereign of Spiler, and set out without delay.

Her first attack was upon a cabman, whom she instructed to drive her to the train for Cambridge; and he, being sensible of his kind, and having children of his own, went to King's Cross as the cab horse flies, and did not charge her more than twice the fare for all his trouble. From that point a kindly guard took her under the shadow of a capacious wing, and having bought her a ticket and a paper, and peeped in at every station to see how she was doing, and told her of other children whom he had escorted under other circumstances, set her down at last upon the platform at Cambridge, and left her there with many words of wisdom and the heroic refusal of the sixpence she offered him.

From this point the pilgrimage was not worthy of the fables and the saints. Beryl went up to a cabman and told him to drive to the house of Miss Daphne Bell. She remembered enough of Daphne's story to know that this house had something to do with the king or the queen. When the polite driver corrected her and suggested that she probably meant

Queens, she agreed that it did not matter. A quarter of an hour later she stood in the gateway of the old red brick college and asked timidly for Daphne. And oh, the joy of it, as she confessed to Romer afterwards, the joy of it when Daphne herself came running out of a great bleak house, and these two were heart to heart in the purpose of their love!

"Beryl! Is it really little Beryl? You came—you came, dear, to see me? Oh, why—why? Why did you come, Beryl?"

Daphne's questions all came tumbling together like October leaves; surprise, delight, wonder, were spoken in every new exclamation. She had been dreaming over a book when they told her that Beryl was in the house, and the very name seemed a link between the living and the dead. Here, then, was the living confirmation of all that she had read about Dudley in the bygone weeks. Every word of that strange story was known to Daphne. She could tell you exactly where he had been, and what he had done, and why the world quarreled with him. She had mastered the nature of his trouble despite its amazing technicality; her daily prayer had been that he might summon her, and that she might go to him in this evil hour.

When the newspapers related the peril from which he had escaped, Daphne trembled as for her own safety. She feared sometimes to read the news lest it should speak of the ultimate calamity. Always present was that sense of humiliation and insignificance which his silence had put upon her. Their love had been the dream of a day, then! She had won from him that fleeting homage which a memory can inspire. She lived among her heroes no more. Perhaps her courage rebelled against the treatment to which she had been subjected. She would ask no man for forgiveness twice. Let the cost be what it might, it should not cost her self abjection.

"Is it little Beryl? I can't believe it, dear—I cannot believe that you are my Beryl of the long ago! And you have come to see me! Oh, why—why, why did you come, little Beryl?"

She was in her own room now, that pretty room where, in her childish years, she had wooed the heroes of her own romances. The very pictures on the walls were from the masterpieces of the romantic art. The books were the love stories of the immortals. An open window disclosed a vista of the river and the gardens, the splendid bridges, and the avenues defying time. Beryl enjoyed one delighted peep at this fairyland of court and college before she answered Daphne.

"It's better than Park Lane," she cried, with a child's admiration; "lots better. And oh, the flowers—they really are flowers, Daphne!"

Daphne took both her hands in her own and compelled her to answer.

"Why did you come, little Beryl—why?"

"I came to bring you the letter, dear."

She did not know what these words meant to the trembling girl who hugged her so closely; nor could she understand Daphne's almost angry impatience.

"The letter! What letter? Oh, be quick, Beryl, you torture me!"

Beryl went on with exasperating deliberation:

"The dusty one. I know it was Spiler; but you mustn't say so, because he'd get the something, he says. He lent me a sovereign, you know; and I came in the train; and the old clergyman drank out of a bottle every time it got dark, and when I looked at him he asked me if I played hockey; and the guard made him pay some money, and he said he'd sue the company; and I said all the time—oh, Daphne, where have you been, what have you been doing?"

She broke off impulsively, alarmed, perhaps, at the look that had passed suddenly into Daphne's eyes. Beryl was frightened now; frightened at this shadow of a woman's trouble, cast suddenly upon her childhood. She had never heard Daphne speak like this; never seen her eyes so bright or her gesture so imperative. And how calm she was, how far away in thought from Cambridge and that pretty room! When next she spoke it was the old Daphne, the Daphne of Sonning and the summer time.

"It was brave of you, Beryl, so brave," she said, compelling herself to be patient. "And now you will give me the letter while I ring for some lunch?"

Beryl protested that she did not want any lunch; but she searched for the letter all the same; a crumpled, grimy, forgotten letter, in the depths of some capacious pocket; and, handing it to Daphne, she said:

"I knew you wrote it, because I try to cross my t's like you do; but I can't get them right, dear, and it makes a blot as big as—"

She did not finish her simile, for she was afraid of the sound of her own voice. Both Daphne's hands were tight about the letter now; her lip was quivering; she could not see the sunshine in the room. A great hope, foolishly conceived, had been abandoned as suddenly as it was born. For a

moment she had believed that Dudley had called her to his side in the pathetic hour; but this, this secret of the weeks of silence, broke her courage and robbed her of the last shred of her purpose.

"It's my letter—mine, Beryl!" she cried again and again. "I left it for Dudley. How cruel of them—how cruel!"

Little Beryl had no solace for such a cry as that.

"I said it was yours, and no one would listen to me. We did not know where to send it, and that's why I'm here. He never comes near us, Daphne; he hasn't been for weeks. I know he's in trouble; I know he wants us."

Daphne crushed the letter defiantly; and, turning away, she stood at the window, while a servant began to lay the cloth for lunch; and old Norton Bell's voice was heard upon the staircase. When the maid had left the room, Beryl crept close to Daphne's side, and kissing her, she asked to be forgiven.

"You're not angry with me, Daphne; you won't be cross? Oh, if you would go to him, how different it would be, dear! You will go, Daphne!"

Long minutes passed before her question was answered. She seemed to know that she must wait with resignation for that supreme resolution. When it came at last, her reward was abundant. Daphne dreamed no more. A child led her as she wished to be led.

"Oh, you little Beryl, that it should be you, you!" she said, as in the ecstasy of a purpose suddenly conceived. "That you should show me the way I should follow!"

"You will go, Daphne—dear, you will go to him?"

"This day, this hour, little guide!"

"You will find him, Daphne?"

"Wherever he is, little Beryl; in sunshine or the darkness, I will find him to-day!"

She had never thought that a determination could mean so much to her. For a full month her days had been droned away in the solitude of that house of sleep and silence. The dying summer, the falling leaf, the empty courts, the nadir of Cambridge's desolation played upon a temperament susceptible to such influences. Daphne wondered in those long weeks why she had been a dreamer in the years of long ago. How different life was, how relentless, how cruel! Her own love for Dudley, swift in its youth, matured in the first passionate ardor of a passionate nature, seemed at its birth the supreme satisfaction the world could give her. All voids were filled then, all questions answered,

all of womanhood made clear. She loved as she had wished to love in the imagination of the past. All that she could give, the gift of herself, her soul and body, her heart and homage, had she given freely; but the swift destiny which enveloped her, how unforeseen it had been, how bitter to realize.

In her reckoning, there was no place for the thought that she must abase herself to a lover whose lips were dumb. Her unanswered letter brought her from cloud-land to the earth of a simple truth. She had said at the first, "His answer will come today;" and when the day did not bring it, she said it would be tomorrow. The postman's step in the court of Queens could set her heart throbbing and bring the blood to her cheek. She had a hundred explanations for Dudley's silence; but none of them satisfied her. At least he should have said, "I do not wish it; let the dead past bury the dead."

Her self reproach for that which remained unspoken was more poignant every day. Why had she been silent when he had so greatly trusted her? What foolish scruple made her dumb? Daphne believed sometimes that it was the punishment of her own romantic vanity. The image it had set up asked homage but not compassion. As the days went by, she learned to know that compassion is sometimes the better thing. Life had humbled her; but her love was enduring.

"We'll find him, little Beryl, wherever he is; we'll find him."

"In London, dear Daphne, today—oh, let it be today!"

"We'll go to him and say, 'Dudley, do you wish it?'"

"He'll answer, 'Yes'; I know he'll answer 'Yes'!"

They quitted Cambridge by the five o'clock train. As their cab went westward from King's Cross, a man, walking down the strand, observed its occupants; and, standing for a little while amazed, he turned at length with slow steps towards the Metropole Hotel.

XXX.

THE rendezvous was the Junior Turf Club in Piccadilly; the hour six o'clock. Scarcely had the great gong in the entrance hall ceased to strike the hour, when old Pat Foxall espied Romer in his cab, and hastened to remind him that politeness was the punctuality of kings.

"To the tick, young sir. Ye have news, Romer?"

"Not a word, Pat."

"There's no letter from Dudley at Park Lane?"

"Devil a sign of one."

"They haven't seen him?"

"Not one of him!"

"You've been to the Great Southern?"

"Like an arrow to a miss. He's not been there since last Saturday."

"And Macalister?"

"He's just raving."

"Then they can't get at him from the office now?"

"As true as the prophets. He's on the railway somewhere. That's all they do know."

"Faith, I was right entirely."

"It's a riddle, old Pat, a beastly riddle!"

"Aye, to be solved this night. Do you see that man yonder?"

"What, the man with the big boots?"

"No other! 'Tis Inspector Morris. There are three more to be with us in Charles Street. We'll take the bird Courvoisier in the nest, faith, and not be particular about the eggs. Come on, lad; there's time for a wee nip. Your felt shoes are in the bag there. I'm supposing you have a barker?"

Romer touched his hip pocket significantly. He was introduced to the stranger, and the three drank a glass of cognac apiece and talked about the weather. It was a quarter past six precisely when a private brougham drove up to the club for them, and they entered it nonchalantly.

"It will be a big thing tonight, gentlemen," he said, and qualified the remark with the stipulation, "if we're fortunate."

Patrick would not hear of failure.

"We *must* be fortunate," he said masterfully. "What's to stop us, Mr. Morris?"

"A clever rogue, by name Courvoisier, sir; one of the cleverest in London."

"You've come to that conclusion, then?"

"It's the only possible conclusion. I'll not deny you've helped us, Mr. Foxall."

In the carriage, the detective consented to remember why he was there.

"Aye, say that you've been watching the man for months, and were about to arrest him!"

"In a way it's true; but not on Mr. Hatton's account."

"Then on Jan Beckstein's, I suppose?"

"Exactly. We've been watching this Dutch gang for twelve months. It was just two months ago that Mr. Hatton's valet joined them. There are big charges, Mr. Foxall; conspiracy is one of them, and half a dozen jobs in the States as well. We'll see our own through first."

"You mean the Great Southern?"

"Undoubtedly I do. It shouldn't be very difficult to prove that the man who shot at Mr. Hatton at Kennington was paid by Beckstein or his agents for that dirty work."

"And nearly earned his money. Faith, 'tis just that I'm fearing. He was in Beckstein's pay, no doubt of it! They took advantage of the trouble on the railway to be clear of a man that's cost them enough to float a bank. Next time there'll be no mistakes. If we do not trap these rogues tonight, God help my friend! 'Tis good men I hope you're bringing, Mr. Morris, and plenty of them."

"I've put four in the street; we shall take two to go in with us over the roofs. The police on the beat hold the stables. If your Frenchman passes that lot, he's a clever man. But he won't, Mr. Foxall; he'll be at Bow Street before ten o'clock!"

Patrick said, "Please God!" and threw his cigar away. The carriage drove on swiftly to the far corner of Berkeley Square, and there set down its occupants. If they were greatly excited, no man betrayed it by any foolish act. Deliberately, without haste, they made the tour of the square and came at length to their goal. Charles Street was before them. The windows of one of these sheltered houses concealed a man they believed to be a murderer. In ten minutes or less, they would lay their hands upon him.

Of the three, one, at least, was altogether new at such an affair as this. Romer admitted to himself that he could not realize it; and he walked like one who is not sure of his step, and yet must hasten. If it were true, my God, what that would mean to Dudley, he said!

Most of the houses showed their hangings of brown paper to an indifferent populace. A time washed board yawed away from the railings of No. 14b, and informed any who could decipher its blackened letters that the "desirable mansion" was to be let or sold. Of those who passed by upon the pavements, many were clerks and shop girls returning from the West End to Paddington or the suburbs. Romer looked in vain for that little army of officers of which the detective had spoken. His curiosity might have worked a mischief but for Patrick's timely warning.

"One by one," said the Irishman, "and thirty yards between us. Do you cross the road, lad, and keep as close as you can. 'Tis No. 3 we're making for; and sharp eyes to show us in. Faith, if this Courvoisier spots but the back of your head, he'll have a run for his money, after all!"

Reuben Morris was less apprehensive.

"Don't trouble about that, Mr. Foxall," said he, with some assurance; "we don't mind the run if the money's to be got. I shouldn't be surprised if he gave us trouble inside, though. He's the kind to show fight and plenty of it. If he does, I shall look to Mr. Romer here to be a little handy with his stick."

Romer should have been flattered by this tribute to his physique, but the object of his immediate interest was a shuttered, solitary house—almost the first they came to in Charles Street—upon the doorstep of which Reuben Morris lingered, as one who has some right of familiarity and was expected there. His confident ring conjured up from the inhabited shades a pious and venerable butler, who, as the detective whispered to his friends, was a very pattern of virtue in plush breeches. For a simple consideration of five pounds, this hoary seneschal would permit them to ascend to the roof of the house and there admire the view. His master was in the Engadine—he was quite sure that he would approve.

"I've 'ad my eye on that shop ever since last Christmas," he informed them, while he led them into the hall and showed them the way up stairs. "There's been rum goings on in that house, gentlemen, I must say! The females in particular is extraordinary! I do 'ope you'll teach 'em their place, Mr. Morris—which is not Charles Street, Berkeley Square, by a long way! This way, if you please. The cook says she's 'ad no time to tidy up her bedroom, not knowing you were coming; so she 'opes justice will be blind."

The platitudes carried him to the attic story. A great lover of propriety, he knocked at the cook's bedroom door, although he knew that that worthy was below. His loquacity went unanswered. The others, perhaps, would not deny their anxiety. It meant so much, this night's work; to one man it might mean life or death.

The butler opened the lattice which gave upon the roof of the house, and the three men stepped out upon the leads. The detective's last word was the instruction that they would not come back.

"You can close the window and bar it, Mr. James," he said authoritatively. "We're much obliged to you, I'm sure. I'll see that this is remembered."

Mr. James shook his head.

"I didn't think of that, gentlemen; I 'ope I do my duty. When I saw them female persons—"

They did not pause even for a history of the "female persons," and the venerable

old man stood at the window while they crept on over the leads, treading like cats, and very watchful.

One by one Reuben Morris counted the houses they passed. Upon the roof of 14b he stopped and raised his finger.

"Your felt slippers, if you please, gentlemen," he said in a whisper.

He took his own from a capacious pocket, and when he had slipped them on, he advanced a step and peered round the corner of the dormer window. The result reassured him, for he took a jimmy from his coat and began to force the bolt with the skill of an expert.

The plan of attack was as clear now as daylight. Romer saw that the doors of the house below were watched by Morris' colleagues; while, from above, the dogs would bark to drive the fox from covert.

No foresight of those within the place troubled a plan so simple. Whatever secret of their meeting place they had been careful to safeguard, the idea of danger from above had clearly escaped their reckoning. For the window yielded at the first attack; it opened without any noise of splintered wood or crashing glass; it said, as plainly as possible, no sentinel here. Reuben Morris was through in two minutes, and old Patrick, laborious and groaning, after him. Romer, following lithely, but with a zeal no less, found himself, anon, in a dismal attic, littered with shabby ornament of damp stained rolls of paper and forgotten trunks. He knew that they were in the house at last; he knew that in five minutes the best or the worst would be.

Now Reuben Morris, dropping lightly to the attic's floor, stood there for a space and lent a hunter's ear to any sound that might come up from below. Once he thought he could distinguish a shuffling step; but the noise passed and profound silence followed upon it. Thereafter he could not so much as hear a clock ticking in the house; and, playing boldly for the stake, he beckoned the others to follow, and stair by stair began to go down to the rooms below. Every step now was to the goal where gain or loss would mean so much. A blunder would have undone all. But the three went with sure foothold, and as they went, one, at least, asked himself many questions.

Romer's imagination dealt doubtfully with such a situation as this. Was Courvoisier indeed below? Would this night really bring him to justice? He did not dare to think of it. The silence of the house mocked him; he was ready to tell himself that it was a fool's errand when a

sound from below made his heart leap, and seemed to chain him to the boards.

Clearly, ominously, unmistakably, a door swung upon its hinges and the lock clicked.

XXXI.

For a few minutes the three did not stir a step from their place upon the stairs. They seemed as men who waited for a second signal, or for the approach of the danger which they knew might come. When silence fell again, when the spell of it passed, Reuben Morris continued his descent without a word. He alone knew what the signal meant to him—the justification of his plan, the sure knowledge that the bird was in the trap and the lid down.

Step by step, inch by inch, he closes in upon that prince of criminals. He is kneeling, crouching now at the drawing-room door. He throws it open at last with a gesture which cannot but be dramatic; and pistol in hand he boldly enters in. He is too late—the bird has fled and the trap is open!

"Gone, by thunder!" is all he says.

The two pressed in after him and stared about. Just as Dudley had seen the room many weeks ago, so it was to-night. A single lamp betrayed its shuttered windows, its close drawn curtains, its flimsy basket chairs and bizarre ornaments. Now, as then, the back room was unfurnished but for the iron safe beneath its curtained window. If change there were, it was a subtle change, declaring the absence of a woman's hand. Torn papers littered the wicker tables; the curtains lacked their ties. There was an ash tray with ashes cheek by jowl with a vase of withered flowers. A man's cane stood in the corner; the paper of that very afternoon lay folded upon a chair. These things the trained eye took in at one swift glance; but the mystery beyond them earned the baffled cry, the bewildered faces.

Courvoisier had been warned; Courvoisier had fled!

"He's in the house! I'll lay a thousand pounds he's in the house!" cries Morris, in a deep, hoarse whisper. "Up with you, gentlemen, he can't cheat us! There's not a hole unwatched that a rat could crawl through!"

He was up the stairs to the story above almost before they had grasped the truth. Hither, thither, as a terrier in the bushes, this agile, cat-like figure turned. The emptiness of the rooms made the search

easier. On the floor above, a mean bedroom lacked covering for its bed; a dressingroom had no other furniture than an empty trunk. Below again, in the kitchen, there were cooking utensils on the hob, and they had been recently used; but the dishes were unwashed and the fire had burned low.

In the cellars, they netted a great catch of empty bottles. Every door they opened seemed to say, "There is nothing here!" In the drawingroom once more, Reuben Morris had a finger for every panel, a foot for every board. By what amazing trick had he been cheated, he asked himself a hundred times? Who had been before him, who had warned this master rogue? For a warning Courvoisier had unquestionably received.

The great safe was evidence enough for that; its door stood open; its contents were gone.

They searched the room, gathered together the petty witnesses of occupation, had a hundred ideas, and would carry out none of them; were, in truth, about to declare that all was vain, when a second surprise of that long remembered night denied the assertion and sent them leaping to their feet again. It was a turn of fortune so utterly unlooked for, such a key to all that had befallen, that for a spell they could take no advantage of it nor lift a hand to further it. For what should it be, but that, while they were in the very act of abandoning the pursuit, and granting that their rogue was gone, they heard the sound of a key turning in the lock; and listening and looking to the back room whence the sounds came, they saw to their amazement that the mantelpiece appeared to swing suddenly upon its hinges; and opening like a door, it allowed three men to pass into the room and to stand there in earnest converse.

So occupied were the three, so intent upon their own employment, that a full minute passed before they understood the situation or could make anything of it; and when they did so, but one of the three could ask his wits to help him. This man was red bearded and brown, frock coated and faultlessly dressed; he had a diamond ring upon his finger, a cigar newly lit in his mouth. The first to spy strangers in the outer room, he surrendered to the danger at a glance, and with a loud oath disappeared as he had come.

The mantel, swinging on its hinges, barred the road to his accomplices, who would have followed him. They hurled themselves upon the barrier impotently;

strong hands had pinned them by the throat before they could take a second step.

"Jan Beckstein, by all that's holy!" cried Reuben Morris. "Break the door, Mr. Foxall—beat it in! These are only the chickens—the dog fox is yonder, behind that wall! Break it in—tear down the curtains, Mr. Romer! Tear them down, for God's sake!"

Reuben Morris, after all, was just as human as other men. That fine air of reserve and stealth, almost habitual to the common affairs of life, was forgotten in a moment in the thrill of this magnificent pursuit. While he stood at the outer door, with his revolver covering the two men trapped so providentially, he was no longer detective, but huntsman crying the view halloo. Old Patrick Foxall hammering obstinately at the forbidding chimney, Romer forcing open the shutters with a giant hand, were not quick enough for his impatience. The scent was keen; but the quarry had escaped him.

At a later day, recounting it, Romer declared that Reuben Morris danced a jig. Unhappily, such an exercise availed nothing. The wall of brick and iron defied old Pat's persistent bludgeon. The open shutter declared that the fox had broken cover and that the hounds were baffled. Jan Beckstein was half way to Piccadilly by this time; Romer told them so from his place by the window.

"He's fooled you all along, Mr. Morris—his cab's clear away by this time, and going like blazes, too!"

They stared at one another blankly, and for a space no man spoke. The strangers, huddled together, as for mutual protection, knew that they were in a trap and feared the consequences. Sweat ran off Reuben Morris' face like rain. He understood perfectly well what need there was of haste, but yet could question his prisoners with patience.

"Now, my men, we'll have a little talk."

They were rough fellows, plainly dressed in blue serge, and obviously engineers from the Great Southern Railway. Their peaked caps and grime stained hands bore witness to a spell of unwelcome holiday. They had come to Charles Street at the invitation of a rogue who, by the aid of such as these and their differences, would serve his own fortunes. Honest men until starvation overtook them, tonight they realized the fruits of their dishonesty. When they spoke it was with a show of humility, evidently sincere, and almost a pathetic appeal for mercy.

(To be concluded.)

BOWDOIN AND HER SONS.

BY GEORGE T. LITTLE,

LIBRARIAN OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

THE FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION WHICH RECENTLY CELEBRATED ITS CENTENARY, AND WHICH STANDS AS A TYPE OF THE SMALLER AMERICAN COLLEGE—ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH, ITS FAMOUS TEACHERS, AND ITS REMARKABLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE LITERARY AND POLITICAL ACTIVITY OF THE NATION.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE owes its origin to the people of Maine. The clergymen and the justices of the peace in Cumberland, the central county of the then District of Maine, were the first to voice the wide spread feeling that a college was needed. They petitioned the "Great and General Court of the Commonwealth," and their petition met with favor.

For a time the representatives of the people could not agree as to the location of the college. Local prejudices were as strong in the eighteenth century as they are in the twentieth. The Rev. Dr. Samuel Deane, pastor of the oldest church in Portland, and author of far the largest work on agriculture which had then appeared in America, was confident that the college should be placed in his populous town, "because students should be in the way of getting some knowledge of men and manners while their geniuses have a juvenile flexibility and before rustick habits become fixed." On the other hand, perhaps remembering the hope the good doctor had expressed in the work just mentioned, "that the time would soon come when the rich and the polite should glory in their farms, and deem the assistance of nature in her productions one of the noblest of employments," the advocates of the fitness of a prosperous farming town near by rather pointedly laid stress upon "the many temptations to dissipation, extravagance, vanity, and vice to which great seaport towns exposed young men."

After long discussions and much delay the differences were ended in a com-

promise. Brunswick, a settlement on the Androscoggin, which offered hardly more than a spacious site on its pine covered plains, was designated as the seat of the new college in the charter which Governor Samuel Adams signed on June 24, 1794.

There was much less difficulty in finding a name for the institution. Governor James Bowdoin, the friend of Franklin and Washington, a patriot of great wealth and the highest social position, who had displayed an unselfish zeal for the liberties of his country before and during the Revolution, who had shown uncompromising firmness in maintaining law and order when the contest was over, had just passed by death from the political stage. The prestige of his name and the interest of his descendants were alike sought by the friends of the young college. Shortly after its incorporation the Hon. James Bowdoin, son of the Governor and subsequently United States minister to France and Spain, sent its treasurer one thousand dollars in specie and a deed to one thousand acres of land in the adjoining town of Bowdoin, "as a first step" towards the opening of the institution. Subsequent gifts during his life and at his death amounted to a much larger sum, and included a unique collection of paintings and original drawings by famous artists.

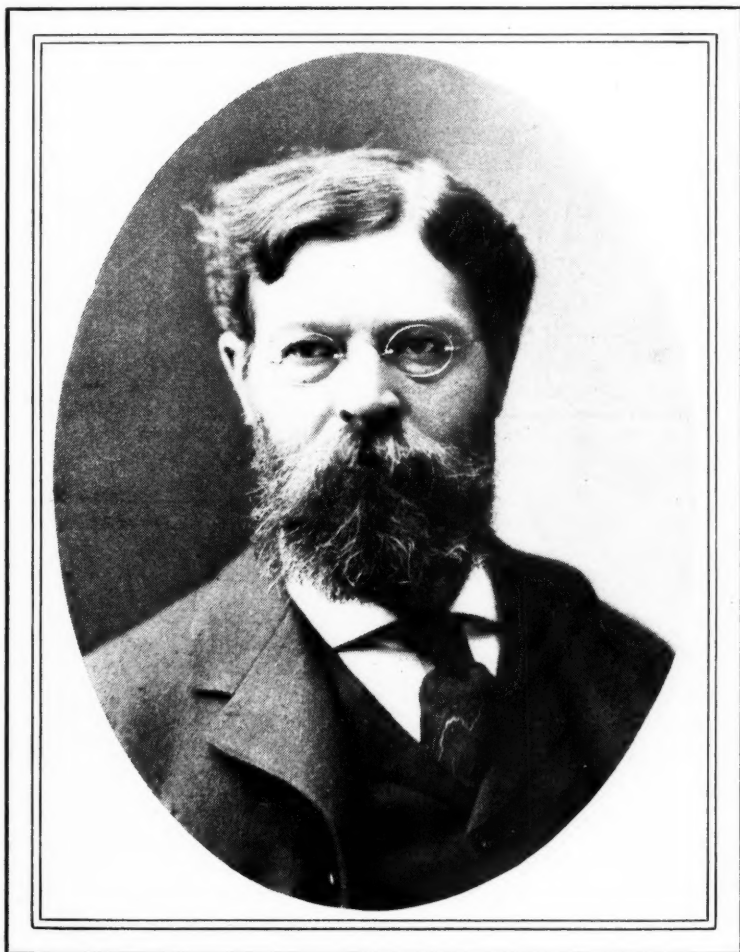
The people themselves endowed their college through individual gifts and by legislative grants of wild lands. But they had also given it two separate boards of government, comprising more than fifty individuals. Between the dull

market for wild lands and the inability of the two boards to agree, it is not strange that eight years slipped by before President Joseph McKeen was inaugurated with due solemnities, and

life of which his friend and pupil, Longfellow, says:

None I remember more serene and sweet,
More rounded in itself and more complete.

Professor Cleaveland's lecture room is



WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE SINCE 1883.

From a photograph by Webber, Brunswick.

before Massachusetts Hall, Bowdoin's earliest structure, was completed for the instruction of a freshman class of eight.

SOME FAMOUS BOWDOIN PROFESSORS.

Hither, to teach natural philosophy, Parker Cleaveland came in 1805. Here he experimented and lectured for more than half a century, filling out a long

still to be seen, with its brick fireplace and iron crane, its tin can lamp of antique shape, though not of Grecian beauty, and other pieces of apparatus which he used, rude in construction, but ingenious in conception. It is a curious coincidence that his arrangement for the manufacture of gases came from the institute at Bristol, where Sir Humphry Davy served in his youth as an ap-

prentice. The latter, grown to manhood and to fame, was the first of several foreign scientists to call attention to the researches that gained for Cleaveland the title of Father of American Mineralogy. The larger place which his zeal won for natural science in the college curriculum, and especially his connection with the medical school as lecturer upon chemistry, gradually turned his energies from investigation and confined them to teaching.

Towards the close of his career, his reputation for proving all things was overshadowed by his fondness for holding fast to that which was good. The library of the medical school had enjoyed the bounty of the Legislature for several years after its establishment, and as a result contained the best medical and scientific treatises issued prior to 1834, when the State aid was withdrawn. A score of years later, a bookish student asked the professor for the best work on anatomy, and demurred a

little when his eye caught the date of the volume handed him.

"Why, professor," he began, "think of the great advance that medical science has made during the last thirty years, the new discoveries——"

"Young man," broke in the veteran bruskiy, "I am not aware that any new bone has been discovered in the human body since your birth!"

In striking contrast with the limited quarters in which Professor Cleaveland labored, there now stands an imposing Elizabethan structure, the gift of Edward F. Searles, admirably planned and thoroughly equipped for the use of the departments of chemistry, biology, and physics. That the intervening years have not been devoid of enthusiastic and successful study of science is amply shown by the position Cyrus F. Brackett holds among physicists, Alpheus S. Packard among entomologists, and Charles O. Whitman among biologists.

While its requirements for admission,



KING CHAPEL, BOWDOIN COLLEGE, NAMED AFTER WILLIAM KING, THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF MAINE—PART OF THE BUILDING IS OCCUPIED BY THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

as well as its aims and standing, were high from the first, Bowdoin may be said to have attained its majority, and to have become a college in the sense of a well organized institution with the different departments under their separate instructors, shortly after the accession of President William Allen in 1820. He established the medical school, which has since flourished at the side of the college and under the control of its trustees; he persuaded the new State of Maine to continue the annuity of three thousand dollars which the mother State of Massachusetts had granted; and, most important of all, he gathered about him an unusually able and talented faculty.

At this time Bowdoin may have dwelt, metaphorically speaking, in a log cabin; it surely had for teachers men who were masters. If their names are not remembered by the general public, it is because with patient industry, with conscientious devotion, in some cases with sacrifice of personal tastes, they gave themselves to the work of teaching others rather than of seeking fame for themselves. They carried an amount of recitation and routine work at which college professors of today would stand aghast.

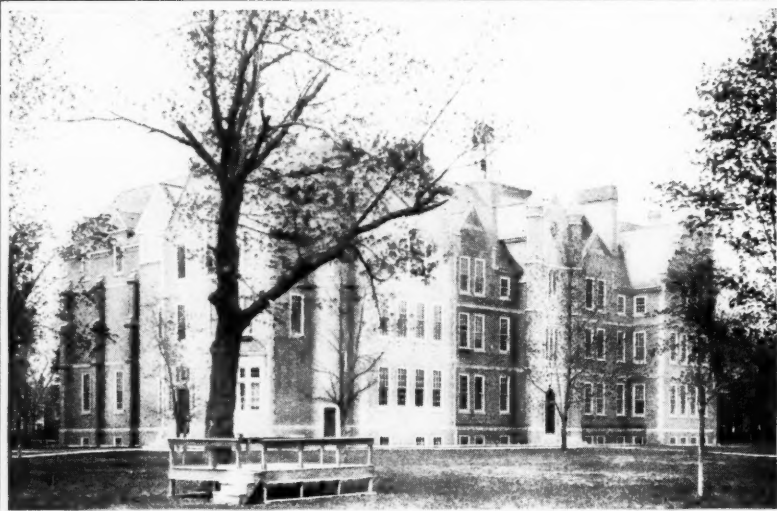
Take for instance the department of English, conducted for nearly a score of years by Samuel Phillips Newman. During the first term of the academic year, besides conducting college prayers and performing other executive duties



JAMES BOWDOIN, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS 1786-87, AFTER WHOM BOWDOIN COLLEGE WAS NAMED.

From the portrait painted by Robert Feke in 1748.

in the absence of the president, he received from the three upper classes seven hundred and fifty themes or essays. All of these save ninety were to be corrected and returned with comments. In the second term he had the same number of literary exercises to inspect, and seventy four recitations with the seniors in political economy. During the third term the juniors wrote for him three hundred themes, and the sophomores prepared three hundred and thirty translations. The seniors, presumably engaged on their commence-



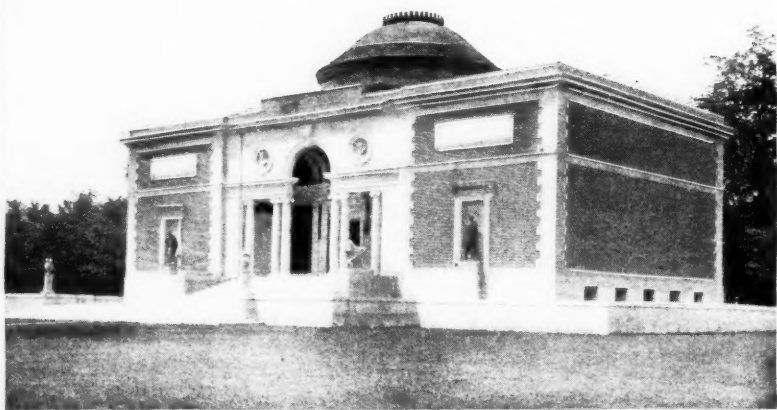
THE MARY FRANCES SEARLES BUILDING, OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE, THE FINE STRUCTURE IN WHICH THE DEPARTMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, AND BIOLOGY ARE HOUSED.

ment parts, were excused from other composition; but he had this term seventy two exercises in elocution with the freshmen, and thirty six recitations with the sophomores in rhetoric. Moreover, public declamations were con-

ducted on Wednesday afternoons during the fall and summer terms.

BOWDOIN'S PLACE IN LETTERS AND IN PUBLIC LIFE.

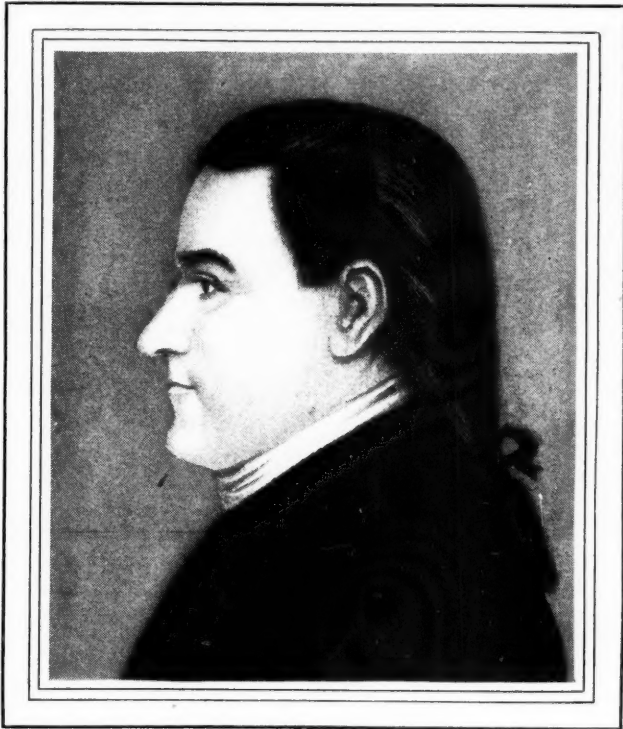
If this teacher is unknown, his pupils



THE WALKER ART BUILDING OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE, DESIGNED BY CHARLES F. MCKIM, AND ERECTED AS A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE THEOPHILUS W. WALKER, OF BOSTON.

are not. During their life at Bowdoin both Hawthorne and Longfellow conceived the desire, if they did not actually make the resolve, to devote themselves to literature. The college added nothing to the genius that won for each a rank among the world's authors; but it is fair to infer that those themes,

one President, two Secretaries of the Treasury, five Senators, and twelve Congressmen. That these men were not mere office holders the names of Seargent S. Prentiss of Mississippi, William Pitt Fessenden of Maine, and John P. Hale of New Hampshire will easily show.



THE REV. JOSEPH MCKEEN, D. D., THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

written so regularly, inspected so conscientiously, had a share in developing and training their literary powers. Is it a mere coincidence that the names of one in every twenty of the six hundred graduates who enjoyed Newman's instruction are mentioned in Adams' "Dictionary of American Authors"?

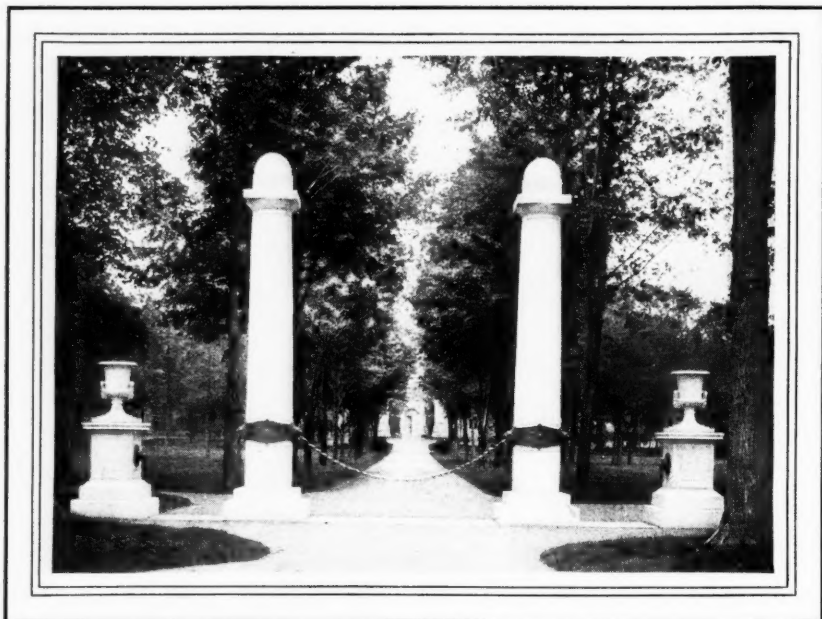
The labors of this same teacher would perhaps have been gladdened, as he prepared his brief manual on political economy, could he have foreseen the prominence subsequently gained in public life by certain of his pupils. For this same group of twenty one successive classes supplied the United States with

If a professor's life at Bowdoin in those older days was not an idle one, it must be added that the student's life was also marked by a healthful regularity in the hours allotted to work and play. He rose with the ringing of the chapel bell at six. Immediately after morning prayers, held in a building deemed too cold during the winter for any exercise lasting more than fifteen minutes, he attended the first recitation of the day. At its close came breakfast in Commons Hall. Since the association which conducted commons was under student management, and only charged a shilling a day for board, it is fair to

assume that the average collegian did not tarry long, and consequently had an hour and a half for recreation before the nine o'clock bell called him to study.

At eleven came the midday recitation. After that he had the opportunity of consulting the college library, open for

One of the most audacious and successful of these was the Lafayette hoax. The French patriot's tour in 1825, which was everywhere a triumphal procession, only extended to Portland on the east. It had been generally expected that Brunswick and the Kenne-



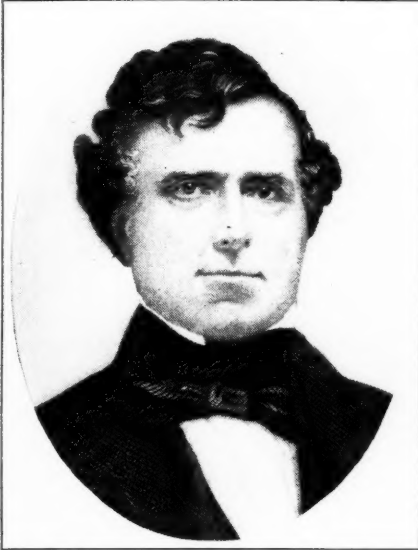
THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE ERECTED BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

an hour. Since no undergraduate was expected to borrow books oftener than once in three weeks, and the freshmen were limited to one book at a time, this opportunity did not keep many from dinner, which was served at about the same time. Study hours began again at two o'clock, and continued till the afternoon recitation, which preceded evening prayers by an hour. After prayers the third period for exercise and relaxation extended till eight o'clock.

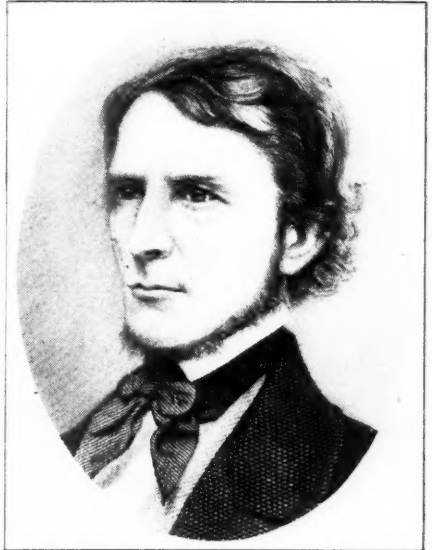
However, as Hawthorne reminds his classmate, Commodore Bridge, in the introduction to "The Snow Image," many tolerably good boys did "without permission of the executive government go a shooting or a fishing." There can be no doubt that some of the hours so carefully assigned by the regulations to study or to sleep were spent in concocting and executing various "scrapes."

bee would be included. Aware of this, a few enterprising spirits determined to personate the hero of the Revolution and his staff. One or two of the number set the bells ringing, and started the rumor of his near approach, which needed no help for circulation. Cannon were fired; the shops and mills were closed; a procession was hastily formed, with the few musicians that could be secured on such short notice at the head; and the pretended Lafayette was escorted through the main streets.

The latter, a student who afterwards won reputation for himself at the New York bar, dressed in regimentals, and standing in an open carriage with his aide by his side, outdid the gallant Frenchman himself in the bows and gestures with which he acknowledged the enthusiastic greetings that were extended on every hand. At one door,



FRANKLIN PIERCE (CLASS OF 1824), UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE, FOURTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN (CLASS OF 1823), UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MAINE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

where a group of particularly fair ladies were waving their handkerchiefs with eyes dim with emotion and excitement,

he alighted and expressed his appreciation with the tenderest of salutations. The conclusion of the scene was a sup-

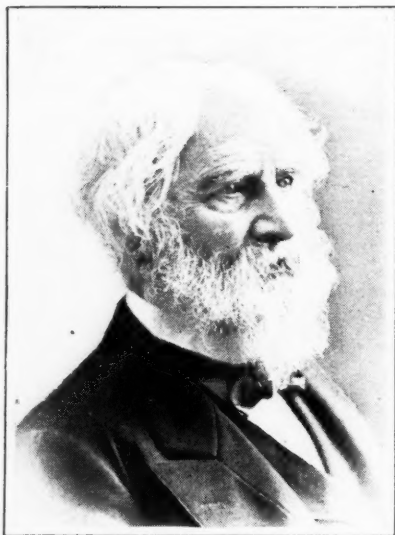


JOHN P. HALE (CLASS OF 1827), UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

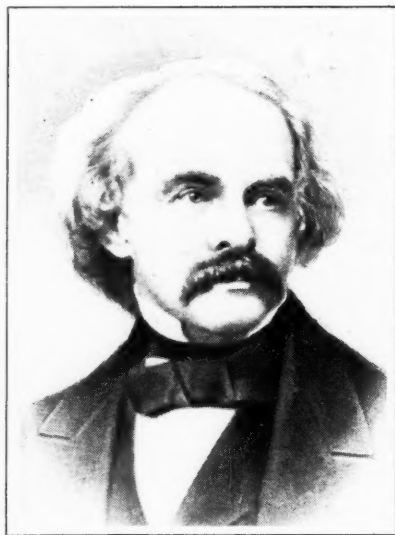


JOHN ALBION ANDREW (CLASS OF 1837), THE CIVIL WAR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

FOUR FAMOUS ALUMNI OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

TWO FAMOUS MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1825 AT BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

per in the old inn, described by Hawthorne in his boyhood romance of "Fanshawe," and a grand bonfire on the campus, at which many of the participants narrowly escaped being blown up along with the barrel of gunpowder exploded in honor of the successful personator.

THE COLLEGE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

While nature has not lavished all her charms upon Brunswick, she has given the college an environment of quiet beauty. The picture Longfellow drew, scores of years ago, has been realized every succeeding June.

I can almost fancy myself in Spain, the morning is so soft and beautiful. The tessellated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon my study floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild brier and the mock orange. The birds are caroling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine; while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of the doves from the eaves, and the whirring of a little hummingbird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun.

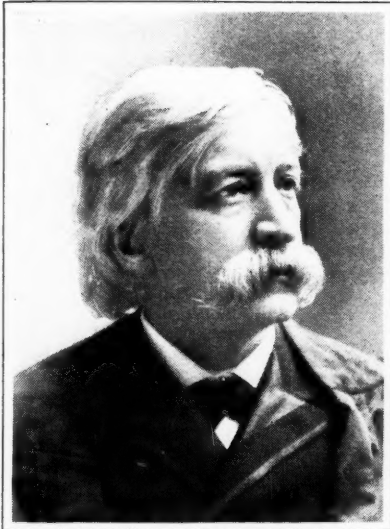
The spacious quadrangle on which the dormitories face is truly an attractive spot. The Romanesque chapel, designed by Richard Upjohn, has two lofty towers terminating in graceful spires which are landmarks miles

away. A glimpse of them caught by the returning graduate calls to mind the stately interior beneath, with its high walls decorated with copies in fresco of Raphael's masterpieces, with its clerestory windows rich in stained glass and biblical emblems, and, most sacred of all, with its memories of the prayers of the venerable and venerated teacher whom in 1875 the author of "Morituri Salutamus" addressed as follows:

They are no longer here, they all are gone
Into the land of shadows—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him whom living we salute!

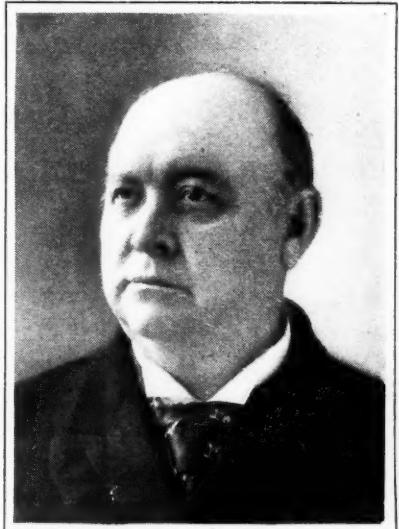
At the end of the chapel walk, the class which graduated that year has recently erected a costly entrance of cut granite and bronze. From its simple but graceful columns one reaches in a few steps the beautiful classical structure designed by Charles F. McKim for the Misses Walker of Boston as a memorial of their uncle, Theophilus W. Walker. Here, behind a portal flanked with bronze statues of Sophocles and Demosthenes, and guarded by stone replicas of the lions of the Loggia dei Lanzi, are preserved the art treasures of the college.

In Hubbard Hall, the gift of General



MELVILLE W. FULLER (CLASS OF 1853), CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.



THOMAS B. REED (CLASS OF 1860), FORMERLY SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From a copyrighted photograph by Chickering, Boston.

TWO DISTINGUISHED LIVING ALUMNI OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

and Mrs. Thomas H. Hubbard, of New York, Henry Vaughan has designed a library building which not only affords fire proof accommodations for a quarter of a million volumes, but also by its seventeenth century Gothic architecture gives a bit of Old England air to this New England college. The pinnacles of the entrance tower, seen at a distance over the tops of the surrounding pines, mingle with the chapel spires, and easily awaken memories of Oxford.

Under the able administration of President William De Witt Hyde, Bowdoin's curriculum has been enriched, its faculty enlarged, its resources doubled, and the number of its students materially increased. It still remains a small college. Not till the last decade have its graduating classes averaged fifty. The alumni do not form an army—though it may be said in passing that one in four of all those then living served in the Civil War, and one in fifty attained the rank of general. But Alma Mater is proud of them, and they are loyal to her.

Among her sons who come back annually to shape her policy and direct her affairs are the Chief Justice of the

United States, the President of the United States Senate, and two major generals who won fame on the hills of Gettysburg. Among those sure to receive an ovation as they rise at alumni dinners are Ex Speaker Thomas B. Reed, Robert E. Peary, the arctic explorer, and, honored for what he is as well as for what he has done, General Thomas H. Hubbard.

It is not, however, at their own gatherings alone that Bowdoin men are known and appreciated. Their country is not ignorant of them. That useful reference book, "Who's Who in America," mentions, in round numbers, ten thousand men and women, or, on an average, one person for every seven thousand of the population. At its last Commencement Bowdoin had 1629 living graduates. If from this number there are deducted those who have been out in the world less than five years—a short time for a college boy to win his spurs—it will be found that the editor of "Who's Who in America" has deemed one of every fifteen of the graduates of this "down East" college worthy of record among the notable people of the day.

STORIETTES

On the Overland.

I.

At Pasadena Ralston boarded the California Overland. He passed through the train to the Pullman, and dropped into the seat which had been reserved for him by wire. A woman in half mourning occupied the section opposite. He could not see her face, but he divined from the outline of her figure that she was young and good looking.

Ralston, following her example, fell to an inattentive inspection of the scenery. They were being whirled through orange groves lined with ragged eucalyptus or graceful pepper trees. Occasionally the oiled track crossed a beautiful country road fringed with rows of palms and century plants. Further up the valley they emerged into the desert, where the blooming magnolia and the splendid flowering yucca caught and held the eye.

But Ralston was restless, and the scenery failed to interest him; nor did the magazine into which he plunged prove of much more avail. At last he tossed it aside.

"What rot the magazines sometimes print!" he said, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"I beg pardon. Did you speak?"

Even as he turned his head Ralston felt the thrill of vivid life rush through him. He had not heard that voice for five years, but he would have known it among ten thousand. The gray eyes met the brown ones.

"Kate!"

"Robert!"

Then both together: "What are you doing away out here?"

He explained that he was on his way back from the Philippines, where he had been the correspondent of an illustrated weekly. She, it appeared, was returning to the East from a visit to an aunt in Los Angeles. For an hour they talked of the people and the places they had known. He studied her covertly.

"Let me see—it must be four years since I saw you last."

"Five. Have I changed much?"

"No, I can't say that you have. People

don't change much as a rule; they merely develop. You were only a girl when I left. Of course, it was open to you to develop in any one of several ways, but I can look back and see that you are what one might have logically expected you to become."

"Dear me, is it as bad as that?" she said lightly.

"As good, I should call it," he answered gravely. She shot a quick, sidelong glance at him. "Often, out in the Philippines, when I was lying in the night, looking up at the stars in the sky and trying to find the softest spot of a cavalry saddle for a pillow, I have wondered what you would be like when I met you again. Marriage often changes a woman so completely."

"I thought you said that people don't change, that they only develop."

"I'll modify it, then. Marriage sometimes changes a woman completely, for better or worse."

There is no place like an overland train for quick friendships, unless it may be an ocean liner. Casual acquaintances of many years' standing become intimate in a day. Long before the train had reached Albuquerque Ralston was wondering whether his boyhood's love was to devour him again. Kate was free; her husband had been dead three years, and her old charm appealed to him as subtly as ever. He wished the journey would never end. He noted jealously how one familiar point after another was passed. It seemed scarce an hour since lunch when the porter came through the car calling, "Twenty five minutes for dinner at Albuquerque!" Then there was a rush for the Harvey House, a short tramp up and down the platform, and again the train was clipping off the miles between it and Chicago.

Kate noticed that he began to grow nervous; his eyes were shining with a steady glow that frightened her. Once he took out his watch, and she heard him say softly under his breath, "Twelve hours more!" She knew that at La Junta he would change for Denver, and she felt an impending crisis approaching. But her feeling was all of joy—a joy so fierce and poignant that it was scarce akin to happiness.

She had married a man who had not loved her, and whom she had not loved.



HE HAD NOT HEARD THAT VOICE FOR FIVE YEARS, BUT HE WOULD HAVE KNOWN IT AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

They had been friends, and nothing more. Now this young man's wild passion found ready echo in her love starved heart. Always she had loved him, though never till this day had she admitted it to herself.

The porter came round to make up the berths. They moved to an adjoining section, and forgot the passing hours; forgot everything except each other's presence. More than one passenger watched them

curiously and wondered what fascinating topic held them in such rapt interest. The last lingerer from the smoking section had long since retired before they took any cognizance of time. At last he looked at his watch absently. He was startled to see that it was past one o'clock.

"It must be late," she said, noting for the first time that the lights were low and that they were alone.

"No, it's early," he replied unblushingly. "Don't go yet. You'll have plenty of time to sleep after I leave you."

She stayed, against her judgment. She told herself that she would leave him in a few minutes. He had not mentioned love; but she felt the strong undertow of it through all his turbid speech. When at last she broke away from him it was to lie the night through in vivid wakefulness.

For Ralston, the night was filled with the stress of emotion. The one woman in the world for him was in the section across the aisle, and he had to face the fact that he was bound to another. Two years before, in that utter loneliness of soul that comes to men in exile, he had met Major Remington's daughter, and had asked her to marry him. She had neither accepted nor rejected him; but when she left for the States, three months later, there had been an understanding between them that he was to seek her out and renew his suit when he came back to America. He had been detained in the Philippines longer than he had expected, but he was now on his way to her.

II.

THEY were both up early from a sleepless night, and they drifted together again inevitably. At Raton, where there was a half hour's delay, they paced up and down the platform under the deep blue sky of the Southwest. Wondering passengers stopped to look after this well matched pair—the tall young woman with the earnest face, and the taller young man with the free tread and the daring eyes which had a way of growing suddenly tender and wistful when he looked at his companion.

Presently they were climbing the mountainside, with two engines in front and another behind to push. The woman could see the burning misery in the man's eyes, and from him to her there passed the subtle sense of some alien force which divided them.

"You are not married?" she asked him suddenly.

"No, I am not—married."

"You mean that——?"

A reckless bitterness welled up in him. "You may congratulate me. I am probably on my way to be married."

Her level eyes fixed him. They were both very white.

"Probably, you say. Don't you know?"

"There was a provisional engagement. It was understood that I was to offer myself again when I returned."

"And you do not love her? So much your tone implies."

"I never loved but the one woman. I have played at love with others."

She shivered. "It is horrible. You must not do it—you have no right!"

"Sometimes a man has signed away his right to do right," he answered steadily. "I thought it all out last night, and I shall live up to the letter of my agreement."

A brakeman passed through the car calling: "Next stop La Junta—change cars for Pueblo, Denver, Colorado Springs, and all points north of there!"

The train slackened speed, jarred down to a halt. He rose and looked down on her with dumb, anguished eyes. He did not kiss her; he did not even touch her hand.

"Whatever happens, I want you to remember that I never loved but the one woman."

She answered, "I shall remember, Robert."

Ralston swung from the car into a collision with Lieutenant Hasbrough of the Seventh Infantry.

"I say, my man, be a little careful—well, where did you drop from, Ralston? Wasn't it at Samar I saw you last—or was it Talao? You were doing a picture of a burning Gugu village. Hang it, but I'm glad to see you! Where you bound for? Denver? I just came down from there—been attending Nan Remington's wedding—member her?—second daughter of Major Remington of Bell's brigade."

Ralston's pulse hammered. He gripped the lieutenant's arm with a clutch like steel. "Whose wedding did you say?" he demanded.

Hasbrough eyed him curiously, but charitably laid his excitement to a lingering touch of the island fever. Quietly he extricated his arm. "Miss Nan Remington—I say, Ralston, you needn't grow so enthusiastic. I'm not the groom."

"You're sure?"

"Sure I'm not the groom?" laughed the lad.

"No, sure of the wedding. There's no possibility of any mistake, is there?"

The lieutenant roared. "Mistake? I guess not. Why, hang it, I stood up with

the man—Jenkins of the artillery. You must remember him."

Ralston climbed up the steps down which he had just come. The car conductor barred his way.

"This isn't the Denver train, sir. It's on the other track."

Ralston laughed happily. "Let it stay there. I'm not looking for it."

"Oh, I thought you said——" began the perplexed official.

"Said! Great streaks of thunder! A man's liable to *say* anything. There's no tariff on changing your mind since I left the country, is there? I'm going to Chicago."

And Ralston smilingly spun the conductor out of his way and reëntered Eden.

William MacLeod Raine.

Gray Wolf, Great Warrior.

FAR out on the line of the Southern Pacific is Carson's. Why it should be just there, rather than a hundred miles to east or west, is not apparent; for the dead flat of the desert is stretched far about it, broken only by sudden and unexpected lumps and slashes in the sun baked soil.

The trains stop at Carson's; consequently it holds itself above Alkali Plains, where they do not stop. Once a pitifully unwise stranger suggested, in Casey's place, that this was because of the water tank at Carson's.

Beside the water tank there were fully half a dozen buildings—the little station that crouched beside the track, Carson's ranch buildings, the New York Racket Store, Casey's place, and two shacks.

When the West bound express stopped at Carson's and took on water, Eastern passengers would alight to stretch their legs and get a close range view of "the West." Old Joe sat upon the ground near the track, consented to be viewed, and sold them arrow heads, and pin cushions made from the pith of cactus stalks.

There had been a "personally conducted" excursion of Boston school-ma'ams to California, and Old Joe's sales had been large. He had almost two dollars, the wherewithal to procure "heap much" firewater. When the train had gone he made his way to Casey's place and laid his little handful of silver on the bar. It was his habit to hand over all the money he had, and then drink as long as Casey would supply him.

Old Joe was a prominent figure at Carson's, just as a fly speck will stand out

clearly on a well polished window pane. He had always been there, yet he seemed no older now than fifteen years before, when Carson first unhooked his weary team and drove his corner stake. He was dirty beyond all description. His costume consisted of a mass of patches called by courtesy trousers, a red blanket, and a plug hat. The hat had blown off a West bound train one munificent day. How he lived no one might say; he was never seen to eat anything, nor did he ever beg anything.

There was an unusually large crowd at Casey's on this particular afternoon. Two drummers were waiting for the evening express, and they were not accustomed to the brand Casey handed out. They thought they saw a chance for some fun when Old Joe appeared.

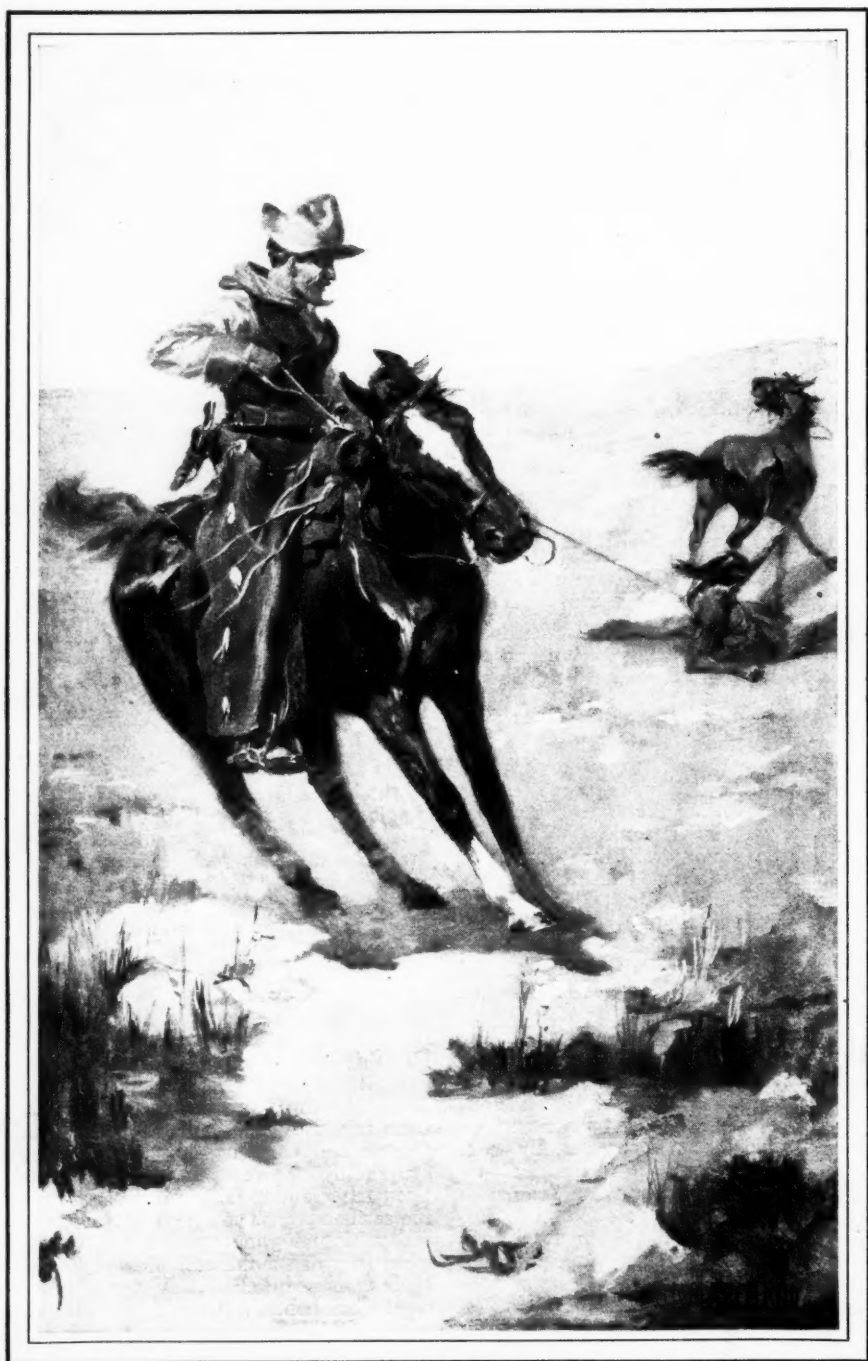
"Say, fellows," the fat one whispered, "let's get the old Injun drunk. Maybe we can get him to do a scalp dance."

The work of making Old Joe drunk proceeded merrily. The boys couldn't see the fun of wasting good whisky on him, but it was at the expense of a stranger, so they made no remarks. By and by he sat down upon the floor and began to chant a low, droning song. Suddenly he rose and shambled unsteadily out of the door. No one moved to stop him; the fat drummer was sleeping calmly and didn't know.

Out in the street Old Joe paused, then staggered away towards the horse corrals. The open prairie lay before him, and the far, free stretches were calling, calling. In his muddled fancy he was young again—not Old Joe, the vagabond, but Gray Wolf, the great warrior.

He turned and retraced his steps. Before Casey's a dozen broncos were tied to the hitching rail. Quickly Old Joe threw the saddle from the first one he reached, and sprang upon his bare back. He whirled him about and smacked his flank sharply with his open hand.

Just as the bronco sprang away, the swinging door of the bar opened, and Carson and Georgia stepped out. They saw the flying figure, the saddle tumbled upon the ground, and their yells aroused the settlement. The stolen horse was already beyond gun range, but in a moment they had mounted and were lashing their horses in chase. A dozen others strung out behind. Carson, upon his big brown Chief, was far in the lead, and gained on the cow pony rapidly. Presently he whirled his lariat, and a long, sinuous coil shot through the air, to drop neatly about the Indian's shoulders.



THE NEXT INSTANT OLD JOE WAS ROLLING UPON THE GROUND.

There was a scattering of sand as Chief settled back for the shock, and the next instant Old Joe was rolling upon the ground.

The rest of the procession arrived with much joyous whoopings. Twenty yards away, on the edge of a small gully, was a tree, the only one in many miles that could support the weight of a man. They hauled Old Joe towards it.

Suddenly Georgia stepped into the circle that had formed about the little tree.

"Look a heah, boys! Ah don't jest think this here is exactly the fair play, this here Old Joe bein' plum locoed, an' not jest responsible. An' any way, he's too old ter string up, even ef yer wanten ferget the time he brung in Tomkins on his back, when he found him out in the bresh with his laig broke. Now, this heah don't come off."

Georgia spoke with a languid drawl, but his hand had fallen suggestively to his Bowie hilt. There was not a man in the circle but had more than once heard the whistle of angry lead, yet there was a sudden backing off; such is the respect given to the unusual. Georgia's chief peculiarity, aside from his poetry, was his preference of the knife to the gun. He could stick his knife without fail in a two inch circle at fifty feet, and his capacity for assimilating bullets without apparent inconvenience rivaled that of a grizzly bear. Besides, they didn't care especially about hanging Old Joe; it had been merely the natural impulse of habit; and they liked Georgia.

Carson broke the somewhat constrained silence that had fallen.

"Aw, let the old nigger go, boys! Come on back to Casey's and have another round."

Old Joe watched them gallop off with unmoved face. The shock of his fall had sobered him, but without a word he watched Georgia go also, out towards the range. When all had disappeared he stood upright and cast the red blanket from his shoulders. He kicked off the ragged trousers, and, with winding steps, began to dance about the little tree. He sang a dull and heavy chant:

Gray Wolf was once a great chief.
Now the jackal laughs at Old Joe;
It is time for the old to die.
Old Joe will steal the brown horse Chief;
He will ride far away across the prairie,
He will ride to the far off hills
Where once he was a great warrior.
There he will lay down and die!
There are no young men that are red;
The Indians are gone, the white men are many;
It is time for the Gray Wolf to die.

Out on the range the cattle shifted about and tossed their heads restlessly. The cowboys walked their horses round and round the bands while they sang low voiced chants to reassure them.

Georgia patted his Kentucky mare's neck and crooned softly to the uneasy cattle. He sang an endless sentimental ballad of his own composition. Georgia's greatest failing, according to Carson's, was his poetic propensity. After his eighteenth drink it was his custom to mount the bar at the Palace and sing. He would sing for a long time, sometimes two hours; and he would allow no one to leave while his solo was in progress.

Georgia was thinking tonight of a little cabin set amid the liveoaks by the bank of a far off river. About it the mocking birds were singing, and the breath of the magnolia came sweet on the breeze. Perhaps he was thinking of a girl, some slender, dark eyed girl. He heaved a sigh that caused the Kentucky mare to start, and sang:

Oh, the cattle is a croppin' of the grass,
An' the moon is a risin' 'hind the hill,
While Ah'm thinkin' of a girl so far away,
Where Ah listened to the plaintive whippoorwill!

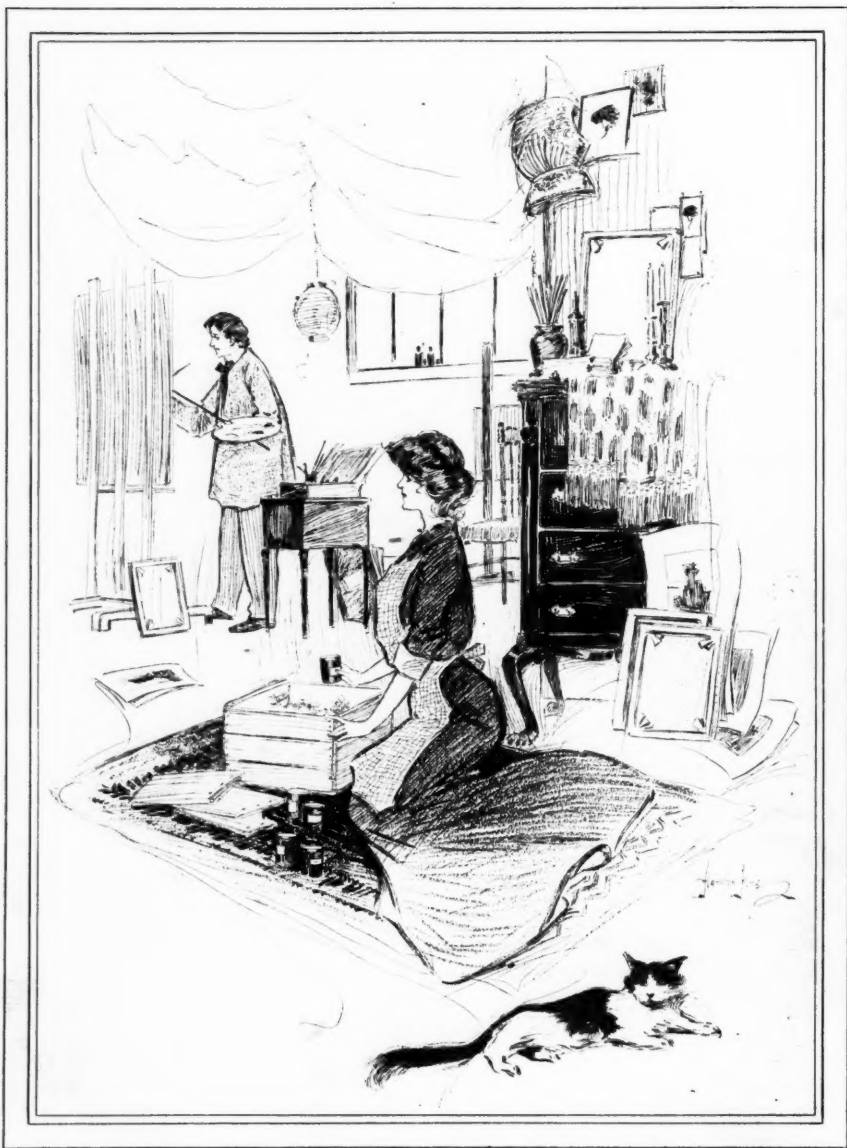
Georgia paused to admire this composition, then opened his mouth to continue. Suddenly the mare threw up her head, her ears pointed forward. Faint and far off the cowboy could hear the drumming of galloping hoofs and at the same moment the cattle broke.

No man may say what spirit of fear it is that suddenly seizes the steers and sends them flying in blind panic of terror through the night. Suddenly the vast herd was charging down upon the cowboy, the moonlight flashing from the horn tips as from the bayonets of an army, while the earth shook beneath the trampling hoofs. Before Georgia could wheel, they were almost upon him. He dug his spurs into the mare's sides and lashed her furiously with his quirt. Nothing could check the fury of that rush; the only escape was to outrun the fleet steers.

Slowly he drew away from the tossing horns. Now he led by a hundred yards, and with eager eyes glanced to either side in the hope of edging out of the path of the living tornado; but for a quarter of a mile on either hand the horn tips glimmered. On his left flank, and rapidly gaining, there thundered a dark form. He guessed that it must be Chief—the only horse that could overhaul the Kentucky mare. He wondered curiously who the rider might be, and what their business on the range at that hour.

The next instant the mare's fore foot sank to the knee in a prairie dog hole, and Georgia went flying over her head.

As Chief swept down towards the still form, Old Joe leaned from his saddle, and as they tore past he grasped the collar of



"SIX CANS OF WHITE CHERRIES AND THREE OF EVERYTHING ELSE; AND WHITE CHERRIES ARE MY FAVORITES!"

[See *Storiette* "A Fox from Home," page 595.]

Even as he fell he heard the sharp snap of the mare's leg. He struck fair upon his head, and the moonlight was blotted out in blackness.

Georgia's coat and swung him deftly up. Soon the double burden began to tell upon the gallant horse, and the thunder of the following hoofs came neare. One glance

Old Joe cast behind him; then from the saddle he took the rawhide lariat, the lariat that earlier in the night had circled about his own shoulders, and with quick turns bound the unconscious form he held to the saddle. Then he slipped to the ground, and Chief sprang away.

Half an hour later he whinnied at the corral at Carson's. The boys unbound Georgia and poured whisky down his throat. His shoulder was dislocated, but otherwise he was not seriously injured. When he had regained consciousness they deluged him with questions.

"Well, ef that don't beat all!" Carson remarked mildly. "Suppose you boys go round up them steers an' see what you kin see, anyhow."

Back on the range they found them, the Kentucky mare and the dead Indian. By some strange chance his face had been spared by the iron hoofs; but it was not the countenance of Old Joe that they saw. It was a strong and noble face; the thin lips were parted in a smile of triumph.

Through the long summer twilights, when he sat alone by his little camp fire out on the range, Georgia chipped at a little block of gray stone; and by and by it was placed above the spot where they had buried the mangled form of Old Joe. Rudely cut were the words:

GRAY WOLF

WHO WAS A GREAT WARRIOR.

When the trains stop at Carson's, and the passengers get out to stretch their legs and get a close range view of "the West," they look about for the old Indian of whom their friends spoke as selling curios, and so well illustrating the decay of the red man; and, not seeing him, are a little disappointed.

Emmett Campbell Hall.

A Box From Home.

I.

In response to a knock, Mrs. Harmon opened the studio door, to find Wynne Wright on the threshold.

"May I come in and wait for him?" the visitor asked, when she told him her husband was not at home. "I came to say good by," he added as he removed his coat. "I sail for America tomorrow. I'm going home to spend Thanksgiving."

"That is nice," replied Mrs. Harmon, trying not to feel envy because Wright had won success, had "painted his picture," while her husband was still unknown and poor.

"Yes," the young artist said, making himself comfortable in an easy chair, "my home is up in New York State, and maybe I won't be glad to see the old place and the folks again!"

"I can imagine how glad," returned Mrs. Harmon. "My home was in New York State, too." She smiled as she spoke, but there was a note in her voice that made Wright give her a keen look.

"There, now I've gone and made you homesick!" he cried penitently. "How stupid of me! I fancied you were from New York City, but I might have known you were from farther up the State; you're so hospitable."

Mrs. Harmon did not reply. She was looking out of a window, her eyes on the Paris street, her thoughts three thousand miles away in a snug, well kept house at the edge of a green and white town.

"Are your parents living?" inquired Wright. Since the subject had been opened, he knew that her loneliness would be lessened by talking of her old home.

"I don't know," she answered hesitatingly. "You see, they did not approve of my marriage. Father objected to Harold because he was an artist. If he had painted houses or signs, it would have been all right; but pictures—— 'If you marry that painter,' father told me, 'I never want to see you or to hear from you again.' The next week I ran away to New York, married Harold, and we came to Paris. I've been very happy ever since, but I get lonely at holiday times."

The conversation was interrupted by footsteps and the sound of whistling in the hall outside, and a moment later Harold Harmon pushed the door open with his foot. His arms were full of bundles.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the guest. "Going to stay and have tea with us?"

Harmon was a good looking young fellow, with a fine, frank face, and a habit of cheerful whistling which did not always accord with his inner mood.

"Yes," Wright said in answer to his host's question, and told his news. Harmon did not even have to try not to feel bitterness, although he knew himself to be as clever and as much in earnest as the other man, and as deserving of success.

When the meal was over, the two men smoked and talked art, while Mrs. Harmon sat sewing, silent for the most part, but occasionally asking intelligent questions. There was nothing to mar the evening's enjoyment until some one on the floor above began playing American college songs on a piano. Harmon began

whistling a gay French air as soon as the music stopped, and his wife hummed the tune with him; but Wright could see that though she resolutely kept her voice steady, her hands were trembling.

"Good by, old man," said Harmon, when the guest rose to go. "Take care of yourself, and eat some Thanksgiving turkey for us. Perhaps this time next year we'll be taking a run over to the old country ourselves."

Mrs. Harmon shook hands without speaking, but with a look in her eyes that haunted Wright during his voyage.

II.

BUNDLED up in a sleigh, with snow whirling about his ears, Wright was a cheerful and contented man, although he still had ten miles to travel; but when the horse stopped before a huge drift and refused to go further, he began to doubt the ways of the Providence that had sent a good, old fashioned snow storm just at Thanksgiving time.

"We can't never in the world get there tonight," remarked the driver.

"Let's try, any way," urged Wright. At the end of that ten miles were his home, his parents, and the woman he had thought of so often during his gay, lonely years in Paris.

"Tain't no use," returned the man. "We'd be jest plumb crazy if we went ahead. The best thing we can do is to make for that farm house and ask 'em to keep us over night. If we get an early start tomorrow morning, you'll be home in plenty of time for dinner."

Wright looked over to where lights shone across the snow, and then at the opaque whiteness in front of them. "I guess you are right," he admitted.

The farm house was occupied by a gray haired couple who, it was easy to see, lived lives of monotonous comfort. When the guest had been warmed and fed, the three sat around the fire in the "best room," the old couple listening to the young man's easy, pleasant talk.

"So you are an artist," said the host thoughtfully. "I used to think paintin' pictures wasn't much of a business, but I've kind o' changed my mind. I guess it don't matter so much what you do as long as ye work the best ye kin at it and stay honest. When I was in New York my cousin took me to a museum of art. There was a picture there I liked pretty well. It was the picture of an old man walkin' the streets lookin' for his lost daughter. It jest talked, that picture did."

After this speech the host relapsed into a reverie. Wright, too, was inclined to silence. The old man's words had brought Mrs. Harmon and her story to his mind.

"I wonder what you are thinking," said the old lady suddenly. She had been watching the artist's face. She liked Wright for his pleasant blue eyes, his kindly, polished manner, and his respect for age.

Wright roused himself with a start. "I was thinking of a friend of mine, an artist who is in Paris struggling for a foothold, and of his wife—particularly of his wife, and the look in her eyes when I told her I was coming home to spend Thanksgiving. She's pretty lonely over there, but she's a fine, plucky little woman, and never lets her husband suspect that she doesn't find a studio far superior to a house as a place to live in."

"What's a studio like?" inquired his hostess.

Wynne described Harmon's studio, with its north skylight, its curtains and cushions of Oriental stuffs, and the divan which could be turned into a bed; its meager housekeeping appointments, shut off from view by a handsome screen, and its walls that were rapidly being covered with unsold pictures. It was a far cry from that studio to the prim, stately room in which he sat.

After their guest had gone up stairs the old couple stayed a while by the fire. The man broke a long silence by saying in a hesitating way:

"Mother, s'posin' that was Helen!"

During the days that followed, Wright thought little of his entertainers or the Harmons, but both were recalled to his mind by a letter. The epistle was written in a cramped hand, and proved to be from his host at the farm house:

DEAR SIR:

After you left mother and I got talking about the young folks off in Paris, and the upshot was that we packed a box for them, which we send to you as we do not know their address. Will you please forward the box? I send you a check to defray expenses. Tell them it is from two old people who wish them well.

Wife and I trust this will find you in good health, as it leaves us.

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

III.

It was the Harmons' day at home, but the afternoon was rainy and no one called. Mrs. Harmon, looking a winsome hostess in a house dress she had made herself, wandered about the studio in a fit of idleness

that was rare indeed with her, in the intervals between putting the kettle on to boil and taking it off again.

Her husband was stretched out on the divan. He was passing through one of those periods of discouragement that beset every artist, when painting is impossible, and inspiration seems to have gone forever. Neither of the pair felt inclined to talk, and the silence was broken only by the ticking of the clock and the drip of the rain outside.

The arrival of a mysterious box proved a welcome diversion. It was from America, so much they could see from the outside; but who had sent it, or what it contained, they could only guess. When it was opened, Mrs. Harmon knelt on the rug and began the interesting task of investigation.

"Hal," she cried, when she had taken out a quantity of excelsior, "it's filled with canned fruit and jelly!" She lifted out a glass of ruby tinted jelly, and held it up to the light; then dived into the box again and brought forth a jar of peaches. "Just think, Hal, these are from home," she said softly. "I wonder who could have sent them!"

As her husband saw her kneeling in the center of a widening circle of jars and glasses, his thoughts went back to the days before their marriage. He had often seen the kitchen table in her old home filled with just such jars and glasses, when he had sat near the open door on summer evenings, watching Helen as she put everything in order for the night. The contrast between that home and the one he had been able to give her struck him with a new and stinging force. For the first time, perhaps, he realized what it means to a woman to leave home and kindred and follow the fortunes of her husband.

His reflections were interrupted by the arrival of Wright's letter of explanation, which should have come before the box, but had been delayed.

"The dear old souls!" exclaimed Mrs. Harmon, as she went back to her unpacking, after looking over her husband's shoulder while he read the letter. "There are six cans of white cherries and three of everything else; and white cherries are my favorites!"

Her husband scarcely heard. He was at his easel, sketching the outlines of a picture with bold, sure strokes.

An hour passed—two; and he was still at work. It was not until the light was so uncertain that he could no longer see to paint that he laid down his brush and went over to help his wife compose her let-

ter of thanks, a letter that was sent in Wright's care, and which three days later went down into the ocean with a wrecked steamer.

IV.

It was a spring day in New York. Fifth Avenue was gay with smiling, well dressed people; silver mounted harness shone in the sunlight, and the air was fragrant with the odor of countless flowers.

The art gallery was well filled when Mr. Osgood and his wife entered. After wandering aimlessly about for a time, the old couple seated themselves in a quiet corner.

"It was nice of Mr. Wright to send us the tickets, but I 'most wish we hadn't come," sighed Mrs. Osgood. "I feel out of place among all these fine people."

"You're just as fine as any of them," declared her husband. He was looking, not at the antiquated mantle nor the quiet bonnet, but into the face between, a face that was full of the kindness that is never out of fashion. "Mr. Wright'll be here, likely," the old man continued, "and then we won't feel so lonesome. My, what a lot of pictures! Some of 'em look just like places on the farm, and some don't look like no spot the Lord ever made!"

Presently they caught a glimpse of Wright, surrounded by a little group of people who all seemed eager to talk with him. When he saw the old couple, he left the others, and came towards them with his hand out.

"How do you do?" he said. "Shall we walk through the rooms? There's one picture here I am particularly anxious to show you. I think you'll be surprised and pleased."

In the next room Wright paused and stepped a little to one side to watch the effect of the picture upon his guests. The painting showed the interior of an artistic but somewhat bare studio. On the floor before a wooden box a woman knelt, in the center of a sea of preserve jars. Her gingham apron, worn over a house dress that had something French and fetching about it, gave a touch of simple color to the picture. The light from a window at one side of the studio brought the woman's pleased, wistful face into bold relief.

"I hear that picture has brought the artist fame and fortune," remarked one of the bystanders to Wright. "What does he call it?"

"It is named 'A Box From Home,'" returned Wright. He was studying the faces of the old couple, and telling himself that he had been mistaken in supposing

that they would appreciate the sentiment of the picture. They were gazing at it almost stupidly, with their hands on the velvet railing. "The artist and his wife arrive today," Wright said to the man beside him. "I am going from here to the steamer to meet them."

The old man turned about squarely so that he faced Wright. "You say she is—they are coming today?" he exclaimed in a tone of wonder.

"Today?" echoed the old lady in a voice that trembled.

And Wright knew that they understood.

Ina Brevoort Roberts.

Mademoiselle's Love Story.

I.

MIDNIGHT sounded from the great tower clock. In the courtyard the sentinel paced to and fro, his slow footfalls muffled by the somber walls. From his window the Frenchman, who seemed so young to be an officer and so pitifully young to be a prisoner, gazed down at him with something of longing in his boyish eyes.

"*Eh bien*," said he finally to his own thoughts, "one must die some time, and why not now?"

Since this was unanswerable, he fell to humming a gay little song about brave hearts and dark eyes and the gardens of fair France. He was ridiculously young to be under sentence of death.

Suddenly the door opened and shut softly.

"What now?" said he, straining his eyes in the darkness. "Another visit, *mon colonel*? Ah, you English are a sociable race!"

"Hush!" came a girl's voice tremulously. "It is I—his daughter."

The careless form on the window ledge straightened to its feet, and the Frenchman made a low bow.

"*Mademoiselle* honors me," he said. "Is there anything I can do for *mademoiselle*? Truly I am not in a position to confer many favors"—his glance rested quizzically on the iron bars of the window—"but if there is aught—"

The girl came forward into the moonlight, and he saw that her lips were trembling, but her eyes were very brave.

"I have come to tell you," she said, "that it is not right, this thing that my father is going to do. He knows you are no spy; but he is very angry, and when he is angry he does things he is sorry for aftertimes. You were found within our lines, you angered him, and so—"

"You distress yourself without cause, *mademoiselle*," said the prisoner. "Your father is but one among the English officers with whom I have had this—this misunderstanding. I had hoped the papers I carried would prove my errand to them; but it seems they disbelieve."

"Oh, *monsieur*!" stammered the girl. "I have to crave forgiveness for my father. He alone has seen those papers, and he has told—I know not why, *monsieur*"—her voice sank low, distressed and full of shame—"but he has told the other officers that they are plans of the fortifications. You see now why they condemn you without a hearing."

The Frenchman drew a sharp breath. "Ah, I see," he said softly. "*Monsieur le colonel* has a retentive memory. In France we were once seconds at a duel, and his principal was not—well, I said certain things that it pleases him to avenge now." He checked himself. "I regret, *mademoiselle*, that your kind heart should be grieved. These things of war seem harsh to you; they are men's matters. I thank *mademoiselle* that she has let me know one English heart holds a thought for a stranger and an enemy."

"I had seen you at the ball at Quebec," confessed the girl, moving back into the darkness, "and I knew your face was the face of a man who did not lie. So yesterday, when I heard you say that your papers would prove your right to be held as a prisoner of war, and not as a spy, I believed you, even when my father declared they were plans. Then I did a grave thing, *monsieur*. I went to my father's secret drawer and looked at the papers, and I saw that they contained only the dying message of a comrade which you were carrying to his mother within our lines. A foolish deed, *monsieur*! My father is first in command here, and the others would not believe, so there is no way but flight. You must go this night—this hour! At sunrise they purpose—" her voice faltered and fell.

"Ah, to hang me," he finished cheerily enough. "Truly an inglorious end, but we who choose our lives cannot always choose our deaths."

"You can escape," said the girl eagerly. "Jacques, the soldier at your door, is my friend, my old playmate and nurse. He let me pass in tonight, and you may be quite sure that he will let you pass out at my bidding."

"And then?"

"The guard at the corridor's end is a stranger, so there is no way but through my room, across the hall. From the win-

dow the descent is easy, and the forest is very near."

"And in the morning what will *le colonel* say to the good Jacques, and to you, *mademoiselle*?"

"Oh, I—I can shield Jacques," she stammered. "There will be a story ready. I will say I fainted and called Jacques, and you took advantage of the moment. Ah, leave that to my woman's wit! The thing to do now is to go—and go quickly!"

"You have the heart of an angel, *mademoiselle*." He bowed very low, then straightened himself with decision. "But it is out of the question that I should go and leave you and the old soldier to the mercy of *monsieur le colonel*."

"I am his daughter," said the girl.

"It is not for me to say harsh things of his mercy to women," the prisoner answered, "but I shall not go."

His eyes met the appeal of hers gravely and firmly. "Then I shall stay here!" she cried.

"*Mademoiselle*!" gasped the soldier.

"I shall stay here," she repeated with desperate calmness. "And if you do not go, and my father comes in the morning, what mercy will be shown to me then?"

"That would hurt my memory," he said.

She faced him defiantly. "Then go!"

"You ask what my honor cannot do."

"*Monsieur*, I remain!"

In the tense seconds that followed the girl pressed her hands to her temples, which throbbed like living things. She swayed forward to where the Frenchman stood within the square of moonlight, striving fearfully to read the secret of his thoughts. There was no surrender in his young eyes, but only a wondrous gentleness when he spoke again.

"*Mademoiselle*, there is a lady in France," he said, "who would grieve at such a report."

He could not see her go white in the darkness, but he heard her catch her breath as if a sudden blow had fallen. Then she slipped down at his feet.

"Ah, go—go!" she implored. "For her sake, for the lady in France, go!"

"I cannot," he answered simply, as she let him raise her and lead her to the door in silent despair.

"*Mademoiselle* will do another kindness for me?" he asked. "Could you send word to that mother—*la mère Caillaude*—of her son? He was my very true comrade."

"It shall be done," she promised. "Is there nothing else? No letter to—the lady in France?"

"Ah, *cœur d'une ange*!" he murmured,

and then aloud: "There is no message that could in safety be sent. I thank you from my heart, *mademoiselle*, for your unspeakable kindness to me. Will you honor a foeman by wearing this tomorrow?"

"Ah, tomorrow!" she sobbed, taking the ribbon with fingers that shook.

"*Eh bien*," he replied stoutly, "tomorrow may be a very good day for some, who knows? It were better to be shot, of course—one does not cut a pretty figure at the rope's end—but after all, it is as it pleases the good God. Farewell, *mademoiselle*." He kissed her hands, cold and trembling, which clung piteously to his. "Remember me in your prayers."

II.

THE sun rose on a strange sight under the old château walls the next morning. A knot of soldiers were busying themselves about a giant oak; some digging a grave upon one side, others arranging a rope over a stalwart bough. A little apart, a man in the scarlet coat of the English army faced a youth whose bound hands seemed strangely at variance with the merry light in his eyes and the song that had been hovering on his lips.

"You see now, captain," said the elder grimly, "that merry jests sometimes land one at the gallows' foot."

"*Eh bien*," laughed the prisoner, "it will not be his jests that will bring *monsieur le colonel* there!"

The colonel's face held a curious pallor, and he eyed the prisoner as if regretting his inability to adjust the noose with his own hands. An aide caught the gleam in his eye, and drew a comrade's attention, saying that there was more in this little hanging than would appear in the reports.

The Frenchman turned and sprang upon a horse the soldiers led up.

"Ah, my own beast!" he cried. "I thank you for this, our last ride together. Ah, Babette, *ma mie*, *c'est la dernière fois, vous et moi*!" Then aloud, "*Allons! Mme. la Mort m'attend!*"

The horse was led under the oak and the noose adjusted about the rider's neck. At a window in the château the Frenchman saw a girl's white face pressed against the pane, the eyes wide with the horrible fascination of the scene. A blue ribbon fluttered from her hair.

"*Adieu!*" he cried ringingly. "*Adieu!*"

The word hushed in his throat. At the window the girl covered her eyes and sank down with a little moan. When she looked again, a boy's body, limp and straight, hung under the giant oak.

Mary W. Hastings.

LITERARY CHAT

THE FATE OF THE COLLEGE COURSE.

Four years for books? To gain a mere A. B.?

Now, by the Great God Hustle, who doth rule

This thriving land, that is too much of school:

'Twere wiser far to cut it down to three.

Three years for books? They have their use, 'tis true,

And days among them mark the rising men

In manners, minds, and morals; but what then?

They earn no more—we'll cut it down to two.

Two years for books? The lad is having fun

Behind their covers, reveling in youth
And storing frolic memories, forsooth.

Ah, wasted days—we'll cut it down to one.

A year for books? What though within them lurk

The graces of the spirit? This is true:

He has no time for being—he must do!

So cut it out and let him get to work.

A year for books, with life within his clutch?

Nay, by the Great God Hustle, 'tis too much!

"THE SCOTT COUNTRY"—The legendary, historical, and literary associations of a peculiarly interesting region.

Another Scots minister has written a book. In "The Scott Country," the Rev. William Shillinglaw Crockett of Tweedsmuir, in Peeblesshire, performs what is evidently a labor of love in singing the praises of the Wizard of Abbotsford, and in extolling the charms of the border region with which Sir Walter Scott and his works were so closely connected.

It is indeed an interesting country that lies along the ancient frontier of England and Scotland—a country of wooded hills

and picturesque valleys, the home land of romance, where the Douglasses and Percys raided and battled, where the heart of Bruce is buried. It bears yet the scars of those fierce centuries in its dismantled castles and ruined abbeys. Something of its wealth of historic association was shown in a recent article published in this magazine; those who desire to know more may profitably turn to Parson Crockett's book.

So, too, may admirers of the great Scottish romancer. It was Tennyson who said:

O great and gallant Scott,

True gentleman, heart, blood, and bone,

I would it had been my lot

To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known!

Never in all literature was there a man more warmly beloved than the author of "Waverley." Even those who question his standing as a first rate creative genius feel the charm of his personality. He has had loyal biographers, notably Lockhart, his son in law, and more recently Professor Hudson, of Stanford University; and to their work Mr. Crockett's book is a sort of topographical pendant. It shows us Sandymknowe and Ashestiel, Melrose and Abbotsford—the scenes of the Wizard's life and the country in which he found *Old Mortality*, the *Black Dwarf*, and so many of his famous characters.

A REIGN OF TERROR—What might happen if the fate of Miss Corelli should induce others to copy that literary editor.

An alarming state of things might arise if other editors should follow the example of the English one who so erroneously assumed, the other day, that Miss Marie Corelli meant what she is always saying—or shouting—in regard to her dislike for notoriety, and omitted her name from the list of guests at a public function. If they reasoned that writers expect to live by the laws laid down in their works, what a reign of terror would begin for the brethren of the quill! A statesman held rigorously to judgment by his utterances on patriotism and probity would have a peaceful lot in comparison with a consistent writer.

Imagine Laura Jean Libbey forced to hiss haughtily through her teeth when she desired to intimate to a gentleman that his

presence was distasteful, merely because that is the habit she advocates with her heroines! Or Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler calling for the matutinal marmalade in a *bon mot*, Gertrude Atherton obliged to treat every man she met as a possible libertine, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox forced to live up to some of her own passionate utterances! Or—but the prospect becomes too appalling. May the English editor's literal spirit make no further headway!

A NEW THEORY—The real nature of the so called Shakspeare plays is discovered once more.

The first of the so called Baconians were content with their discovery that the plays we know as Shakspeare's were written by Francis, Lord Verulam. Presently their disciples expanded the doctrine by proving to their own satisfaction that the supposed dramas were in reality a great cryptographic document, containing all sorts of weird historical revelations. Now a latter day apostle of the cult comes forward with a new Baconian hypothesis, quite inconsistent with the earlier ones, but bolstered up with a similar wealth of delightfully vague argument. In a book entitled "Francis Bacon, Our Shakspeare," Edwin Reed announces that the famous plays form the missing fourth part of the "Instauratio Magna," the complete survey of philosophy which Bacon set himself in write, but never completed.

After Bacon had formulated in the "Novum Organum," which he called the second part of his great treatise, the principles on which all investigation of truth must be conducted, he planned to present in part three as full an account as possible of the phenomena of the universe—that is, of the recorded facts of natural science, which at that time did not form a body of unmanageable bulk. This third part he left unfinished; and the fourth, which was to give "examples of inquiry and discovery" he did not touch, unless Mr. Reed is correct in thinking that it is represented by the Shakspeare plays. But there seem to be few reasons for accepting his hypothesis as true, and many for rejecting it as almost ridiculously impossible.

Bacon gave a detailed list of the topics on which he meant to touch in his "examples of inquiry and discovery." Among them are such subjects as motion, heat and cold, the rays of things and impressions produced at a distance, the consistencies of bodies or the inequalities of parts. What these things have to do with tragedies

and comedies may be clear to a Baconian, but no ordinary mentality could understand it.

On the whole, it is about as likely that the Shakspeare dramas are the lost histories of Livy or the forgotten lyrics of Sappho as that they form any part of Bacon's ponderous system of philosophy.

THE NEWSPAPER "GIRL"—Being the horrible adventures of a very tame character.

Miss Elizabeth Banks, the young person who about ten years ago employed the methods of the private detective to gain a writing knowledge of the interior of English houses and the intimate habits of their residents, has written what she calls "The Autobiography of a Newspaper Girl."

Miss Banks tells us about a number of disgraceful or disgusting "yellow journal" assignments which her self respect caused her to refuse. But the title of the book arouses doubt as to the accuracy of its contents. It is newspaper women who work on yellow journals. The "newspaper girl"—barring the little children who sell papers until stopped by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—is entirely unknown except at women's club meetings. There, sometimes, an able orator or disputant pauses to beg "the newspaper girls" not to publish what she is about to say. The "newspaper girl" reports women's club meetings—safe enough assignments but for the danger of being talked to death.

Miss Banks should revise either the title or the recollections of her book. Better yet, she might reform it altogether.

"NAPOLEONDER"—A curious Russian version of the story of Napoleon.

The great are immortalized in history, but only the very great are embalmed in song and legend. True, when so embalmed, they might scarcely recognize themselves. Alexander becomes "Iskander" in oriental tradition; Marlborough appears in a famous French ditty as "Malbrook"; and in a curious narrative popular among the Russian peasants Napoleon figures as "Napoleonder." This Russian story was first put into literary form by Alexander Amphiteatrof, a St. Petersburg journalist; a translation of it is given in George Kennan's recent volume, "Folk Tales of Napoleon."

The story, which as a perversion of his-

tory outdoes the most imaginative productions of the Indiana and Virginia schools of historical fiction, is, briefly, that Napoleonder was a supernatural being sent on earth to scourge humanity for its misdoings. He waged destructive wars for sheer lust of killing, winning all his battles by mystic art; for whenever he was hard pressed, by uttering the magic word "Bonaparty" he could call to his aid the ghosts of all the soldiers who had ever fallen under his banner. It was decreed that so long as he never showed mercy to a foe the awesome host of spirits should obey his summons and sweep his terrified enemies from the field.

But one day, as he was riding over a battle ground strewn with corpses, a Russian soldier, who lay there with a ghastly wound, asked the great conqueror why he had killed him. Napoleonder was surprised; he could not answer the peasant's simple question. It haunted him, and he began to feel horror and pity as he rode among the dead and wounded. Next day came a great final battle with the followers of the Czar Alexander the Blessed. At the critical moment of the fight Napoleon shouted "Bonaparty!" but no phantom army answered his call—only the wounded soldier, who was no peasant, but Ivan Angel, the guardian spirit of the Russian *mujiks*. The scourge of mankind had felt pity, and his power was gone.

AN HONEST PIRATE—His intentions, at any rate, seem to have been good.

Edward S. Martin, who is at least a non-commissioned officer in our noble army of minor poets, issued his first volume of verses anonymously some twenty years ago. In 1890 a London publisher, browsing at a street stall, came across a copy of the book, "A Little Brother to the Rich," and was struck by the graceful and original note of its contents. He reprinted it with the frank title "Pirated Poems," and with the following notice opposite the title page:

TO THE AUTHOR—The publishers of this book have reproduced this volume from an old copy found on a bookstall. They have endeavored to trace the author, but have failed, and they undertake to pay the author (whoever he may be) his share of the profits—if any—arising out of the sale of the same, from the date of this publication and as long as the book shall find favor with the public. The author must prove his identity to the satisfaction of the publishers, or to the satisfaction of such arbitrators as they may appoint.

So far, the story sounds like a glowing testimony to British fair play, but unfortunately we have to add, on the authority

of Mr. Martin himself, that though the intentions of his unauthorized publisher seem to have been good the poet never received the conditionally promised royalty.

It is a fact that though open piracy is by no means unknown across the Atlantic, the leading English publishers are commendably honorable in paying for American material which under the law they could appropriate with entire impunity.

MRS. ATHERTON'S LATEST—Her "new" book is apparently an old one with an altered title page.

"The Splendid Idle Forties," Gertrude Atherton's latest book, is apparently a reprint of a volume of short stories published several years ago under another name. We have already expressed an opinion upon the ethics of such literary resurrections. Authors and publishers have, no doubt, a legal right to juggle with titles in any way not forbidden by the copyright laws; but we cannot believe that it profits them in the long run to disgust the unwary reader who purchases a supposedly new book and finds that it is an old one.

"The Idle Forties" are of course the years of Spanish rule in California—"those long, drowsy, shimmering days before the Americans came." One of the literary journals remarks that "this is Mrs. Atherton's natal field." Indeed! The Americans occupied the Golden State in 1846, finally annexing it two years later. If Spanish California be Mrs. Atherton's "natal field," the oft published portrait of this modest author is mysteriously youthful.

LITERARY MARTYRS—Some reflections springing from the publication of John Richard Green's letters.

Sometimes, as one reads the biographies of the men who have given much through letters to the world, one grows skeptical in regard to the *mens sana in corpore sano* dictum of the physicians. Of course, the most conspicuous recent example of mental energy which refused to obey the command of a weakened body was Robert Louis Stevenson; but though Stevenson, buoyant and vigorous in all that he wrote, is the easiest case to cite, he was only one of many.

The recent publication of John Richard Green's letters, twenty years after his death, recalls the fact that he, too, belonged to the army of martyrs. After arduous

labors as a London clergyman, he found, about 1869, that the term of his life was limited. He had left Oxford with high ambitions for historical work. He wished to write, among other things, a scholarly history of the Angevin kings of England and of their predecessors, the Counts of Anjou. He knew that the proposed book, however valuable for scholars, would bring little financial reward. He had no private fortune, and his failing health made it impossible that he should write enough to support himself while the Angevin history was in preparation. He gave up that ambition, and set out to write the "Short History," whose popularity justified his hopes, while its breadth and its brilliancy justified his scholarship. He finished it in five years, though during them he could never count upon an uninterrupted day's work, and although his illness banished him from England and from the world of libraries to Italian hotels and lodging houses. Through it all, his spirit, as his letters show, was as cheerful as Stevenson's own, and far more boyish, far less deliberate and self conscious in its gaiety.

Heine, though no one could accuse him of buoyancy and sweetness, belonged to the brotherhood of those who have had to work in the pauses of pain. Sir Walter Scott, toward the end of his life, combined literary activity and suffering in a way that his fellow Scot, the exile of Vailima, could not excel. And speaking of the Scots, with what groanings of the body were the histories and thunderous philosophies of that great dyspeptic, Carlyle, produced!

THE PRAISE OF POETRY — The English laureate thinks that books of verse, perhaps including his own, are what the world most needs.

Girt with his official laurels, Alfred Austin recently delivered an address before a society with a highly impressive and truly Scottish name, the Edinburgh Philosophic Institution. The gist of the oration was that his hearers ought to read more poetry and less of other forms of literature.

Read fewer novels; pore for a briefer time over newspapers; dwell longer and more intimately with the poets. They are the wise men. They are the philosophers, the true lovers and inculcators of wisdom.

And perhaps Mr. Austin would not object if near the head of the list of works needed by the seeker after mental improvement—where they belong alphabeti-

cally, at least—his own productions should be found. Thus does he pay tribute to the sacred Muse to whom he owes his distinguished though not over salaried position, and at the same time promotes the practical and praiseworthy cause of increasing his royalties.

Mr. Austin seems to possess a nimbler and keener mind than some of his critics have supposed.

A WESTERN WRITER — Brand Whitlock, author of "The Thirteenth District."

Brand Whitlock is a Western writer who has lately come to a certain measure of prominence with a novel of political life, "The Thirteenth District." He belongs to Toledo, where he is engaged in the successful practice of the law; but he has had several years' experience of journalism in Chicago, in association with Peter Finley Dunne, George Ade, and Eugene Wood, three of the most original authors who have appeared in the West in recent years.

Before undertaking a novel, Mr. Whitlock wrote a great many short stories, most of them dealing with politics. The son of a Methodist clergyman, he was born in Urbana, Ohio, not far from Hamilton, the birthplace of W. D. Howells, and he knows thoroughly the country exploited in Mr. Howells' delightful volume of reminiscences, "A Boy's Town." At eighteen he began journalistic work in Chicago, and he was only in his early twenties when he was assigned to the important task of covering local politics for his paper. Shortly afterwards he began to study law, and was admitted to the bar. Instead of starting in practice, however, he accepted an official position at Springfield, Illinois, which gave him further opportunities for studying the practical workings of American politics.

After four years at the Illinois capital, he went back to Ohio and opened a law office in Toledo. Most of his literary work he does at night. It is not his intention to confine his writing to political life, for he is ambitious to widen his scope. Unlike many Western writers, who, as soon as they make a success, take up their residence in New York, Mr. Whitlock is not ambitious to leave old associations and to settle in the East. He prefers to remain on familiar ground, where he is able to gather his material at first hand. Unlike most of the other Western writers, too, he takes no interest in romantic

themes and bygone periods. He is thoroughly modern and a confirmed realist.

A NEW "ALICE"—But Peter Newell's pictures of "Wonderland" will never capture the place of Tenniel's.

Not until one sees *Alice* of the "Wonderland" drawn by some new hand does one realize how indissoluble is the union between Lewis Carroll's text and Sir John Tenniel's illustrations. It may be merely the indissolubility of long custom, or it may be something deeper, but it is strong enough to make one skeptical as to the possibility of any new partnership.

Mr. Peter Newell has been re-illustrating the story, and though he is an artist of a quaint enough fancy to justify the hope that he could people "Wonderland" acceptably, the first glance at his work shows that the old *Alice* is still the only one. One wants her and her companions, and not these changelings, of whom one grows almost as resentful as of impertinent paraphrases of the classics—the Bible done into twentieth century English, or Richard Le Gallienne's tinkering with the "Rubaiyat" of Edward Fitzgerald, for instance.

LIVES OF TENNYSON—Two new ones appear simultaneously.

Both the "English Men of Letters" and the "Modern English Writers" are valuable sets of books, though it is unfortunate that there should be a certain amount of duplication in their contents. This is particularly the case with the two volumes on Tennyson recently issued by the publishers of the competing series—one by the prolific Andrew Lang, the other by Sir Alfred Lyall, hitherto known as a writer on East Indian subjects.

The story of the late laureate's career is so fully told in the "Memoir" compiled by his son, the present Lord Tennyson, that neither of his new biographers makes any attempt to produce fresh facts. Mr. Lang states frankly at the outset:

In writing this brief sketch of the life of Tennyson I have rested almost entirely on the biography of Lord Tennyson, with his kind permission.

And Sir Alfred Lyall says of the "Memoir":

In regard to the course and incidents of the poet's life it leaves almost nothing to be discovered or added. Nearly all the private or personal facts and incidents connected with Tennyson and his family have necessarily been taken directly from it.

On the other hand, while his book is so

complete as a biographical record, Lord Tennyson can scarcely pretend to give an authoritative estimate of his father's rank in literature; but it may be doubted if either Lang or Lyall is in a position to do so. It is, indeed, a little too soon to speak with confidence as to the final verdict of criticism on the work of a poet whose life—a life of full productiveness almost to the last—ended just a decade ago.

Hence neither of the new volumes can be said to meet a definitely felt want. At the same time, each writer has produced a readable summary of Tennyson's career, and an intelligent appreciation of his work—in short, a good handbook for students of the great Victorian poet. Of the two books Mr. Lang's is the more sparkling literature, Sir Alfred Lyall's the more philosophic analysis.

JOSEPH CONRAD—A British sailor who has taken up the pen and knows how to use it.

Joseph Conrad has placed himself in the front rank of that new school of maritime story tellers whose work has at least dispelled the cherished illusion that the romance of the sea died with the passing of the old fashioned sailing vessel. It may be said of him that in the great universe of English fiction he has created a little world of his own, and has peopled it with the children of his fancy. His world is of the far east; its people are largely human derelicts from the west, comrades in vagrancy and misfortune of Kipling's "Man That Was." They are comrades of that famous character, and not merely pale imitators—a distinction that must not be lost sight of.

Mr. Conrad's new book, "Typhoon," is likely to prove a disappointment to many who have read and enjoyed his "Lord Jim." There are some, however, who will regard it as a work of much greater value than any of its predecessors, and one worthy of a permanent place on the library shelf because of its convincing and elaborate—perhaps too elaborate—treatment of a single great theme. Nearly the whole book is devoted to a description of a freight steamship, with two hundred coolie passengers between her decks, fighting her way through a typhoon on the eastern seas.

As a story, the book is disappointing. At the outset Mr. Conrad introduces us to one or two characters whom we expect to develop under his skilful touch. With one exception, however, they fail to realize the hopes aroused in the opening

chapter. Nor has the author taken the trouble to provide a plot with entanglements striking enough to bring out in picturesque relief the motives and characters of his people.

He has, however, created a noteworthy character in the person of *Captain MacWhirr*, the simple minded, phlegmatic commander of the ship. For some commercial reason the vessel sails under the Siamese flag, to the intense disgust of *Jukes*, the first officer, who expresses his contempt for the colors, and does not see what protection they could afford in case of trouble. *Captain MacWhirr*, however, sees nothing wrong in the flag, so long as they are careful not to hoist it upside down, with the legs of its white elephant pointing heavenward. As for protection, his simple "We are on board all the same" shows plainly how small his faith is in flags and governments, how great his self reliance in the moment of danger.

As the story of the awful storm moves slowly on, our respect and liking for this true sailor who is courageous not for the sake of being dramatic, but because he does not know how to be anything else, grow steadily until we find ourselves hoping that the ship will weather the typhoon if for no other purpose than to bring the captain safe home. The other characters do not awaken our sympathies. The long drawn out description of the Chinamen rolling about between decks during the storm is well done, in a way, though not as strong as Victor Hugo's description of the gun carriage loose on the deck of a man of war, of which famous episode it reminds us.

Mr. Conrad is a man of great talent, but he would be greatly benefited by a schooling under a good city editor experienced in the use of the blue pencil.

TENEMENT CRITICS—Who do not entirely approve the work of James and of Ibsen.

By way of experiment, the tenement dwellers of New York have recently been brought to the springs of literature, while an observer stood by with a pencil to note if they would drink. Among the results reported was a distaste for "The Tragic Muse," while Ibsen's dramas were condemned with "They don't help you and you can't enjoy 'em."

Certain critics joyfully point to this as a proof of the "native instinct and taste for real literature" existing in Hester Street. But after all, was it Ibsen

who was on trial, or the tenement dwellers? Need James necessarily feel cast down? The vote of the uneducated is interesting, but we would not accept it unhesitatingly in the matter of drawing-room furniture; perhaps a measure of cultivation is also necessary in classifying "real literature."

THE DECAY OF FANCY—Some gloomy prognostications as to the future of the novel and the poem.

A French critic, even with his eyes fixed upon Stephen Phillips, has risen to remark that the day of the poet is past. The future, he says, will want no poetry; it will take its intellectual sweetmeats in other forms—in scientific items, reports of commercial happenings, and the like. To help out his theory he points to the fact that there have been no great poets born for half a century—ignoring Mr. Phillips, and also ignoring the fact that much time elapsed between Homer and Shakspeare, and Shakspeare and Goethe.

Simultaneously, Jules Verne arises and says that the day of the novel is past. Henceforth people will read only newspapers. History as well as fiction will be communicated through the medium of the daily press, the public thus getting its chronicles from day to day, and with the truthful impress of the present upon them.

That many newspapers of the day could readily take the place of fiction, were fiction's sole quality its unlikeness to fact, is not to be disputed. But this attribute makes impossible the substitution of the morning or evening sheet for history also. And as fiction has other requirements than to be false, it does not seem to the impartial mind that M. Verne's gloomy prognostications are justified. The story of the young man who blows out his brains because the young woman of his affections spurns him is fanciful enough, in a way, for of course the young man has no brains; but it will not supply the reader of the daily paper with the sort of romance which all healthy minds require. Indeed, there is something to be said in favor of the view that as life becomes more commercial and its pressure greater, men will demand more than ever the refreshment and relaxation of tales unconnected with their daily grinds.

When a novelist foresees the end of the reign of fiction, it looks as if he were not as popular as he was once. Perhaps that is the trouble with M. Verne. One doesn't hear Laura Jean Libbey prophesying thus dolefully.

Nakitano's Christmas Gift.

A TALE OF THE LOVE OF TAG, 12B OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHES.

BY T. W. HALL.

I.

THE arrival of Lieutenant Bob Roberts and his bride was something beyond the ordinary experience of the garrison at Fort Chiricahua. The four troops of the Twelfth United States Cavalry quartered in the rectangle of buildings named for the great war tribe of the Apaches were situated too far from the routes of civilized travel to have much in common with the rest of the world. Life was an incessant round of duty for the preservation of the White Mountain tribe of Apaches, of guard duty for the preservation of themselves. Reveille woke them and taps sent them to bed. The buckboard and the mail came one day and departed the next. The newspapers came with regular irregularity. The paymaster appeared every other month with his shining gold and his oft repeated stories. Otherwise there was little or nothing to relieve the monotony of existence in the pretty mountain army post in Arizona.

As for brides, none had been seen in Chiricahua in centuries—at least, so the ladies of the garrison would have told you. There were not very many of these, but, such as they were, they were far in excess of the unmarried officers. Of these unmarried officers, but two were eligible. One of these, Bob Roberts, had deliberately gone back East on leave, and had married a girl he had been engaged to for so many years it shouldn't have counted for an engagement at all. The other was the chum and West Point classmate of the aforesaid Roberts, Lieutenant Ned Savage, but his case was quite hopeless. He was a confirmed bachelor.

When the bride of Bob Roberts arrived late one November evening, the event threw Fort Chiricahua into a state of active eruption. Plans had been made for great festivities. Savage gave up his bachelor quarters for the reception of his chum "and family" of one slip of a girl. The ladies of the garrison put the place in order, much to the agitation of Savage, who had neglected to tear up all his letters. The men of the various troops, who each and all adored the bridegroom, decorated

the little house with evergreens and streamers of bunting. The post band—a purely volunteer organization—learned a new piece. The band was a necessity. It played for the garrison hops. At these hops it usually had a better time than it kept. But all that was in the nature of things in the army before the Spanish war—in the old days when men were gray headed before they became captains.

Considering all this preparation, it was distinctly disagreeable of Roberts to make his appearance with his bride late at night. There were those mean enough to say that he purposely halted his ambulance ten miles out of post to wait for dark. He surely would, the elder ladies declared, if he had any sense and his bride were pretty enough to be worthy of the regimental family of the Twelfth. They had been brides themselves, and they knew from a long experience that a woman does not look her best after an eighty mile ride in an ambulance.

So when Roberts and his wife arrived, the band played its new air; the colonel gave the well veiled bundle of femininity "at hung timidly on Roberts' arm an official welcome and departed at once with his usual good sense; the ladies peered from their piazzas the whole length of the line; the men cheered with a will—and no one saw the newcomer that night save Savage, and he wouldn't tell.

The next morning Mrs. Roberts made her appearance. Actually, dressed in a tailor made gown of a fit that was a revelation to all Chiricahua, she stepped out on to the piazza of Savage's home, took a breath of the pure, bracing Arizona air, gave a glance at the multicolored rocks of the hills and canyons before her, and the forest clad mountains in the distance, and uttered a little exclamation of delight.

She was beautiful.

That was the unanimous verdict of Chiricahua, and every eye in the garrison was fastened upon her. Even the solitary prisoner in the guard house squinted through the iron bars of his cell at her and wished he had been good, and could go and get a nearer view. Even the young ladies admitted the fact, and wondered if her

complexion was real or of the kind that is carried in a bag. Their elders remarked, "She's a thoroughbred," and went back to their coffee.

II.

BUT there were eyes other than those rightfully belonging to the garrison that viewed the beauty of the bride and appreciated it profoundly. A young buck Apache, with a pair of moccasins for sale, was strolling up the gravel path in front of officers' row. He was walking with the usual slow, stealthy stride of his race, and appeared almost at the elbow of the young wife before she saw him.

An Indian was an unaccustomed sight to her. She gave a little shriek that brought her great, handsome husband promptly to her side. He had donned his uniform preparatory to reporting at orderly hour for duty. At sight of him the bride blushed and smiled at her own fright. Surely he, this wonderful "he" who was hers, was protection enough against all the Indians in the world.

The Apache noted the little shriek, and was pleased thereat. She had seemed so beautiful that he had not dreamed such as he could have any effect upon her. To him the next best thing to inspiring love is the ability to inspire fear, and he smiled with quiet delight as he fastened his bright black eyes upon the vision of loveliness before him. Then he turned slowly to the east, raised his hand above his head with two fingers pointed to the sky, and slowly waved his forearm back and forth from north to south.

"What does he mean, dearest?" asked the little woman.

Roberts laughed.

"That's sign language he's using, sweetheart," answered he. "He is saying that you are as beautiful as the morning."

The Apache turned solemnly and looked at Roberts.

"*Sisagi?*" he asked, pointing to the bride.

Roberts nodded his head affirmatively.

"He is asking if you are my sweetheart."

"Tell him 'yes,'" said the bride.

"I did," answered Roberts.

Laughingly the pair turned back into the evergreen decorated cottage as a bell announced breakfast. But the young buck stood long at the open doorway, gazing in. Finally a hand touched him on the shoulder. He turned and saw another officer standing by his side.

"*Ugasha,*" said the officer almost fiercely. It was the Apache word for "go."

For a moment the young buck hesitated. The two men, Apache and white, looked fiercely into each other's eyes. Then the Indian turned and walked away. The officer entered the cottage.

Young Mrs. Roberts had been in Uncle Sam's post at Chiricahua something less than twelve hours; and already two men other than her husband had been on the point of fighting because of her.

III.

THE festivities in honor of the new bride proceeded in due order. There were lunches, dinners, dances, and private theatricals. Mrs. Bob Roberts was received into the arms of the Twelfth with honors befitting the occasion. When horseback rides were suggested, Ned Savage was now quite willing to go. He even engineered a rabbit hunt with an improvised pack of hounds. As one of the young ladies expressed it, he "suddenly came to life." Such was the effect of the advent of the pretty bride. Even the gray haired colonel, now twelve years a widower, threw away an old uniform that was the despair of the regiment, had his beard trimmed twice a week, and played the gallant to the young woman.

Nor did all this adulation turn the little woman's head. She was as sweet and simple, as unaffected, as she had been while a girl in her Eastern home. She liked everybody, and everybody liked her. Even the women failed to fan up sufficient jealousy to start a regimental quarrel.

It was only in the White Mountain Apache camp, down in the valley, that the members of her own sex waxed wroth at her. The brave young warrior, Nakitano, had become moon mad for love of the white squaw. He who was fleetest of foot and surest of aim in his tribe, he who was its best hunter, he who feared neither the great bear of the hills nor the white soldier's gun-that-is-carried-on-wheels, had become a moping solitary, responding not to the wiles or the smiles of the most bewitching maidens in the tribe. The old men of the village frowned, the young men sneered, and their sisters looked sullen.

One morning when Mrs. Roberts, now living in her own home, after returning Savage's cottage to him perfumed with the fragrance of her vanished self, went to her front door to water the flowers, she found on the door step a pair of tiny beaded moccasins. She ran with them to Bob.

"Look," she said, "I have had a present." Then she tried them on. They fitted like a glove.

"Why, whom do you suppose they are from?" she asked.

"From the Indian who thinks you as beautiful as the morning, of course," replied her husband.

"But how could he know my size?" she wondered.

"Measured the impression of your shoe somewhere. You would have to use your wings—which are sprouting daily—if you wished to keep an Indian from knowing the size of your feet."

And then, for the first time, Mrs. Roberts became conscious of the attentions of the young buck she had met that first morning of her arrival. Indeed, when they walked to the front door, a moment or two later, there he was himself, standing patiently on the gravel walk with his customary pair of moccasins for sale. His eyes danced with delight when he saw his gift on the feet of the beautiful white woman. He pointed to himself first, then to the moccasins, then to her. Afterwards he pointed again to himself.

"Nakitano—Nakitano," he repeated.

"He wants you to understand that his name is Nakitano, and that he gave them to you," said Roberts.

"So that is his name," she said musingly.

"His tribal name," continued Roberts. Then the young lieutenant walked to the Apache and looked at the brass tag hanging from the latter's waist.

"Officially," continued Roberts, turning to his wife, "he is Pa-ce-nal-suce Na-ki-sa-ta, Half Circle B."

"Which means?" said she.

"Tag 12 B of the White Mountain Apaches."

"Tag 12 B" considered the attention he was receiving from the young wife encouraging. There was not a day that he did not visit the fort to take a look at her, and sometimes he would remain hanging around her home for hours at a time. Not a week passed that he did not leave some present for her in the semi mysterious manner that he had left the moccasins, slipping by the sentinels at night in order to place them at her door step.

One morning she found on her door step the bleeding claws of a grizzly bear, and almost fainted at the sight. She did not understand, but her husband did. So did Savage. The young Indian had slain the bear to show his prowess and had left the claws at her door to express his love. If she should string the claws into a necklace for him, he would know that his love was returned. The matter had gone quite far enough.

"Better let me warn him off," said Savage.

"Isn't that rather my business?" asked Roberts, with a smile.

"All right," Savage replied. "But you know what these imps are. To anger him might mean——"

"In that case it ought to be my funeral, not yours," Roberts broke in. Then he laughed and slapped his chum on the back.

That day "Tag 12 B" was brought into the post by a guard, and officially warned to keep away from it in the future by Lieutenant Roberts, in the name of the commandant of the garrison.

When he heard the order, Nakitano gave one look of hatred at Roberts, slipped his hand into his shirt with the easy grace of a panther, drew forth a hunting knife, and silently, with one swift spring forward, drove it into the officer's heart. Before the guard could gasp his astonishment, he too had received a gash in his firing arm, and Nakitano was flying towards the nearest foothills with the speed of a deer.

IV.

Four years had passed over the garrison of Fort Chiricahua. The Twelfth was nearing the end of its turn at duty in Arizona. For months not a day had passed that the garrison, from colonel down to the rawest recruit, had not expected orders to move. Every one was anxious to go, except the civilian employees. Among these the one who was most affected at the prospect of a change was a clerk in the quartermaster's department. The clerk was Mrs. Roberts. The widow of the dead lieutenant had never left the post where her husband was buried. Her father had lost what little money he had, and she had found herself face to face with the world with but the small pension of a lieutenant's widow to support her and the little son who came into the world soon after his father's death. That was why the colonel, tender old man that he was, had found a place for her as clerk in the office of the post quartermaster. She had never moved from the first home that had been provided for her in the army. By common consent that house was hers. But the advent of a new garrison might change matters. She might even lose the position that had enabled her to live in moderate comfort among the only army friends she had.

In vain did the colonel try to assure her that he would so arrange things that she would be provided for by the new garrison. In vain did he promise that so soon as he could he would find her a place, if they did

not. She went to bed weeping nearly every night of that long period of expectancy; and often, during her labors at her desk, the genial quartermaster saw her pretty lip curl as she stifled back a sob. In vain did Ned Savage try to cheer her up. He was a bungler at that sort of work, and it usually ended by his accompanying her to the grave of her dead husband and standing awkwardly by while she had a good cry.

There was not a soul in the garrison who did not know that Ned loved her. By common consent it had been agreed that when she could sufficiently recover from the shock of her husband's death, Ned was the proper man to marry her. But that time did not seem to approach. Never before was woman so faithful to the memory of her first love. Ned knew this and spoke not. And the garrison and whole regiment understood the tender delicacy that forbade him to speak.

V.

As for Nakitano, they had chased him for weeks and months; but it had been impossible to capture him, even when aided by the angry members of his own tribe. He lived in the hills an outcast and an outlaw. But he did not go far away. The woods supplied him with all he wanted save ammunition and an occasional knife or cooking utensil. When he needed these he went quietly down among the teepees of his own people at night and stole them. Sometimes his camp fire could be seen far off in the mountains. At times it would be seen so near that a troop of cavalry would be ordered out in the middle of the night to attempt his capture. They never succeeded. When they arrived at his camp the ashes of his fire would be all that remained to tell of his presence, and, being on foot, he left little or no trail.

He even went so far as to make fires on purpose to draw out the men from the garrison. Eventually they gave up the attempt to capture him altogether. As the years passed the tribal hatred cooled, and in the course of time he gradually came into communication with his fellows. From occasional visitors of his tribe he learned of the birth of a son to the white woman in the fort. One night a sentinel fired at some moving object that failed to respond to his challenge. The guard turned out, as a matter of course, and a hunt was instituted; but it was unsuccessful. Perhaps Nakitano did see the boy.

If Ned Savage failed to win the place he

sought in the heart of his friend's widow, he did not fail to win the affection of her son. To young Bob he was a father in everything that he could be. When the boy was a baby he wheeled him in a carriage. He taught him the delights of riding on an adult knee and of tearing out adult hair by the handful. He made him as many presents as he dared, and sang to him most inappropriate songs about "not going home till morning" and "filling the flowing bowl." Ned knew no others, and they pleased the boy.

When the boy appeared in short dresses and began to understand, in his beautiful, innocent, child way, something of the nature of things around him, Ned commenced his instruction in the art and science of language. Poor fellow, he blushed violently when, after three weeks' hard work to get the youngster to say "soldier," that young worthy looked up into his face and said "papa" with perfect distinctness.

Ned soon had the joy known only to fathers and foster fathers, of watching the little mind develop with the amazing rapidity that it does in even an ordinary child. He heard the first request of the boy to be lifted "way up to the sky." Once, when young "Bob" was sick with a fever and just rallying back from the danger line, he called out in the impatient way of a sick child, "I want my papa;" and then it was that Ned, watching anxiously by the side of the boy's small bed, had to pretend that he was the boy's actual "papa" before the woman he loved, before the boy's mother.

Christmas was approaching, and the Twelfth had not yet moved. It was the first Christmas that young Bob could entirely comprehend, and Ned had made great preparations for his celebration of the event. He had sent to the East for toys picked out of an illustrated catalogue; and he spent much of his time telling the boy about Santa Claus, his workshop far away over the snow, and his wonderful team of reindeer that skip around from one house to another all over the world in a single night. It pleased him to see the wide open, wondering eyes of the boy as he listened. It would please him, he knew, to see those eyes open still wider when he saw the presents themselves.

"I want to send my papa a present," the boy said suddenly one day.

"Well," said Ned, hard pushed for means of expressage, "I suppose that can be done by sending it to Santa Claus marked 'For Papa.'"

"Where is Santa Claus?"

"Away out over the snow," Ned answered, unconsciously waving his arm in

the direction of the snow clad hills.

"What do you want to send him?"

"My bestest toy," said the boy.

"Well, bring it here and we'll wrap it up and mark it; and tomorrow night I'll take it to Santa Claus. The next night, you know, is Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus delivers all the presents, and I'll get it to him just in time."

The boy rose promptly, went to another room, and brought forth his "bestest toy." Ned could have jumped for joy. The "bestest toy" was an extremely crude hook and ladder truck which Ned had made with his wonderful knife from several priceless shingles. It was duly wrapped up and marked "For Papa," and put away to be called for on the following evening.

On the following evening Savage forgot the package, and did not notice the disappointed, inquiring eyes of the boy. Something more important was on his mind. Orders had come that day for the Twelfth to prepare to move early in the coming month, and Savage had made up his mind that the time had come for him to ask the one great question upon which his future life would hinge. But he could not ask it. Bob Roberts' widow was on the point of tears again at the thought of the coming separation and the difficulties it might mean for her. All he could do was to cheer her up as best he could; and when he left her that night, two little disappointed eyes saw him leave the house without asking for the package marked "For Papa."

That night a very small boy, who had just learned to put on his own clothes, accomplished the feat alone and unaided, though his eyes were blinded with tears and his little mouth set hard.

VI.

EARLY the next morning the startling discovery was made that little Bob Roberts was missing from his home. The tracks of his little feet could be seen in the light carpet of snow, bearing off to the woods; but these could be followed only a short distance. Snow was again falling, and the tracks were soon obliterated.

A party of volunteers, under the leadership of Ned Savage, started to hunt for the boy as soon as his disappearance was discovered. He alone had an inkling as to the boy's idea of going out into the night. With pain he remembered the package marked "For Papa," which he had entirely forgotten the night before, and a rapid search revealed the fact of its absence. Then Savage knew that the boy

had started with it to find Santa Claus "off in the snow." He realized instantly that his own fault had put the boy's life in danger. The hills were full of bears and wolves, driven by hunger down from the mountains. Nakitano, too, was there somewhere.

When word came that the volunteers had lost even the track of the boy's tiny feet owing to the new fall of snow, the colonel had "boots and saddles" sounded, and sent out every cavalryman in the post on a systematic hunt. After that he offered a reward for the recovery of the boy large enough to send every Indian on the reservation hot into the hills on a hunt on his own account. But the day passed with no tidings from the searchers. The afternoon wore on, and still no tidings. Women wept and men dared not look each other in the face. Hunger alone would have worn the little fellow out by that time, and after that—

It was a bitterly sad Christmas Eve at Fort Chiricahua. As night fell the searchers began to return, worn out themselves with fatigue and hunger. It was late at night when the last returned—and that last was Savage. He was worn out, haggard, and weak. Long through the night he sat with the wife of his dead chum, waiting the dawn. Suddenly there was a peculiar, gnawing sound at the door. Savage recognized it instantly. An Indian was scraping his finger nail across the wood—the tribal method of knocking.

Savage bounded from his chair and dashed to the door. He opened it with a jerk that nearly tore it from its hinges, and there on the step lay the form of the lost boy, soundly sleeping, snugly wrapped in an old red blanket. It was an Indian blanket, but no Indian was in sight to claim the reward. And that was more than passing strange.

A moment later, and young Bob, sleepily smiling, was in the arms of his frenzied mother, hysterical with delight.

"Bob saw Santa Claus," said he pleasantly. "He Indian—like others—lives all alone, 'way off in snow." And then he fell asleep again on his mother's breast.

Savage bent over them a moment later. His hand caught a small brass tag in the shape of a half circle that had been hung about the boy's neck. On it was stamped "B 12."

But Nakitano had brought back a still more valuable gift than the little wanderer that Christmas morning. He had brought realization to the quiet eyed mother. And so it happened that, for the second time, she went into quarters with the Twelfth United States Cavalry a bride.



TCHUKTCHI GIRLS DANCING AMID THE SNOWS OF NORTHERN SIBERIA.

Sport in the Arctic Circle.

BY W. HOSEA BALLOU.

HOW THE LOVE OF OUTDOOR AMUSEMENT WHICH IS A PART OF UNIVERSAL HUMAN NATURE TRIUMPHS OVER THE HARDSHIPS OF THE SIBERIAN NATIVE'S LIFE IN A LAND OF SNOW AND STARVATION.

IN the northernmost portions of Siberia, where the ice is eternal and famine practically perpetual, sport flourishes with difficulty. The natives live a life sufficiently strenuous to escape the necessity of sport as an exercise. Their numbers are too small to make competition a serious element of existence, their distribution too extensive to make rivalry expedient. One may travel five hundred miles along the Siberian coast and meet in the whole course of his journey less than a hundred natives. Even villages such as

Asiatic Russia, contain fewer than a dozen filthy, odoriferous, circular huts. Yet the aborigines of the tundras are not averse to sport; indeed, they are fond of it when their food supply justifies exertion.

In this characteristic the Asiatic natives differ vastly from the Eskimo of the American continent, who are a serious minded, comparatively industrious race of people. The Tchukchis, the aborigines of Arctic Siberia, have recently been sadly devastated with an epidemic of a mysterious fever called *Kor*, and the sparse population of the

tundras has been decimated in consequence. Still, the natives, especially in the neighborhood of Bering Strait and along the Bering Sea, delight in contests that approximate to the athletic games of warmer latitudes.

tribes live inland, moving northward across the tundras when the approach of summer announces the coming of the dreaded insect pests which deposit their eggs in the hide of the reindeer, causing their torture and subsequent death.



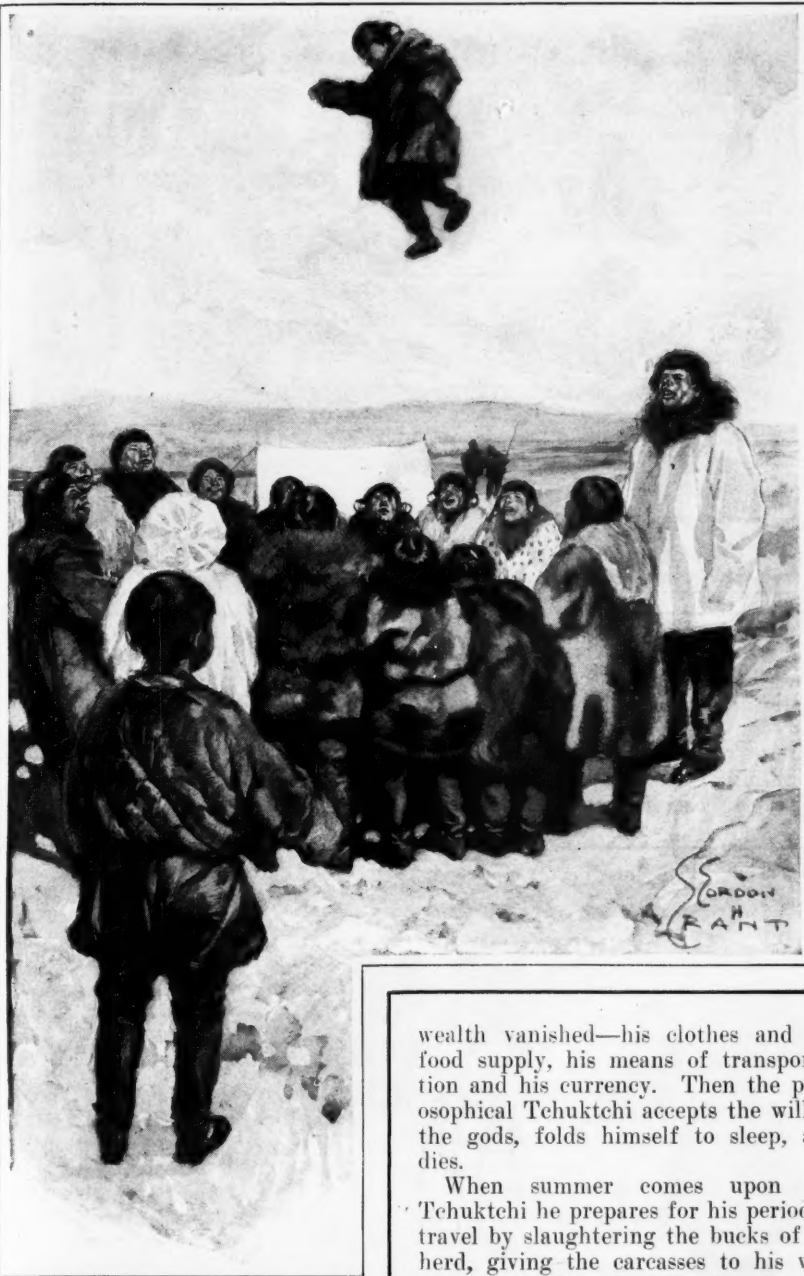
A NATIVE RUNNING MATCH IN THE INDIAN POINT DISTRICT, ON THE SIBERIAN COAST OPPOSITE ALASKA.

In the absence of horses and an authoritative jockey club, the natives breed reindeer and race them against one another at appointed gatherings. One nomadic tribe of Siberians—the Lamuts—not only breed reindeer, but ride upon them. The Lamuts are a race of under sized Asiatics of Manchurian stock. They inhabit the highlands of the mainland and the bluffs along the Arctic coast. Being short of stature and light of weight, they are able to ride on the shoulders of the reindeer without seriously inconveniencing the useful beasts. They use neither saddle nor stirrups, but sit as a man on a camel, with their tent poles and household effects bundled about them. The children, so soon as they can leave their mothers' backs, are intrusted to a reindeer; and so, following the pasture, the Lamuts wander back and forth across the foothills of the Stanovoi mountains.

Some of the Tchukchis breed swift reindeer specially for racing. These

These tundras are vast plains which skirt the polar sea. In summer they are bright with their treacherous carpet of mosses and lichens, of dwarf trees on the inner border, of strange arctic flowering plants. In winter they are the highway of the polar regions, hard frozen speedways. Across these the Tchukchis—men against men, women against women—compete in their reindeer races.

To and fro from the foothills to the glaciers, or from the foothills across the tundras to the sea, the natives drive their herds, requiring nine months to complete the journey. Their reindeer are but half tamed, very shy, and as easily panic stricken as a herd of long horn cattle. Unprovided with fencing or with trained dogs, the herdsmen have only themselves to depend upon for the safe keeping of their stock. If a herd be stampeded in the night time, the probability is the reindeer boy will awake in the morning to find his entire worldly



BLANKET TOSSING, AN ANCIENT SPORT WHICH IS POPULAR AMONG THE TCHUKTCHIS OF NORTH-EASTERN SIBERIA—THE VICTIM, ALWAYS A GIRL, IS THROWN TWENTY FEET IN AIR.

wealth vanished—his clothes and his food supply, his means of transportation and his currency. Then the philosophical Tehuktchi accepts the will of the gods, folds himself to sleep, and dies.

When summer comes upon the Tehuktchi he prepares for his period of travel by slaughtering the bucks of his herd, giving the carcasses to his wife for preservation, the hides for clothing and the antlers and bones for manufacture into kitchen utensils. Every ounce of flesh and blood, hoof and horn, gristle of ear and nostrils, is utilized for



THE CAPTURE OF A WHITE WHALE BY SIBERIAN HUNTERS.

food. Economy is a necessity as well as a virtue among the nomads of the Arctic coast.

Another sport of the Tchukchis is the killing of the white whale. The natives of the coast lie in wait for these shy

denizens of the north, shoot them with rifle balls—since they will not come within harpooning distance—and make of their capture a festival. The flesh they eat. The oil they try out for barter. The skeleton they religiously



THE RACE HORSES OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—THE START OF A REINDEER RACE.

preserve, and with much ceremony return it again to the deep, where in their belief it will take to itself new flesh and come back after many days a new white whale.

The men, especially those natives descended from American stock who inhabit Indian Point, are practised wrestlers. Huddled together on the verge of a snow bank, the entire village congregates to watch the sport. The con-

One curious game of the Siberians consists in the securing of a blanket of walrus skin in which a girl is laid and tossed by the united aid of her fellow tribesmen. The exact object of the sport is not very clear, and the degree of voluntary participation seems doubtful, but girls are tossed to a height of twenty feet into the air.

Like all Asiatics, the Tehuktehis are fond of dancing, and the girls in-



A SIBERIAN BALL THROWING CONTEST, A SPORT OF THE NATIVE GIRLS.

testants, stripped to the waist, fat and ungainly, grip each other by handfuls of flabby flesh, pull and haul, tussle and strain, in the endeavor to score a fall. Occasionally the savage excitement is raised to such a degree that knives are drawn and blood is sacrificed to the goddess of sport.

Meanwhile the women compete in contests of ball throwing. To folk of temperate latitudes, the sport is unexciting to the point of dullness. The whole game consists in the endeavor to outthrow the others. There is no attempt to catch the ball or to make play with it.

dulge in an exercise which has many of the characteristics of the nautch dances of the east. They invariably accompany the dance by a curious humming chant which is supposed to represent the call of the various animals after which the dances are named—the bear, the fox, the raven, the seal, the sea lion, the snow bunting, and the ptarmigan.

After all, sport in a land where hunger is the staple diet and not the sauce cannot but be primitive, and the games of the Tehuktehis do not promise ever to be Olympian in conception or in execution.

THE STAGE

THE TWO LEADERS IN "A COUNTRY GIRL."

The word "country" figures largely in New York's theatrical hits this season, both "A Country Girl" and "A Country Mouse" being among the chief metropolitan successes. We picture in this number the two leading people in the first named—Minnie Ashley and William Norris. Miss Ashley will be remembered for her clever work as the maid in "San Toy," with her dainty song about *Rhoda* and her pagoda. She is a Boston

girl, who first "scored" in a musical comedy that failed, "The Greek Slave." This was the successor to "The Geisha" at the London Daly's, and had been secured by Mr. Daly for his New York house. His death in the summer of 1899 threw the work upon the market again. It was snapped up by F. C. Whitney and brought out at the Herald Square Theater. Miss Ashley, with her dainty ways and graceful dancing, focused public attention, and everybody began asking



WILLIAM NORRIS AS "BARRY" IN "A COUNTRY GIRL."

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



MINNIE ASHLEY, WHO IS "MADAME SOPHIE" IN "A COUNTRY GIRL."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



IRENE BENTLEY IN "THE WILD ROSE."

From her latest photograph—Copyright by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



ELLEN BURG, LEADING WOMAN THIS SEASON WITH ROBERT EDESON
IN "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

where this clever girl had been hidden so long.

It appeared that she had been in the chorus of the De Wolf Hopper Company, where she had never shown extraordinary promise. She had also had a brief Boston experience as a French maid in "The Chorus Girl." Her career in "San Toy" was interrupted by an illness which

threatened to deprive her of sight, and for some time forbade her subjecting herself to the glare of the footlights.

There is a charm and finish about Miss Ashley's work that is peculiar to herself. No matter what she does, she is never hoydenish. In "A Country Girl" she is just the mate for William Norris, who can be funny without making a buffoon of himself.

Norris is a native New Yorker, and first appeared on the stage at the old Standard Theater, now the Manhattan. This was in 1891, and the play "A Girl from Mexico." Two years later he was at the Bijou with Marie Jansen, when she started out in "Delmonico's at Six"—one of the early ventures of the now widely known firm of Klaw & Erlanger—and continued with her in "Miss Dynamite." After that he went into the legitimate for a while, filling light comedy parts with E. M. and Joseph Holland during their starring tour in "A Man With a Past" and "A Social Highwayman." But musical pieces once more attracted him, and presently we find him as the "polite lunatic" in the original "Belle of New York" company at the Casino. Then he went down to the Herald Square, where he was the lisping poet *Muscadel* in "A Normandy Wedding," and later returned to the Casino to create the old roué in "A Dangerous Maid." When Charles Frohman produced "Thoroughbred," a racing comedy, at the Garrick, Norris made a hit as an English dude. Since that time his career has been more or less familiar to the theatergoing pub-

lie in connection with the rôle of jester in the plays, "In the Palace of the King" and "Francesca da Rimini."

It was in "Thoroughbred" that Robert Edeson first struck into popularity. We present in this number a portrait of Mr. Edeson's wife, Ellen Burg, now playing the lead with him in "Sol-

diers of Fortune." She has lately been in vaudeville. The two met in what came to be termed "the matrimonial play." This was "Incog," in which Charles Dickson starred some years ago. The company went through an epidemic of matrimony, Dickson marrying Lillian Burkhardt, and Louis Mann wedding Clara



MARCELLA SEMBRICH, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY, IN "MANRU."

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.

Lipman, while Harry Davenport found his first wife in the same organization.

THE CAREER OF CLARA BLOODGOOD.

Although Clara Bloodgood's orbs are blue, she makes her début as a star this

seems to be running to "girl" in his titles—like George Edwardes, of the London musical comedy output. Last season he gave us "The Girl and the Judge." He will have four new plays on the boards this winter, one of them "The Frisky



BLANCHE RING, THE STAR IN "TOMMY ROT," AT MRS. OSBORN'S PLAYHOUSE.

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

winter in Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Girl With the Green Eyes." But then, eyes often change color when viewed across the footlights, brown ones, for instance, seeming blue to the observer in an orchestra seat. Mr. Fitch, by the way,

Mrs. Johnson," in which Amelia Bingham will be seen.

But to return to Mrs. Bloodgood. She was Clara Stephens, a granddaughter of the Ann S. Stephens whose novels were so popular with the last generation. At



CLARA BLOODGOOD, STARRING IN THE NEW CLYDE FITCH PLAY, "THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

seventeen, she attracted attention by making a runaway match with William Havemeyer, the youngest son of one of

New York's mayors. But the unhappiness that not seldom follows elopements ensued, and the young people were di-



MARY MANNERING, STARRING IN THE NEW CLYDE FITCH PLAY, "THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

forced. Then in due course she became known as "Mrs. Jack." There was Mrs. John Bloodgood, Jr., familiarly plenty of money in the Bloodgood family



ELEONORA DUSE AS "FRANCESCA" IN D'ANNUNZIO'S "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI."

From a photograph by Scintto, Genoa.

at the time, its head being the well known Wall Street man; but in August, 1896, he

died, leaving his affairs in a bad tangle. The following winter Mrs. Jack deter-



GERTRUDE BENNETT, WHO IS "PRUDENCE EMMET" WITH HENRIETTA CROSMAN IN "THE SWORD OF THE KING."

From her latest photograph by Tonnele, New York.

mined to put her own shoulder to the financial wheel.

Of course, being in society, she had had some experience in amateur theatricals; and armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Sargent, of the dramatic school, she went one day to see Dan Frohman in his offices in East Twenty Fourth Street, over the stage door of the old Lyceum Theater. On the way up the stairs she had to pass the forbidding sign:

APPLICATIONS

FOR

ENGAGEMENTS

POSITIVELY CANNOT BE

RECEIVED.

But Mrs. Bloodgood was not the sort to be daunted. She had her interview with Mr. Frohman, and so impressed him by her personality and earnestness, not to mention the modesty of her demands, that he placed her on the list of "extras"—which meant that she might be called upon at any time to do any sort of work in any of the Frohman companies. Then ensued a period that made large drafts on the young woman's patience. More than a year passed before her opportunity came, and then it was only the chance to play a very small part—that of *Elodie*, one of the five dancing girls in "The Conquerors." Nevertheless, she thereby became a member of Charles Frohman's stock troupe at the Empire Theater. To a *Herald* reporter who sought an interview, she expressed her pleasure at the opening she had secured, and added: "I am very glad to begin my career in a success. It is

a success, isn't it? I am in love with my work, and I am going to try hard to earn my own success."

"The Conquerors" became the talk of the town, from a certain audaciousness in

cluded Jameson Lee Finney, Ida Conquest, May Robson, Guy Standing, and Joseph Wheelock, Jr., making the strongest organization Charles Frohman has ever got together for a single play.



LILLA MCCARTHY, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILSON BARRETT ON HIS AUSTRALIAN TOUR.

From her latest photograph by Talma, Melbourne.

one of its scenes, and ran far into the spring. Mrs. Bloodgood is the fourth star that has sprung from its extraordinary cast, the others being Viola Allen, William Faversham, and Blanche Walsh. Besides these, the list of performers in-

That winter Mrs. Bloodgood's husband fell ill, and all her time away from the theater was spent beside his sick bed. And then he died. A year and a half later, when Charles Frohman starred Annie Russell in "Miss Hobbs," he in-



MARIE DERICKSON, WHO IS "MRS. RUTH THORNTON" WITH JOHN DREW IN "THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMINGBIRD."

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

trusted the part of the jealous wife to Mrs. Bloodgood, and afterwards made her understudy to Miss Russell. But it was not until the following season, when she joined Amelia Bingham to play *Julia Godesby* in "The Climbers," that she struck the target square in the center. In fact, she may be said to have inaugurated a new line of part—that of the mannish girl who dispenses good advice wholesale to her friends in offhand remarks at which nobody ever takes offense. She played the counterpart of the rôle herself in another Clyde Fitch piece the next season—"The Way of the World," with Elsie de Wolfe—and Mrs. Haines must certainly have had Mrs. Bloodgood's work as *Julia Godesby* in mind when she drew *Alison Deyo* (played by Bijou Fernandez) for her "Hearts Aflame."

DUSE THE SAD.

Who is the greatest of living actresses? Sarah Bernhardt, many will tell you, while others will claim the distinction for Eleonora Duse, the Italian tragedienne now on her third tour of America. Duse was literally cradled in her art, for her father was a strolling player, and she was born on a railroad train between Padua and Venice. This was on the 3d of October, 1859. Alexander Duse had some reputation as a comedian, and organized the company with which he traveled; his father had founded the Garibaldi Theater at Padua. And yet, oddly enough, the child who was afterwards to achieve fame as wide as the world was the first woman of her family to act.

She made her début at three, and at thirteen played *Francesca* in one of the many versions of the Da Rimini story, which she is using in a fresh setting today. She was only fourteen when she enacted *Juliet* in Verona, the very city where Shakspeare laid the scene of his immortal love tragedy. It was this performance that gave her her first upward impetus towards renown; and Italy acknowledged her queen of players in 1879, when she appeared at Naples in Zola's "Thérèse Raquin."

In spite of the pinnacle on which Duse stands today, the dominant note of her life is sadness. In 1895 she was reported to be dying, and her reminiscences were given to the public in the shape of letters. In the opening chapter the actress wrote:

Reminiscences? No, I don't wish to remember. I am what I am; what I have been is past. Oh, if I could only forget my disappointments, my struggles, my humiliations!

10 M

Her childhood was a period of the severest toil, going on night after night to act that she and her family might have bread to eat and a roof to shelter them. She married an actor, one Veci, but their life was unhappy and she left him. She had one child, who has not been allowed to see her mother act. Duse would be heartbroken to have her daughter go on the stage.

When fame came to her, Duse realized the shortcomings of her education. She had had little opportunity for schooling. Now, with the prospect of being fêted by people of culture, something must be done to remedy the defect. She set to work in her leisure moments, and so well did she succeed that today her greatest pleasure is found in associating with literary people.

It was in this way that she came to be a devotee of Gabriele D'Annunzio, the young Italian author whose "Triumph of Death" startled the world rather unpleasantly a few years ago. Duse has announced that on her present tour she will play in nothing but his works, including "La Gioconda," "Francesca da Rimini," and "La Città Morta" ("The Dead City"), which last failed dismally when it was first brought out in Italy some years ago.

MARY MANNERING'S NEW PLAY.

"The Stubbornness of Geraldine" is the first play written by Clyde Fitch since he established his great vogue two years ago. And there are evidences all through it that he recognizes the qualities that have won him favor and means to stand by them. In many respects this piece, prepared with especial reference to Mary Mannering, closely resembles his "Captain Jinks," which he fitted to Ethel Barrymore. The heroine is an American girl who has been abroad for a long while and is just returning home. In both cases she falls in love with a man about whom she knows little, and who, she is led to believe, is unworthy of her love.

As in nearly all Mr. Fitch's output, the story is not of so much account as the trimmings. Nor is the new play lacking in the Fitch *pièce de résistance*, which was supplied by the funeral aftermath in "The Climbers," by the ballet rehearsal in "Captain Jinks," and by the bedroom episode in "The Girl and the Judge." In "Geraldine" it is a view on a crack Atlantic liner, showing the passengers on a deck which gives two most realistic lurches, one of which projects Miss Man-

nering out of a companionway for her initial appearance.

The play is entertaining if one is interested in smart people, their fads and foibles. If you are looking for a plausible plot and consistent character drawing, you will probably find but few of the Fitch series to your taste; but the theater-going public seems to care little for such criticisms, and "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" promises to be as great a success as was "Captain Jinks."

As to the acting, Miss Mannering has no opportunity to do any extraordinary work, but her personality makes her captivating throughout. Arthur Byron, a nephew of Ada Rehan, and for many seasons with John Drew, wrestles nobly with the lover, who is required to stumble through speeches piled high with broken English. The little English lord is played to the manner born by H. Hassard Short, the young Englishman who made a hit last year in "The Second in Command."

A prerogative Mr. Fitch has arrogated to himself since his accession to fame is the picking of the people for his plays, and the result certainly seems to justify him. Look at the record. "The Moth and the Flame" launched Mrs. Le Moyne into instant popularity; "The Climbers" did likewise for Clara Bloodgood, and "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" has provided the public with no less than two new actresses over whom to grow enthusiastic. One of these is Mrs. Hone, a daughter of the late Mrs. John Hoey, who used to act with Wallack. Mrs. Hone had never set foot upon the stage until she took the rôle of *Geraldine's* middle aged friend, and yet her work never lacked perfect ease and naturalness. The other lucky personage was Amy Ricard, a protégée of Miss Mannering's husband, James K. Hackett, as long ago as the days of "The Pride of Jennico," in which she had a small part and was also understudy to Bertha Galland. On one occasion she played Miss Galland's rôle most acceptably. When Miss Mannering put on "Janice Meredith," Miss Ricard was cast for *Tabitha Drinker*. Later, Frank McKee, the manager, decided to send out a second company in the play, and put her at its head; but the people seemingly did not care to see any one in it except Miss Mannering herself, so the company was called in, which must have been a sore disappointment to Miss Ricard. But she has now come into her own. In "Geraldine," the girl from Butte, Montana, whose talk is plentifully

sprinkled with Americanisms, she is taken straight to the hearts of the public. To be sure, her part is a "fat" one, to use a technical phrase, but the actress possesses discretion as well as luck.

A MANAGERIAL MISTAKE.

Mrs. Robert Osborn, dressmaker, has discovered that it takes more than ushers bearing silver salvers, together with a charge of two dollars and a half for seats, to make a playhouse the haunt of the fashionables. She must also be about ready to conclude that it is out of the question to lure the so called "smart set" with any kind of bait. To label a resort "swagger" and expect society to walk up and make it so, is in truth rubbing people of this kind the wrong way. They prefer to do their own labeling, especially where amusements of the caliber of "Tommy Rot" are concerned. All of which is prefatory to the statement that Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse in the Fifth Avenue neighborhood became town talk of a very different sort from the kind its projector had in mind when she inaugurated her unique enterprise.

The musical comedy "Tommy Rot," the opening attraction, proved to be an extravaganza a long way after the Weber & Fields' model. There were germs of a good idea in it, but from start to finish there was constant effort to drag the thing down to a lower level—supposed to be caviar to the society set. No wonder society resented the innuendo and consistently stayed away from the bandbox theater which it had been hoped they would fill. And yet "Tommy Rot" served one good purpose. It brought to stellar ranks a very capable comedian in the person of Blanche Ring, who became known to the metropolis last July by her singing of the most popular number in "The Defender"—"In the Good Old Summer Time." In "Tommy Rot" she does the tough girl act in a catchy ballad, "The Belle of Avenue A."

Blanche Ring is about twenty five, and is a native of Boston, where her grandfather was for a good many years principal comedian of the old Museum stock. She has acted with James A. Herne and Nat Goodwin, but of recent years she has confined herself to vaudeville. For a season she was leading woman for Chauncey Olcott. Last year, in Boston, she made a hit with a parody on "Sky Farm," and in the burlesque on "Iris" which "Tommy Rot" contained, she did some clever bits in travesty Miss Harned.

ETCHINGS

THE FETTER.

"ALAS!" I heard Myrtila say,
 "I fear old age is on the way.
 A single one, but see how gray
 The horrid thing is!"
 I looked and saw it, snowy white—
 A star's trail on a field of night—
 Above a brow as fair and bright
 As dawn in spring is.

I never dreamed one fragile hair
 Could stand the strain of such despair
 As weighed upon Myrtila there
 When first she saw it;
 Two shining tears hung in her eyes,
 Clouding the bluest of all skies,
 So, with the old remark, "Time flies,"
 I dared withdraw it.

A silver fillet then I wound
 The slender hair my finger round,
 And by that fetter I was bound
 To her at twenty.
 Time, may I be her captive so
 Until her ebon tresses grow
 As white as this one spun of snow!
Festina lente!
Frank Dempster Sherman.

SOUVENIR DE LA FRANCE.

FROM Bâle to Paris I was bound;
 By running hard I caught the train.
 Once in my place, I looked around
 And saw a maiden neither plain
 Nor old nor chaperoned—we two
 Quite by ourselves! I stared, I own,
 But she as calmly looked me through
 As if she deemed herself alone.

She nibbled bonbons, thumbed a book,
 Gazed at the landscape, tapped her foot,
 But gave me not a second look,
 And might have been both deaf and
 mute.

At length I mustered nerve to speak;
 She only nodded in reply;
 A dash of crimson rouged her cheek—
 I caught a twinkle in her eye.

Her little mocking smile provoked
 An ardor silence could not quench;
 Undauntedly I talked and joked
 In purest New York parlor French,

Until she said, like one who makes
 Concessions she abominates;
 "If you *must* talk, for goodness' sakes
 Why don't you speak United States?"
Frank Roe Batchelder.

WOOD FIRE VISIONS.

How pleasant, when the work is done,
 To rest before the wood fire's glow,
 And idly watch the shadows slow
 Depart, as wanes the setting sun;

The shadows from the trees without,
 Which fall across the polished floor;
 Within, the firelight throws about
 Fantastic images, which soar

In waking dreams of days to come,
 In palaces of love and rest,
 Where all that's sad and wearisome
 By loving sympathy is blessed.

Those future days so well I see
 Revealed there in flaming form,
 And her dear face upturned to me
 To meet the kisses long and warm!
W. I. Lincoln Adams.

A BOON TO BACHELORHOOD.

If Fate bade me pick from his opulent
 store
 Three comforts, and gave me the choice of
 no more,
 A trio of rapturous blessings, forsooth,
 A boon to gray hairs and a solace to youth;
 You might guess the familiar "wine,
 women, and song"
 I'd quickly select, but in that you are
 wrong,
 For I'd choose with a bachelor's wisdom
 that's ripe
 A crackling wood fire, a book, and a pipe.

In a wide open grate must the blaze be to
 suit,
 And the pipe I'd select is an old briar root
 Whose amber tipped stem is with nicotine
 stained,
 A pipe from whose bowl much of wisdom
 I've drained
 In the dead yester years, and the book
 should be such
 As the Boston library thinks naughty to
 touch.

I would pose an exemplar of comfort's
true type,
With a crackling wood fire, a book, and a
pipe!

Roy Farrell Greene.

TO A ROSE.

It was June—I well remember
When she gave you, rose, to me;
It was June, and now December
Makes of her a memory.

What a cruel, cold confession,
And without a sign of grief!
But you know, my rose, the session
Of the summer girl is brief.

It was Marguerite or Jenny,
Maude or Gertrude, Blanche or Grace,
Gave you to me; but—so many—
All have gone and left no trace.

You alone, still with a fragrant
Air, bring summer back again
To a most forgetful vagrant—
You, at least, don't flirt with men.
Felix Carmen.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

OLD Year, I regret that you go.
We've journeyed a pleasuresome way,
Tho' many would claim, well I know,
The red is o'erlaid by the gray.
But what is the bitterness—all
The clouds, disappointments, and such,
Compared with one hour I recall?
New Year, can you promise as much?

Reserved 'mid those hundreds of eves
Your quiver is holding in hand;
Concealed 'mid those myriad leaves
Composing your book, I demand
Can you promise an evening in June,
When the air is athrill and astir,
When the earth and the sky are in tune,
And I meet, quite by accident—her?

Can you promise a stroll in the gloam,
The stars peeping kindly above;
A ramble, slow, roundabout, home,
While a robin sings softly of love?
Can you change a prosaic side street,
Smoke grimy, bare, dingy, the whiles,
To a path through a paradise sweet,
Onleading 'mid rainbows and smiles?

Young fellow, pray answer me this:
Do you promise? If so come amain!
I'll look for the moment of bliss
Through tempest and sorrow and pain;

Through darkness and sunshine and
shower

I'll wait for the magical touch—
The Old Year is spanned by one hour!
New Year, do you promise as much?

Edwin L. Sabin.

FREIGHTER'S SONG.

TRAV'LIN' down the canyon
To my home an' Nan, an'
All the little kiddies waitin' cheerfully fer
me!

Gold an' blue are blended,
Day is nearly ended,
Soon I know whar happiness an' joy an'
cheer will be!

Now a rod of good road,
Now a rod of bad road,
Makes a man some happy and it makes a
man some mad!
Daggers* by the wheel track,
Cactus on the hill back—
E-yup thar, Bill, you lazy nill! Hump
along thar, Dad!

Now we're past the cone hill—
What's the matter thar, Bill?
Now we're past the mount'in with the
funny hat on top!
This has been a fine day—
Now we're more 'n half way—
Hear the jolly kiddies callin' loudly fer
ther pop!

Prairie dogs a barkin',
Pa'tridges skylarkin'—
Reminds me of the good time when I was
gay an' young;
Same dear sweet old story,
Told in all its glory,
Only dif'rent kind of words from those
that once I sung!

Moon in all her beauty,
Risin' to her duty,
Up from behind the hills across the line in
Texas;
Ever climbin' higher,
We're gettin' nigher;
Rocks an' ruts an' chuck holes no more
today will vex us!

Trav'lin' down the canyon
To my home an' Nan, an'
All the darlin' kiddies waitin' cheerfully
fer me!
Silvery hues are blended,
Trip is 'most nigh ended,
At the bottom happiness is storin' up
fer me!

T. B. McKee.

* The yucca palm, commonly called "Spanish dagger" in New Mexico.

Why Shakspeare Languishes.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE COMPARATIVE DISFAVOR OF THE CLASSIC DRAMA IN NEW YORK IS NOT DUE TO ANY DEGENERACY OF PUBLIC TASTE—IT IS AN INEVITABLE RESULT OF THE TREMENDOUS MENTAL PRESSURE OF A PERIOD OF GREAT BUSINESS ACTIVITY.

NOW that the theatrical season is at its height, the usual wail over the degeneracy of the popular taste is making itself heard in the land. It is charged that the works of Shakspeare and the serious dramatists are neglected, while too great consideration is shown to such light musical or farcical entertainments as those of Weber and Fields, Smith and De Koven, and the Rogers Brothers. For many years I have listened to these gloomy wailings and have taken heed of the fact that the less a man contributes to the actual work of the world, and the smaller his influence in affairs and his interest in the progress of the community, the more he clamors for the intellectual drama, and the less he cares for the sort of merry-making in which the New York public finds its chief delight.

Chief among these prophets of gloom, who must needs affect to despise a humor which they are unable to comprehend, may be found superficial foreigners, literary and artistic *poseurs*, world weary young collegians of twenty one, and other mental invertebrates. Their chief grievance is the alleged fact that theatrical managers, being governed by "commercialism," refuse to give Shaksperian dramas, on which there is no royalty, and insist upon placing before their unwilling and disgusted patrons the works of John J. McNally, Harry B. Smith, Clyde Fitch, and other writers who, being alive and capable of kicking, demand large royalties.

Foreigners—and there is scarcely one of them who really understands the social structure of this country or the American temperament—are very fond of alluding in a superior manner to the great vogue enjoyed in Europe by Schiller, Goethe, Shakspeare, and such modern dramatists as Sudermann, Ibsen, and Maeterlinck, and of arguing therefrom that we are inferior intellectually to the people of the older countries. They point with pride to the

fact that in Europe the stage is regarded as an educational institution, while in this country it is a mere purveyor of amusement. They calmly ignore the fact that the mission of the theater is to supply some element that is lacking in the daily life of the people; and as the conditions which obtain in American life differ from those existing in cities like Munich and Dresden, so do our theatrical cravings differ from theirs.

In the large German cities, the play-going population is made up largely of people for whom the serious problem of existence has long since been solved. With regular incomes drawn from invested funds, or in the shape of salaries, army pay, or the earnings of commerce, these contented beings have abundant leisure for the enjoyment of the theater; and, what is far more important, they have room in their minds for thoughts of the kind that the intellectual drama inspires. A new actor in a classic rôle, or a new play from a dramatist of reputation, is to them an event to be looked forward to for weeks, and in many cases to be anticipated by special reading and study. Nor does the enjoyment end with the final fall of the curtain, for after that comes the inevitable adjournment to the café or beer garden where the votaries of the stage assemble to *philosophir* over what they have seen in the playhouse.

In New York, on the contrary, the audience from gallery to boxes is made up largely of men and women whose waking hours are devoted largely to the absorbing task of getting ahead in the world. A day of intense work on the Stock Exchange, in some great mart of trade, in the law courts, or at a desk in a newspaper office, is not likely to leave one in a fitting frame of mind for any intellectual exercise. To the exhausted brain of one of these busy toilers, the craving for farcical nonsense is as natural as that of cattle for salt, and an evening of self for-

getfulness and laughter constitutes a mental tonic of inestimable value.

To put the matter in a nutshell, the typical European playgoer not only expects an evening of enjoyment, but also wishes to take something in the way of thought or inspiration home with him, while the New Yorker cares only for an evening of diversion, having no room in his head for anything more than it contains already. It is not that he knows so much, but that his thoughts, being of supreme importance to himself, take up the whole of his attention.

Think for a moment what New York is today. It is a place of feverish activity. There is more going on in the way of tearing down and rebuilding, in the organization and management of gigantic commercial enterprises, in stock speculation and gambling of every description, and in excitements of all sorts, than ever before in the entire history of the American metropolis. Think how many men go home at night with their brains exhausted from the worry and responsibility incidental to the carrying out of a single piece of work—the building of the new subway. And the subway, great as it is, absorbs only a very small proportion of the vital force of the community. The number of apartment houses, of business blocks, of theaters and public buildings now in course of construction is absolutely without precedent in the history of the city. So great, indeed, is the impetus that has been given to the building trade within the past two or three years, that not even the enormous resources of the Steel Trust have been sufficient to supply the demand for the necessary material.

Now, the men whose brains must bear the weight and strain of all the toil, anxiety, and responsibility incidental to these multitudinous enterprises are in no mood at night for any recreation that is likely to make further demands upon the mind. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the mentally exhausted system finds a necessary tonic in the singing, the dancing, and the amusing comicalities that enjoy so much vogue at the present moment, and that awaken such gloomy apprehensions in the minds of those who are happiest when lamenting the drama's downfall. The fact that the men who are doing the real work of the world should find themselves in a mood for melodious tomfoolery, rather than for such an intellectual diversion as the representation of "Hamlet," argues not that their brains are defective, but that business is brisk.

It is interesting to turn back to the

amusement chronicles of an elder day, and to find during the flush period which followed close on the heels of the Civil War a condition of things theatrical not unlike that of today. This period lives in the memory of the old playgoer as that of the exciting but not instructive melodrama "Under the Gaslight," of the diverting pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty," of the great spectacles "The Black Crook" and "The White Fawn," of such burlesques as "Ixion," "Bluebeard," and "Robinson Crusoe," given by Lydia Thompson and her "British Blondes"; of "The Grand Duchess," presented by the Bateman company at the Fourteenth Street Theater—in short, the frivolity of those flush and feverishly busy days was not unlike that which our philosophers deplore so bitterly now.

It is a significant fact that Booth's Theater, the noblest classic playhouse that New York has ever known, was opened in 1869, in the very midst of this flush age, and proved a complete financial failure. Evidently the people were in no mood for the intellectual drama at that time; but in the dull years that followed the panic of 1873, that most noteworthy of Shaksperian revivals—"Julius Cæsar," with E. L. Davenport, Lawrence Barrett, and Frank C. Bangs—took place in the very playhouse in which Edwin Booth had sunk his fortune. At this time, too, old comedy flourished at Wallack's Theater, and continued to flourish until the early eighties brought a revival in business. Then, with the general increase of mental toil and responsibility, Mr. Wallack was obliged to replace "She Stoops to Conquer," which no longer drew, with a roaring London melodrama called "The World," which filled the house from top to bottom.

What I have written relates to New York, and to its high priced theaters. The same condition does not prevail at the cheaper houses, whose patrons are not troubled with such heavy responsibilities as those that tire the brains of men of wealth. At the Murray Hill Theater, for example, Mr. Donnelly finds it necessary to divide his season almost equally between serious and comic plays, and gives one tenth of his time to Shakspeare, whom he regards as his most popular author.

It is a fact worthy of note that despite the clamor for Shaksperian revivals, the encouragement that the clamorers give to a manager who offers them what they are always bawling for is very slight indeed. The vulgar proverb that "money talks" has an almost intellectual sig-

nificance when it is applied to the theatrical business and its relation to the parrot cry for the higher drama.

Of the two German theaters in New York, one gives nothing but farcical pieces the year round, while the other devotes a much larger proportion of its season to farce and comedy than it would if it were situated in Berlin or Munich. From this we may judge that our German residents are not insensible to the influences of the strenuous, hustling American life.

Outside of New York, we have a population which has more time on its hands and less anxiety about the question of bread and butter. In these smaller towns and cities it is always an easy matter to

get up a game of whist—almost an impossibility in New York; and where that game is properly played, one may usually find a willingness to do fitting honor to the serious drama. Stuart Robson, Modjeska, Louis James, and other artists of high repute have for years played Shaksperian repertoires to very large audiences throughout the West.

In New York, however, the normal pace is too swift to allow us to stop and think, and it is a matter of fact that a preponderance of song and dance and Dutch "conversationing" is a sure indication of busy, money making times, while a revival of interest in Shakspeare and the serious drama is a sign that there is comparatively little else doing in the town.

John Burt.*

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS.

XXVII (Continued).

"DELIGHTED to be with you, old man," said Morris. He looked from Blake to Jessie, but no solution of the puzzle offered itself, either in the dark eyes of his rival or in the amused glance of the other. The situation was particularly embarrassing to General Carden, and he looked appealingly into the face of his daughter, who seemed not in the least dismayed by this unexpected complication.

"You have the reputation of being lucky," said Morris, laying his hand familiarly on Blake's shoulder, "but I didn't know, by Jove, that your good fortune extended to an acquaintance with Miss Carden."

There was a shade of insolence in his tone, and an air which did not escape any of his three listeners. It hinted that he was General Carden's employer; that the latter was under obligations to him, and that Jessie was pledged to pay the debt. But Blake was a good actor in the little comedy between the acts. He held the key to the solution. Of all the figures in this complicated drama, he alone knew the motives which influenced the other players.

"I might say the same to you, my dear

Morris," said Blake with airy confidence. "Had you taken me into your confidence sufficiently to mention Miss Carden's name, I would have told you of what you rightly call my good fortune. Were it in good form, I would willingly wager another supper that I met Miss Carden before you did. Have I your permission, Miss Carden, to challenge Mr. Morris to such a wager?"

"You have," laughed Jessie.

General Carden's face was a study, but Morris was too dumfounded to notice it. Blake's words had reminded him of the night when he first met the man from California. He recalled Blake's study of the portrait, and his assertion that he had known Jessie Carden at Rocky Woods. He then had no reason to doubt Blake's word, but now he dared not admit it. He had only one card to play.

"I accept your wager," Morris said, shaking hands with Blake.

"When I was a boy I lived for several years in Rocky Woods," began Blake. "Miss Carden probably has told you that she spent the summers with Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, who still have a country place near there. That was—let's see—seven or eight years ago. Miss Carden was then a little

* Copyright, 1902, by Frederick Upham Adams.—This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

girl, but I remember her distinctly. After my streak of luck in California, I visited Rocky Woods, but found none of my old acquaintances. I learned, however, that the general and Miss Carden were living in New York, and at the earliest opportunity I took advantage of the slight acquaintance I had formed when a very young man. That's all. If you demand evidence, I doubt not that Miss Carden or the general will furnish it."

To Jessie's amusement and General Carden's relief, Morris declared that he did not doubt Blake's word. There was that in the latter's manner which warned Morris not to insist on further details. Though he knew full well that Blake had boldly installed himself as a rival by some method beyond his ken, he was too politic to press the subject without being sure of his ground. The fires of jealousy burned fiercely in him, but he concealed his rage. From that moment he hated Blake with all the malevolence of a vicious nature, but he turned with a smile on his sensuous lips.

"I admit myself done, old chap," he declared. "We shall have a jolly dinner in honor of my defeat. Say Tuesday at Sherry's? Will that be convenient, Miss Carden? Good! We shall expect you, General Carden. There goes the curtain."

Morris smiled gaily and excused himself, and Blake and Jessie resumed their places.

"You have a wonderful memory, Mr. Blake," said Jessie behind her fan. "I could not help thinking, while you were enlightening Mr. Morris, that perhaps you had unconsciously confused your Rocky Woods career with that of your boyhood friend, John Burt."

The smile on Blake's lips died and the color mounted to his temples.

"Perhaps—perhaps I did," he said after an awkward pause. A thousand thoughts and fears came to him. He dared not lift his eyes for fear of encountering the gaze of the man he had wronged. The voices on the stage sounded far away. Jessie's innocent words, "your boyhood friend—John Burt," had hurled him for the moment from the zenith of bliss to the nadir of remorse. Opportunely for his confusion, Edith called Jessie's attention to some trifling matter, and in the interval he regained his composure.

"I hardly knew what to say to Mr. Morris," he explained hurriedly. "It's most embarrassing that he should happen to be here tonight. I'll tell you why I said what I did. I believe I succeeded in diverting all suspicion that the general and I have business relations, but it's a shame that

you should be used as a shield. In my clumsy way I was trying to protect your father's interests, and I hope you'll accept that as my excuse."

"I think I understand," returned Jessie. "Pray do not disturb yourself on account of this incident, Mr. Blake. I'm sure I shall not. Here comes Mr. Booth! Isn't he grand?"

The play ended, and Arthur Morris again joined the Blake party, as they waited for the crowd to leave. He declined Blake's invitation to supper, pleading a previous engagement.

"I'm chaperoning the governor," he laughed, pointing to his father, whose ponderous bulk blocked an adjacent aisle. "By the way, Blake, did you follow my tip on L. & O.? Bought a little, did you? That's right; keep on buying it. It's going up, as I said it would. You needn't be afraid of it. It's good for ten points in the next ten days. Well, good night. Don't forget our little dinner party on Tuesday evening."

It was late on Sunday morning when Blake awoke. For years he and John had dined at four o'clock on Sundays, and they had continued the custom in New York. Blake looked forward to what had ever been a pleasure, with an aversion not unmingled with fear. The preceding evening had been a season of unalloyed happiness. Jessie had been most gracious. He had monopolized her attention during the supper, and from numberless little incidents he argued that he was in her good favor. She had not taken offense at his thinly veiled compliments, and she looked surpassingly lovely as the faint flush of pleased confusion suffused her face. General Carden had clasped his hand and congratulated him on his "diplomacy" in answering Morris' pointed question. Edith Hancock had smiled encouragement to his suit. What a charming bridesmaid Edith would be, when he led Jessie Carden to the altar!

He rang a bell and his valet responded.

"Mr. Burton will dine with me at four o'clock," he said. "Until he leaves, I'm not at home to any one. Make no mistake about this, Roberts. Prepare my bath and let me have the morning papers. I want a light breakfast."

Blake carelessly glanced over a newspaper. His attention was held for a few moments by such events as a Congressional scandal, a Brooklyn fire, an atrocious Chicago murder, and a threatened railroad strike. He read the baseball scores and the results of a yacht race. With a yawn he was about to lay the paper aside when

he noticed a headline descriptive of the Booth performance of the preceding evening.

It is one of the secrets of newspaperdom that the average subscriber loves to read of that he has seen, rather than of events beyond his range of vision. Since Blake knew all about the Booth performance, he was keenly interested in studying the published account of it. It was a long article, but Blake was so engrossed in its reading that he paid no attention to the valet's announcement that his bath was ready.

To the abject astonishment of that trained and sedate servant, Blake gave a cry of terror and sprang from his couch, upsetting a small table as he rushed towards the window. He held the paper with a clutch as if it were a serpent struggling to bury its fangs in his breast. In the full flood of light he again read a paragraph which had frozen the blood in his veins. It was as follows:

Among the box holders at this notable performance was James Blake, the famous Wall Street operator and financier, whose recent advent in New York was signalized by a market movement not yet forgotten. Mr. Blake's guests were General Marshall Carden, Miss Carden, and her cousin, Miss Edith Hancock of Cohasset, Massachusetts. Miss Carden recently returned from a two years' sojourn abroad, where her musical and artistic talents attracted nearly as much attention as her rare beauty. Arthur Morris was a frequent visitor to the Blake box. Gossip has been busy in associating his name with that of Miss Carden as an accepted suitor, but the rumor may be authoritatively denied.

"My God, this is awful—awful—awful!" groaned Blake. "Get out of here!" he shouted to his man. "What the devil do you mean standing there gaping at me? Bring me a glass of brandy, and be quick about it!"

He hurled the paper from him and sank back into a chair.

The door bell rang, and at the sound every nerve tingled with terror. Was it John Burt? James Blake was not a coward, as he had proved a score of times when his mettle was put to the test, but from the moment when he went down to defeat beneath John Burt's sturdy blows he had respected his boyhood conqueror. Since that hour John had won his allegiance in a thousand ways—had shown himself the master mind on unnumbered fields. And in this moment, cowed by the scourging of a guilty conscience, Blake could not invoke bravado to take the place of courage.

The valet opened the door, and Blake heard the piping voice of a telegraph mes-

senger. He drew a long breath and tore open the envelope. The message was from John Hawkins, and stated that he would arrive in New York on the following morning.

The little clock spasmodically jingled the hour of noon. In four short hours he must face John Burt! He drank the brandy at a gulp, and plunged into a cold bath. Its cool waters did not bring their wonted exhilaration. He glared at the tempting breakfast, but could not taste it.

"Take that stuff away and bring me more brandy," he ordered.

Again he read the dreaded paragraph. It had a fascination he could not resist. His first impulse had been flight, but the two portions of liquor were not without effect.

"Perhaps John won't see it," he reflected. "I don't believe he pays any attention to theatrical news. He has often said that he has no time to wade through the gossip of a New York paper. There's no one to call his notice to that paragraph. Yes, there is—Sam Rounds! Well, that's a thousand to one shot. I wonder if it was in any other paper!"

He sent for all the Sunday journals and eagerly scanned them for mention of the theater party, but to his great relief found that it appeared only in the one. Again he helped himself to the brandy.

"Come to think of it, John doesn't read that cursed paper!" he exclaimed half aloud. "It's only an accident that I happened to see it. If I hadn't been there last night I never would have glanced below the headline. What chance is there for John to see it? Not one in a million!"

He paced up and down the room, and paused to survey his reflection in the mirror. His face was drawn, and dark circles showed under his eyes. The decanter was his only friend. The grave face of the valet did not disclose the astonishment he felt over the conduct of his employer. Blake was almost abstemious in his habits, and his sideboard was more of an ornament than a utility. In this he had wisely patterned himself after John Burt.

"Shall I serve breakfast now, sir?" asked Roberts.

Blake answered with a sullen negative and tossed off his fourth brandy. It sounded a new note in the scale of stimulation.

"I don't see why I should go into such a beastly funk over this affair!" he muttered. "It's no crime to be in love with a woman. She doesn't belong to him. They're not even engaged. Suppose he does love her? So do I. What if he did

see her first? A woman isn't something to be discovered and preempted like a gold mine!"

As the hours sped by and the dark red line in the decanter dropped lower and lower, Blake's courage aroused to such a pitch that he welcomed the coming of John Burt.

"By God, we'll settle this matter now and here!" he exclaimed as he lurched unsteadily about the room. "Neither John Burt nor any other man shall stand between me and Jessie Carden! I'll show him the paper and ask him what he's going to do about it! He's lorded it over me long enough! Let him come on! I'll meet him face to face! I'll——"

The hall bell rang with that clear precision which comes from the pressure of a firm hand. At the same instant the little clock hammered the hour of four. Blake glanced around and thrust the paper under the couch. The valet opened the door and John Burt entered.

For a moment Blake did not recognize him. The mustache and beard had disappeared, and the strong regular lines of John Burt's face were in perfect harmony with the keen, calm, discerning eyes.

The contrast between the two men was startling. John Burt, erect, self possessed, faultlessly appareled, and invigorated by a brisk three mile walk; James Blake, disheveled, distraught, and on the verge of a physical collapse.

Once again in the presence of John Burt, and under the glance of those commanding eyes, the brute courage inspired by liquor evaporated. Blake looked into John's face with a sickly grin, but no words came to his lips.

"Hello, Jim, what's the matter with you?"

There was a cordial note in John's voice and sympathy in his face. Blake's eyes and faculties were blurred, but he felt that his friend harbored neither suspicion nor malice. A sense of relief came to him, but in the consequent mental reaction the brandy was all potent.

"'Mall right, John, ol' fellow; 'm'all ri'! Glad to see ye, dear ol' John! Have a drink, John! Glad to see ye!"

He swayed and fell into John Burt's arms. His flushed face and reeking breath told their own story without the help of the emptied decanter.

Blake weighed two hundred pounds, but John picked him up and laid him on the couch as if he were a child.

"You're knocked out, Jim," he said. "Take a nap, old man, and you'll be all right when you wake up."

With a dull smile on his lips Blake sank into a deep slumber.

XXVIII.

It was dark when Blake awoke from his stupor. He raised himself on his elbows, and stared wildly about the room until his eyes rested on John Burt. His sleep had been harrowed by dreams, and in this waking moment he could not separate the actual from the unreal. But as the fog burned away, the stern facts stood clear before his mental gaze, and he groaned aloud.

John laid aside the book he had been reading by a shaded lamp.

"Do you feel better, Jim?" he asked, as Blake struggled to his feet and passed his hand wearily across his eyes.

"I think so," Jim said, looking doubtfully at John. "I've been making an ass of myself, John. That's not a difficult task for me. Did I say or do anything out of the way, John?"

"Nothing except to keep me waiting four hours for my dinner," replied John. There was no shade of annoyance or suspicion in his manner, and Blake felt a mingled sensation of relief and remorse.

"Take a cold plunge, and while you are dressing I'll order dinner," suggested John.

"I beg a thousand pardons for this foolishness!" exclaimed Blake, looking ruefully first at John and then at the decanter. "As you know, I'm not given to drinking. I felt bad this morning, and took some brandy on an empty stomach. It went to my head, and that fool valet of mine didn't know enough to throw the cursed stuff out of the window. I've no recollection of what I did after the first drink. Are you sure I said nothing to offend you, John?"

"Perfectly sure," laughed John. "You didn't have sufficient command of your vocal organs to phrase either compliments or invectives, so we will talk no more of it."

The evening passed as had many others. Over a well served dinner, Blake regained his confidence, and talked with his usual enthusiasm, but his gaiety was forced, and he was glad when John Burt departed.

John Hawkins strode into the office of James Blake & Company early the following morning, and after greeting the nominal head of the firm was shown to John Burt's room.

"Mighty glad to see you, my boy!" his deep voice rumbled as he laid a giant palm on the shoulder of the younger man.

"Don't think I'd have known you had I met you on the street. When did you part with the beard and mustache? It improves your looks, Burton. You stack up like a four time winner!"

"I'm feeling first rate. And how are you, Hawkins?"

"Never was better. If I felt finer, I'd have to take medicine for it."

He laughed with a roar that made the windows rattle, and then extracted an enormous black cigar from a case and filled the room with clouds of fragrant smoke. His tawny beard was perhaps a shade more grizzled than when John Burt first met him, but the years had not softened the lines of his figure nor bowed the massive shoulders. They talked for several minutes on commonplace topics. Mr. Hawkins studied the face of the younger man with a scrutiny which did not escape John Burt.

"In your new disguise—or rather lack of disguise—you strangely remind me of some one," said Mr. Hawkins suddenly. "I've been sitting here trying to recall who the devil it is. You told me once, as I remember, that you were born in Massachusetts, didn't you?"

"I did," replied John, "and I also told you that Burton was not my right name. Now I'm going to tell you who I am, though you must guard my secret for a while yet—a short while, I hope."

"'John Burton' is good enough for me," asserted the magnate grimly. "It don't make any difference whether your name is Smith, Jones, or Schwartzmeister, I know you're all right, and I'll bet a million on it. Don't tell me, my boy, if you run any risk by doing so."

"There is no reason why I should not tell you," said John, after a moment's pause. "If any pretext ever existed why I should live under an alias, it has passed now. Here's an advertisement I recently ran across in a San Francisco paper. Read it."

John Hawkins adjusted his glasses and read the following:

To JOHN BURT, of Hingham, Mass.—All rewards offered for your arrest by Randolph or Arthur Morris are hereby withdrawn, and you are exempt from prosecution at our hands.

(Signed) RANDOLPH MORRIS.
ARTHUR MORRIS.

John Hawkins read it slowly and looked searchingly into the face of the young man.

"So your name's Burt? Ever have a relation by the name of Peter Burt?"

"My grandfather's name is Peter Burt," replied John.

"Living yet, eh? How old is he?"

"Nearly ninety. You don't mean to tell me that you know him?"

"Was he a whaling captain?"

"He was captain and part owner of the whaler Segregansett," answered John.

Hawkins vented his surprise in strange exclamations, and John Burt was silent, in puzzled amazement. A frowns spread across the older man's features, but the stern mouth relaxed into a smile which in turn was succeeded by a hurricane of laughter.

"John Burt, grandson to old Captain Peter Burt! This is too rich! My boy, there's a feud between the houses of Burt and Hawkins, but it shall not extend to your generation. We'll bury it right now! This is Greek to you, but I'll clear it up. Did the old man ever mention the name of Jack Hawkins to you?"

"Never."

"I suppose not. It isn't likely he would," and again John Hawkins seemed vastly amused. "Well, I was his first mate on the Segregansett. Captain Burt was nearly sixty years old then, and I was twenty six. I stood six feet four in my stockings, and without a pound of fat weighed about two hundred and forty. There was an idea abroad that no man who trod a deck beneath an American flag could lick Jack Hawkins, and barring one man, I guess they had the facts sized up about right. Your granddad was perhaps an inch shorter than I. Every one knew that he was a tough old chap; but I was a youngster and not afraid of my weight in hungry wildcats, and it never occurred to me that he would stand a show with me in a fight. Do you see that scar?"

He ran his fingers through the iron gray locks and pushed them back from his forehead. There showed a livid mark with four black circles.

"Those round black marks are the prints of your dear old grandfather's knuckles," he said, letting the hair drop back into place. "They've been there thirty odd years. I'll tell you how it happened. Captain Burt was a very religious man according to his own standards. He went through the decalogue and marked off some of the commandments, and had the others printed in large letters. He was dead against swearing, but broad minded in his views on murder. He wouldn't tackle a sperm whale if he blowed on Sunday, but when he went ashore after a long cruise, the way he smashed some of the last commandments was a caution. But, as I said, he was particularly set against swearing. A cuss word drove him crazy, and I've seen him pound a man nearly to death for a

harmless 'damn.' It got so that the men would detail one of their number to keep watch on the old man while the others cussed softly in their bunks. Sailors have a hard life, and swearing is one of their few luxuries.

"We had a sailor named Bilson," continued Hawkins. "He was one of those clumsy, aggravating fools whose very looks were an incentive to profanity. It came on to blow one night, and I sent Bilson aloft. He managed to foul the four royal clew lines, and when I yelled at him he laughed in his idiotic way, and I was boiling mad all over. I said some things to him that wouldn't go in print. While I was relieving my mind I felt a hand on my shoulder, and it wasn't a gentle one, either.

"Not another word from your blasphemous mouth, Jack Hawkins!" said Captain Burt.

"You go to hell!" I said, so mad I didn't know what I was saying.

"He gave me a cuff on the side of the head with the palm of his hand. It was not heavy, but it made me crazy.

"Go below, and pray God to forgive you," he said.

"No man had ever struck me before, and I swung at him with my right. I caught him a glancing blow above the eye. He didn't even raise his hands.

"Hit me again, Jack Hawkins," he said, calm as if asking me to pass him the salt. I aimed for his chin, but caught him on the neck. It was like striking a brick wall. I saw his eyes gleam, but he said nothing. His arm smashed through my guard, and his fist landed full on my temple. It was a frightful blow, and I went sprawling to the deck. Before I could make a struggle he picked me up and harled me over the rail. As I came up I caught one glimpse of the Segregansett through the mist, as she heeled to port in the rising gale. The water revived me, and I succeeded in kicking off my boots. I swam in the direction of the ship, and by sheer good luck bumped into a hen coop which some one—Captain Burt, most likely—had thrown overboard. I floated around on that hen coop until morning.

"It was still heavy weather, with no sign of the ship. Along about noon I heard a splashing, and a big canoe filled with natives came in sight. I yelled at them, and after much palaver they took me in. I was pretty well fagged out. They were friendly savages, on a visit from one small island to another. I went along as a guest, and it was months before the boats of the *Jane M.* came ashore and took me

off. A year later I landed in 'Frisco, just in time to be in the gold excitement. That's all. If your grandfather hadn't thrown me overboard in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, it's not likely I'd have located the Challenge Mine. I forgave him years ago, and you can bet I harbor no grudge against his grandson."

"He has been the one to suffer," said John. "He imagines himself your murderer, and for years has prayed for forgiveness. I remember as a little child listening to his petitions to the Almighty for 'having taken from a fellow creature that breath of life which Thou gavest.' I expect to go back to him in a few days, and you must go with me. I promised, when I fled from Rocky Woods, that I would not communicate with him or any one I knew until I could meet my enemies as an equal. That time has come, I believe," added John with a quiet smile.

Then he told Hawkins the story of his boyhood and of the shooting of Arthur Morris. He told of his love for Jessie Carden, and of his determination to restore to General Carden the fortune filched from him by the elder Morris.

"When last I saw Miss Carden," said John, "she was the heiress to a comfortable fortune. I had nothing but health, strength, and ambition, but she believed in my future, and something has told me that she would wait for me. In these long years my confidence has wavered only for the instant when Blake brought news that she was engaged to Morris. I shall see her in a few days, and I wish her to be as proud and independent of my wealth as on that night when I left her five years ago. In the old days I imagined myself handicapped by poverty; now I dread the weight of success. She has been robbed of her birthright, but if my judgment of the value of L. & O. is accurate, it will be restored to her father."

"I have news for you about L. & O.," said John Hawkins, "but first tell me exactly how you stand. How much do you lack of control?"

"How many shares have you?" John asked.

"Seventy four hundred and sixty."

John consulted a detailed statement of his purchases.

"The company is organized with one hundred thousand shares of a par value of one hundred dollars each," he said, "with bonds to the amount of five millions more. Morris holds thirty five thousand shares, and his associates twelve thousand. That is three thousand less than control, but he imagines that General Carden cannot ex-

ercise his option on ten thousand shares. These, he expects, will fall into his hands when the market price drops below twenty six. As I wrote you, I've had Blake acquire the option from General Carden; but of course Morris knows nothing of this. By private purchase and in the open market, our agents have picked up twenty nine thousand shares."

"Let's see," mused John Hawkins. "With mine, and yours, and Carden's ten thousand shares, there's a total of forty six thousand four hundred and sixty. You yet lack three thousand five hundred and forty one of control. Go into the market and buy 'em, my boy! You've done a great piece of work; a bigger one than you realize."

"I have control now," said John Burt calmly. He handed John Hawkins a document.

"There's an option from one of Morris' associates for a block of four thousand shares at eighty dollars a share," he said. "I paid him twenty thousand dollars for the option, and never expect to use it. Morris will sell us the necessary stock in the open market. I was willing to pay twenty thousand dollars to make doubly sure."

"Now let me tell you something," said Hawkins, "though you probably know most of it already. Morris owns nearly all of the bonds. For years old Randolph Morris has been scheming to wreck the road, and so come into possession of it on his bonds. As a final step, his directors propose an assessment of the stock. Since we now control, we need not fear this move. He has arranged to turn this wrecked property over to the C. M. & C. C. for a consideration of eighteen million dollars. No wonder the L. & O. bonds are not for sale. It's the most reckless piece of railway murder ever attempted, but this young fool Morris has ruined the plans so carefully laid by his old villain of a father. He has staked everything on the assumption that General Carden cannot exercise his option. What amount did Morris advance to Carden?"

"Less than three hundred thousand dollars."

"What an ass! Why didn't he give Carden what the stock was worth, take it up, and then go on with his sheep killing?" Hawkins looked his disgust. "Listen to me, Burton—I beg your pardon, my boy—Mr. Burt," and the room again resounded with his laugh. "As I was about to say, I've been looking into this L. & O. property. It's all right, and as president of the International Central I'm going to buy it

if I can make reasonable terms with those now in control of the stock. The L. & O. gives us terminals in three large cities. It would be fatal to our interests to let it fall into the hands of the C. M. & C. C. If it's worth eighteen millions to them, it's worth a few millions more to us. You and I and old Renshaw practically control the International Central. I've talked with Renshaw, and he is with us. He is willing to pay twenty or even twenty two millions for the L. & O. Figuring the bonds at par—and they are almost ready to mature—twenty millions would make that stock a hundred and fifty dollars a share."

"That's the way I figure it," assented John Burt.

"Has Morris sold the stock short?"

"I should judge that he is short fifty or sixty thousand shares. I have bought at least forty five thousand of this amount, at an average price of twenty eight and a half. Do you want half of it, Hawkins?"

"Why in thunder should you make me a present of two millions?" demanded Hawkins, grasping John Burt's hand. "I'm proud of you, my boy. I came on to help you out, and now I find that you have turned the trick without me. Unless an earthquake destroys New York in a week, you'll have the Morris millions, and your sweetheart's military parent can count his fortune in seven figures. Is there anything more you want?"

"Yes," returned John.

"Well, you'll get it. I'll back your granddad's judgment that she is waiting for you. Speaking of Peter Burt, how old did you say he is?"

"Nearly ninety."

"And you wish me to see him? Think I'll wait till he's a hundred years old," roared John Hawkins. "Joking aside, I'll go with you any day you say, and I'll be darned glad to meet the old man. Only I'll promise not to swear again in his presence."

They talked for hours, and Hawkins listened with interest to the disclosures made by Sam Rounds concerning the Cosmopolitan Improvement Company. The ticker showed that the stock was strong and buoyant, in anticipation of favorable aldermanic action on the following evening.

A messenger arrived with a sealed letter from the alderman, informing John Burt that the bribery money had been paid over or deposited. With the seven aldermen supposed to be purchased, Morris estimated a majority of four in favor of the new franchises. The conservative papers denounced the proposed enactments as a

steal, and called on reputable aldermen to go on record against them, but refrained from naming the wealthy beneficiaries of this public crime.

During the day John Burt contracted to make future delivery of large blocks of *Cosmopolitan*. In the parlance of Wall Street, he was "going short." In other words, he believed that this stock was selling for more than it was worth, and would go down. The defeat of the ordinances would enhance the value of the stock of the rival company, and John Burt bought it.

Morris was so sure of success that he had fixed the dinner party to General Carden, Jessie, and Blake for Tuesday evening—the date of the council session when his ordinances would come up for final action. The news of his triumph should come to him while he was reveling in the charm of Jessie Carden's presence. The contemplation of this pleasure inspired Morris with a new idea. The dinner should celebrate his formal engagement to Jessie Carden! The more he pondered over this brilliant coup the more entrancing did it seem. He construed Jessie's acceptance of Blake's invitation to the theater as a part of a pretty plot to pique his jealousy. Had she not told him that she would not marry until two years had passed? He consulted his notebook, and smiled when he found that the weeks of his probation were ended. He had been a laggard, but he would wait no longer. The fair Jessie had employed a justifiable expedient to spur him to action.

His carriage drew up at the Bishop residence an hour before the time set for the dinner. He waited with impatience for Jessie, and was effusive in his greeting when she entered the drawingroom.

"You are more than prompt, Mr. Morris," she said, releasing her hand.

"I have something to say to you, to ask of you, Jessie." His lips were white and his voice trembled. "Are we likely to be disturbed here?"

"I think not. What weighty secret have you to disclose, Mr. Morris? I warn you that I do not speculate or take the slightest interest in the stock market. Pray be seated."

The great house was silent, and the yellow light of the setting sun flooded the room. Jessie was superb as she calmly awaited the declaration which intuition told her was coming. Morris modeled his avowal from a study of a love scene in a popular play. He fell to his knees and extended his soft, stubby hands. In assuming this attitude he crushed a flounce of

Jessie's gown; a trivial incident, but one that made a distinct impression on the girl at the moment.

"I cannot marry you, Mr. Morris," she said when he had ended his confident declaration. "I thank you for having honored me with this avowal, but I cannot accept it. Please respect my answer as final, Mr. Morris."

The voice was low, but firm. The dark eyes held no gleam of hope for the suppliant. He struggled to his feet, his face mottled with an anger which swept away tenderness.

"You told me to wait two years, and I have waited," he said harshly. "This is a strange reward for my patience and kindness!"

"I told you I would not marry you within two years. I made no other promise. We will not discuss this subject. I will release you from this dinner engagement, Mr. Morris, since it offers no pleasure to either of us. Pray excuse me. General Carden will be with you presently."

"I beg of you, as a last favor, to go with us," pleaded Morris as Jessie turned to leave the room. "Your absence would—well, it would be embarrassing to me, don't you see? Won't you go, Miss Carden? Maybe something will happen before the evening is over to make you change your decision. Say you will go with us!"

Jessie yielded to his miserable entreaty, and a moment later General Carden entered the room and relieved an awkward situation. As the carriage rolled down the avenue, the three occupants chatted gaily, as if the coming function were the only affair of the moment.

XXIX.

COSMOPOLITAN Improvement Company stock was strong and active on the day set for the special consideration of its franchises. Brokers who acted for Arthur Morris stood on the floor of the exchange bidding up the stock and taking all offerings. The price mounted steadily but rapidly. There was heavy selling from some unknown source, and at the close enormous blocks came out.

The rumor spread that James Blake was selling the stock. When his representatives stood in the excited mob and boldly proffered *Cosmopolitan* in thousand share lots the price sagged, but Morris' agents came to the rescue, and it closed just below the top figure.

A published poll of the council showed a majority in favor of the ordinances, and wise speculators predicted that in the ex-

pected boom of the morrow Blake would be severely punished. Blake denied himself to all callers. The office buzzed with gossip, hinging on the fact that John Burton had taken direct control of the Cosmopolitan deal. Occasionally Blake was called into the inner room, but when he emerged he issued no orders. The transactions were recorded in the name of John Hawkins, and that gentleman spent all of his time with Mr. Burton.

Early in the day John sent for Blake.

"I have had a conference with Hawkins," said John, "and it has been arranged that he shall be the sole principal in this L. & O. matter. You will therefore transfer to him all of the L. & O. stock which stands in your name. You may also assign to him the Carden option. This will relieve you of a burden of responsibility, and you need a rest. Kindly have the necessary papers signed and executed without delay, Jim."

When Blake had complied with this order, there passed from his control the last dollar's worth of securities which belonged to John Burt. It was only a few days since he had met and loved Jessie Carden, but in that time John Burt had severed all the financial cords that had bound them for years. Was it merely a coincidence? Blake could read no answer in John's grave face and steady eyes.

"Mr. Hawkins and I have arranged to attend tonight's meeting of the council," said John. "Will you join us, Jim?"

"I'd like to, but I have another engagement," replied Blake. "I'll try to drop in before the session is over." He called John aside so that Hawkins would not overhear him. "Arthur Morris is likely to be there. Are you not afraid he will recognize you?"

"I am not attempting to avoid Morris, but I doubt if he will be present," was John's reply. As Blake left the room he felt that the searching eyes of John Hawkins were upon him.

"What's the matter with Blake?" demanded Hawkins abruptly, when the door had closed. "He acts like a cat who has swallowed a canary, or who intended to. He's not the same Blake I knew in California. What's up with him?"

"He's in trouble."

"What about?"

"He hasn't told me," replied John Burt in a tone which said that further questioning was useless.

"U-m-m-m! It's none of my business, perhaps, but I'd find out, if I were you;" with which remark Hawkins pulled vigorously at his cigar and became absorbed in an evening paper.

Long before the chairman called the city fathers to order, the hall was cloudy with tobacco smoke. There was little that was impressive in the personnel of the municipal Solons, nor was their gathering marked by dignity. It is a sad reflection that the average city council is fairly representative of its constituents. It is the mirror of urban ignorance, deceit, and cupidity; of the varying grades of venality, relieved by a sprinkling of upright but too often unpractical men. Righteous enactments are wrung from such bodies only by fear of public indignation, and corrupt measures go down to defeat only when detection and punishment face the purchasable majority.

John Burt and John Hawkins looked down on this motley crowd of civic statesmanship. There were fat aldermen, with rotund stomachs and double chins; slim aldermen, whose cadaverous faces were alert lest some steal should be consummated without their participation; pompous aldermen, whose measured words and strutting mien served instead of mentality; modest aldermen, whose retiring ways and furtive glances raised the suspicion that they had stolen into political honor by some strange mistake; solemn aldermen, awed by the weight of their responsibilities, and who gesticulated with poised forefingers; jocose aldermen, who regarded the assembly as a club, and themselves as the merry makers; saloon keeping aldermen, garish in solitaires, who shook hands as if about to draw glasses of beer; ultra respectable aldermen from the suburban wards, whose trimmed beards were suggestive of landscape gardening; exquisite aldermen, slovenly aldermen, placid aldermen, nervous aldermen—these and other types represented the elective majesty of the American metropolis.

Within the rail which held back the populace were others than aldermen. Newspaper men greeted the legislators by their first names. Artists sketched them in characteristic poses. Former aldermen, in retirement by the negative votes of their wards, now serving as lobbyists, plied their trade with small attempt at secrecy. Policemen, sergeants at arms, and distinguished visitors from other cities hurried about the hall. Titled foreigners, studying American institutions, were honored with seats on the platform. Messenger boys and a delegation of school teachers armed with a petition for an increase in salaries hung about. All came to a semblance of order when the presiding officer hammered his desk with a gavel and the secretary droned the roll call.

Various minor matters had been debated and decided when the chairman announced that the hour set for the consideration of the franchises of the Cosmopolitan Improvement Company had arrived. A clerk read the ordinances, and each alderman was provided with a copy of them.

Alderman Hendricks arose and was recognized. He was the accredited champion of the Cosmopolitan franchises. By profession he was a lawyer, by occupation the municipal representative of such corporations as could command his services. He made an able presentation of the arguments in favor of the pending ordinances. He was empowered by his constituents to vote in their favor, he said. They promised a much needed relief from the exactions of a grinding monopoly. Their sponsors were wealthy, reputable citizens whose words were as good as their bonds. There could be no intelligent, unselfish opposition to these measures, and so on to an eloquent peroration. It was a good speech, and worth all that was paid for it.

Others followed in a similar strain, though not so logically or grammatically. The language of the Bowery vied with the classic diction of the universities in expounding the claims and merits of the Cosmopolitan. A well drilled clique in the gallery applauded at proper intervals.

Alderman Jones was recognized. He was opposed to the ordinances, and denounced them as a sandbagging measure introduced for vicious purposes. They offered no relief, and no honest man could vote for them. Alderman Jones broadly insinuated that money had been used to secure their passage. Since he was known to be an incorrigible reformer, no attempt had been made to bribe him, and the Cosmopolitan aldermen laughed at his charges.

Other speeches were made for and against the ordinances, and then Alderman Hendricks moved the previous question. It was carried and the roll call ordered. The clerk, pencil in hand, began his monotonous task.

"First Ward—Alderman Patrick?"

"A-aye, sor!" yelled a shrill voice.

The clique applauded vigorously.

"Alderman Saboski?"

"Aye!" sounded a clear tenor.

The gallery was again liberal in its approbation.

"Second Ward—Alderman Hendricks?"

"Aye!" said the great lawyer, without raising his eyes from a document. It was a confident, assertive, matter of fact "aye," as if its recording were a mere formality.

"Alderman Rounds?" called the clerk.

A tall, awkward man arose and faced the chairman. His red hair was plastered over his forehead, and his hands seemed in the way. In one of them he held a package and in the other some loose paper. He raised his eyes to the gallery, and they twinkled as they rested for a moment on John Burt.

"Mr. President, I desire to explain my vote on these ordinances."

There was nothing awkward in the voice. It was clear, firm, and had that ring of honesty which commands the attention of hearers.

"The honorable alderman from the Second Ward desires to explain his vote," said the presiding officer. "If there is no objection he will proceed."

There was no objection. The Cosmopolitan partisans believed that Alderman Rounds had been won over to their side, and were willing that he should attempt to explain the reasons for his change of heart. He had played a waiting game, and it was no secret to those on the inside that Arthur Morris had been compelled to pay liberally for the allegiance of Samuel L. Rounds. They admired Rounds for it. The small thief looks up to the big thief, and in municipal circles the official who can "hold up" a great corporation and make it "stand and deliver" receives a full measure of respect from those whose peculations are conducted more timorously.

(To be continued.)

JOAN'S VISION.

SHE did not wait for touch of skilful hands'

On harps athrill—she did not wait a hall

Rich carpeted, with mullioned windows set

Through which the light should eloquently fall;

She saw her vision in the homely fields—

The trodden fields that all too well she knew.

You of environment contemptuous grown,

Lies there no lesson in this thing for you?

Clinton Dangerfield.